Collier's

MARCH 14, 1942 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

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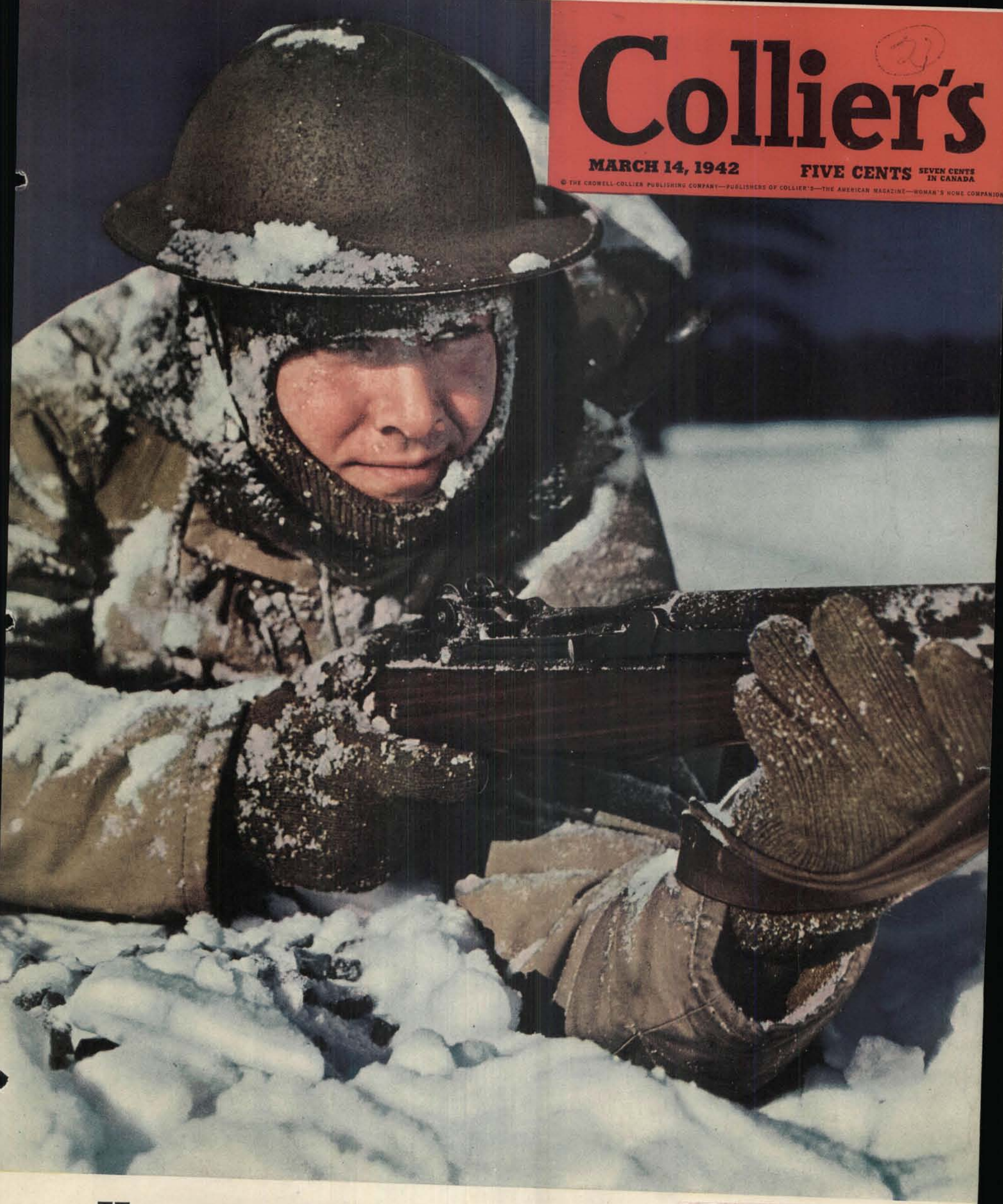

Hampton Fights the Battle o

BY WALTER DAVENPOR

Mar 14 '42.

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fit to fight, buddy?

..or merely to be tied?

You lead with your chin when you buy a suit these days. Maybe you've found that out.

So put your guard up before you make a mistake that may cost you plenty.

THE RIGHT DEFENSE against inferior merchandise in a season like this—or in *any* season—is easy to find ...it's the fellow on the horse. For this famous label has been guarding *the quality in* Hart Schaffner & Marx clothing for years.

Right now this well-known Trumpeter is riding high, wide and handsome in a suit called Triple Test Worsted . . . and dollar for dollar, we feel it's the outstanding clothing buy of the season.

TRIPLE TEST is a chip off the old Hart Schaffner & Marx quality block. To you that means all wool, good workmanship, good style, plus plenty of what it takes to hold its shape and keep a press.

Because of the you-know times we've had to raise prices a bit. That's right—*a bit*. Visit the nearest Hart Schaffner & Marx store and see how little that bit is. We have never taken a wallop at wallets. We never will.

Triple Test Worsted Suits

. . . by Hart Schaffner & Marx, are the type of suits men who demand quality and durability are interested in today. • Here is a fabric that's designed specifically *for long wear!* • It is tested unmercifully in the Hart Schaffner & Marx laboratories . . . and the second you grasp a piece of this rich, meaty material in your hands you'll instinctively say, "This is what I've been looking for." • Tailored to fit perfectly, as all Hart Schaffner & Marx suits are; styled in up-to-the-minute colorings and patterns. • Dollar for dollar, we repeat, Triple Test is the best value in the country today at the price!

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

NOW MORE THAN EVER
A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR
BUT A BIG THING TO FIND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A

COLD OR SORE THROAT

LISTERINE *Quick!*

This prompt and easy precaution, frequently repeated, may head off the trouble entirely or lessen the severity of the infection if it does develop.

If you don't think so we ask you to study Listerine's impressive test record in cold control. Carefully conducted clinical tests during the past 10 years showed these amazing results:

Fewer Colds—Milder Ones

That regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, colds of shorter duration, than non-users, and fewer sore throats due to colds in many cases.

You naturally want to know why this is so.

We believe that it is because Listerine reaches way back on the throat to kill literally millions of the threatening bacteria known to doctors as the "secondary invaders" which may set up infection when body resistance is lowered for any reason. In the opinion of many leading medical men these "secondary invaders" are the ones that so often complicate a cold . . . make it troublesome . . . result in distressing symptoms you know all too well.

Kills Germs By Millions

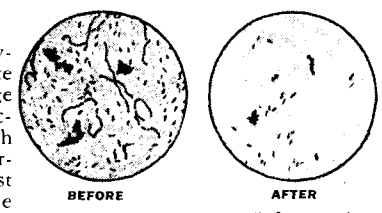
Actual tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle . . . up to 80% an hour after. (See panel at left.)

In view of this compelling evidence isn't it wise to keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office . . . to pack it when you travel . . . to gargle with it often and thoroughly at the first hint of trouble?

If your cold doesn't show signs of improvement, begins developing in earnest—don't be foolhardy and carry bravely on. The wise thing to do is to go to bed, keep warm, eat lightly and call your doctor.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS



The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

GENUINE DU PONT "LUCITE" ILLUMINATOR

MOTHERS! You should have a LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT

at all drug counters — only 75¢

BATTERIES INCLUDED

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DON'T MISS
a single
NEWS
FLASH
Motorola
AUTO RADIO
Specially Designed to
FIT and MATCH
All Cars - Old or New
DON'T let the hours you spend in your car be NEWS BLACKOUTS. Get the war bulletins . . . the news roundups, the official instructions . . . the alert warnings on your Motorola! In a world at war radio is not a luxury. It's a real necessity!
MODELS in STOCK
for Immediate Installation
Motorola with its exclusive VITA•TONE reception is the only car radio that FITS and MATCHES your car perfectly regardless of age, make or model.
Motorola models are easily transferred from One Car to Another.
See a Motorola Dealer Today
Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST FOR CAR AND HOME

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	CLARENCE H. ROY	Syntax
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	South America
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor		

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Edi
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

ANY WEEK

WHEN Pvt. Frank Joseph Motto, Jr., was told his picture would appear on this week's cover, he said he didn't believe it. Q.E.D. Our subject is shown dressed as an infantryman in the special winter clothing designed for the colder-than-Alaska temperatures found at Pine Camp, N. Y. Under his steel helmet, Motto wears a heavy, woolen toque. Around him is an alpaca-lined coat, and he holds a Garand rifle in his wool-o.d.-gloved hands. Normally, 25-year-old Pvt. Motto drives a peep for 4th Armored Division staff officers. Having played semipro basketball in New York City, where he used to be a shipping clerk, Motto's main off-duty diversion is playing the game with the crack Division Headquarters quintet. Seven of his ten months at Pine Camp were spent on the M.P. force.

A LITTLE belatedly we received word from Mr. Wingate Cram of Bangor, Maine, that the only woman victim of that state's hunting season was a lady who received a load of buckshot in her left knee "having been taken for a rabbit." We have a protest from a soldier who wants to know whether the main function of the Dies Committee is to "ferret out Reds that they might be employed without delay by the federal government." And Mr. Wilmot Townebery of Savannah, Georgia, protests vigorously against a speech published in the Congressional Record wherein a supercharged legislator describes the American people as "looking resolutely at once at our foes across the Pacific and our enemies on continental Europe." Mr. Townebery insists that this can't be done simultaneously except, perhaps, by a member of Congress, "even in these completely acrobatic days." Also Mr. Gurney Williams, the editor who picks our cartoons for us, has just received a three-layer chocolate cake studded with four candles. It's from Mr. Stanley Stamaty, a cartoonist of Cincinnati, Ohio. The cake, wired Mr. Stamaty, is "to celebrate the fourth consecutive year in which I have sold no cartoons to Collier's." And recently we almost ate in a restaurant near Cape Charles, Virginia. A sign in the window read: "Try one of our steaks and forget the war." We'd have gone in had we not spoken to a soldier just emerging. "Don't do it," warned he. "Those steaks are Hitler's best friends." A letter from Mr. Dan Elegone of Memphis, Tennessee, urges us to sponsor The Elegone Plan. It would limit members of Congress and of state legislatures to pay of twenty-one dollars a month for the duration.

MUCH to our amazement a large portion of our readers appear to be somewhat confused by what's happening in the Pacific. If anyone had told Mrs. Mary Oliphant Coin of Seattle, Washington, a year ago that Japan, with her hands full in China, could have taken on the United States and the British Empire in addition, plus the Dutch, and kick them in the teeth collectively, she would have reported such a person to the nearest cop as a person too insane to be at large. Nevertheless, Japan is doing precisely that at the moment and Mrs. Coin admits that she's having some trouble understanding it. "Of course, I'm only a housewife with a husband in a defense job, a son in the Navy and a batch of books filled with defense stamps. So I wouldn't know. Therefore, I wish you'd explain why Japan, who was getting licked by China, has managed to save herself from that humiliating experience by taking on Britain and the United States. The Chinese were doing fine until we got into the war."

AND that reminds us that a young defense worker in East Hartford, Connecticut, recently waved the contents of his pay envelope—eighty-seven dollars—under the nose of a twenty-one-dollar soldier on guard duty at the plant gate. "Look, sucker," jeered the worker. The soldier laid down his rifle and proceeded to beat the b'joy out of the fellow. This attracted quite a crowd, including several plant officials who promptly fired the worker

(Continued on page 61)

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THIS WEEK

MARCH 14, 1942

SHORT STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
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WILLIAM E. BARRETT
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A Lifeline to the Orient. Bottlene on Africa's west coast. Page

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Unify Our Fighting Forces. So timely suggestions from an unqu tioned expert. Page

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Let's Make All Our Own Rubber. Sacrifice? Sure. Like It? No. Don't Lynch Them. Page

COVER HANS GROENH

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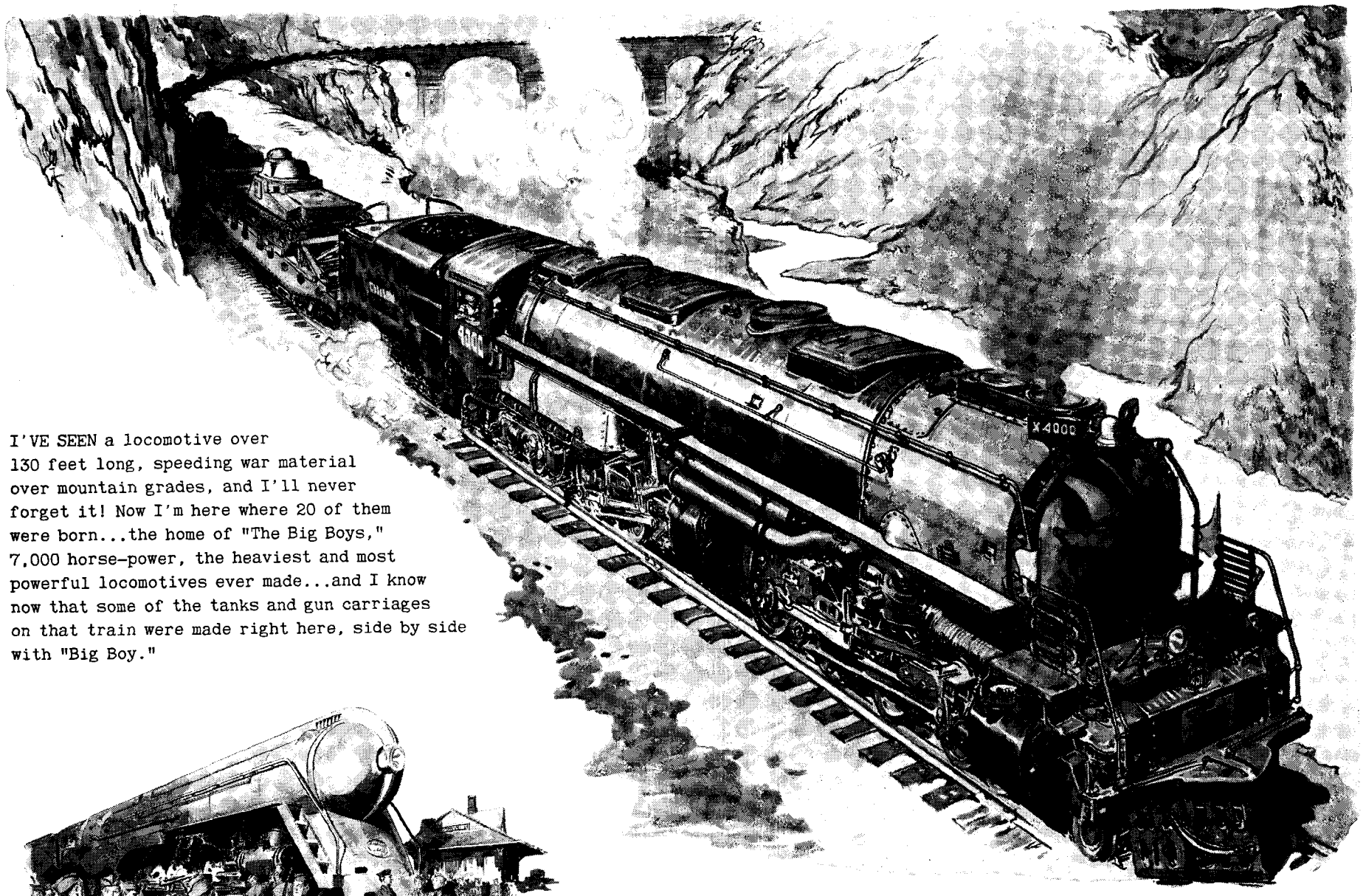
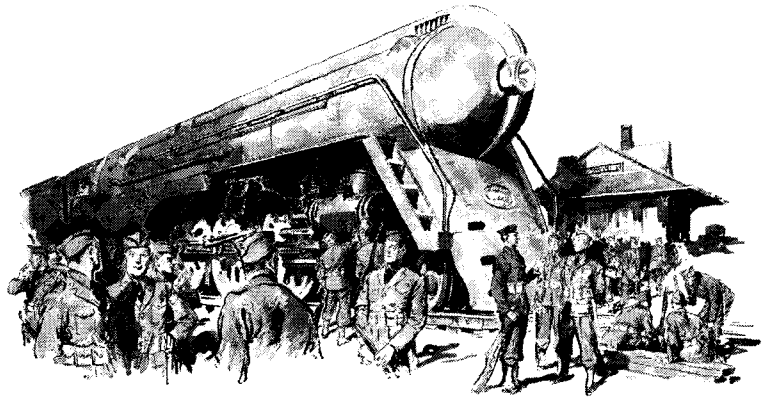
AMERICA IN MOTION . . . . by Lowell Thomas

News summary from national arsenal of mobile power

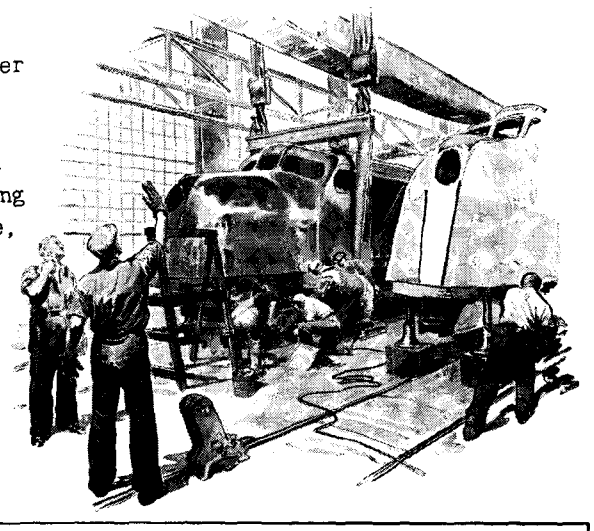


I'VE SEEN a locomotive over 130 feet long, speeding war material over mountain grades, and I'll never forget it! Now I'm here where 20 of them were born...the home of "The Big Boys," 7,000 horse-power, the heaviest and most powerful locomotives ever made...and I know now that some of the tanks and gun carriages on that train were made right here, side by side with "Big Boy."

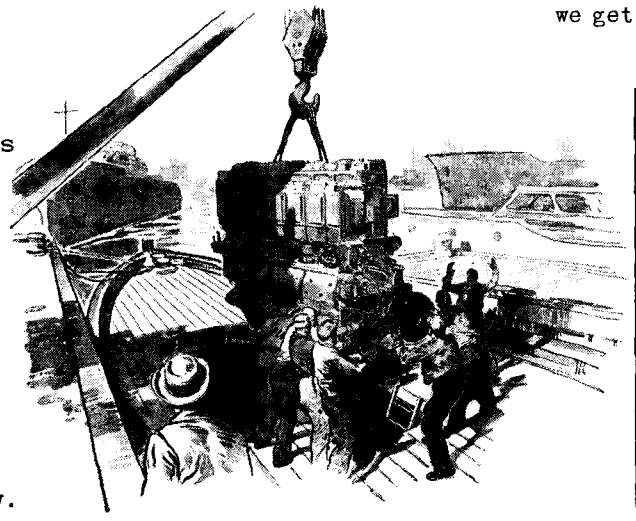


I'VE WATCHED troops unloading from train after train, powered by fast Diesel or Steam-Liners. And now I understand how the railroads are able to handle this big job, biggest in history, so well. Here they build the most modern, streamlined locomotives in the world, both steam and diesel-powered. Build them fast. Build them to meet special wartime requirements. Build them to win.

I'VE FELT all along that power to produce is our greatest asset. But I never saw a speed-up so swift or so well directed as this. Men swarming all over a Diesel locomotive, building medium tanks... forging big-gun parts... skilled man-power under experienced directions. We Americans, we expect miracles. And by George, we get them!



I ASKED about power, and I got my answer in terms of diesels for the Navy ...Diesel or Steam-Liners for the railroads, whichever is needed to do a particular job best...tanks and gun carriages for the Army ...power to turn the tide of war against any enemy. A great country, this. And something I saw here tells me we're going to keep it that way.



AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

MANUFACTURERS OF MOBILE POWER

STEAM, DIESEL AND ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES

MARINE DIESELS, TANKS, GUN CARRIAGES AND OTHER ORDNANCE

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1892 The FLORSHEIM Shoe 1942

Fiftieth Year

FLORSHEIM

Lightweight Calf

THE WEIGHT IS REMOVED WHERE THERE IS NO WEAR

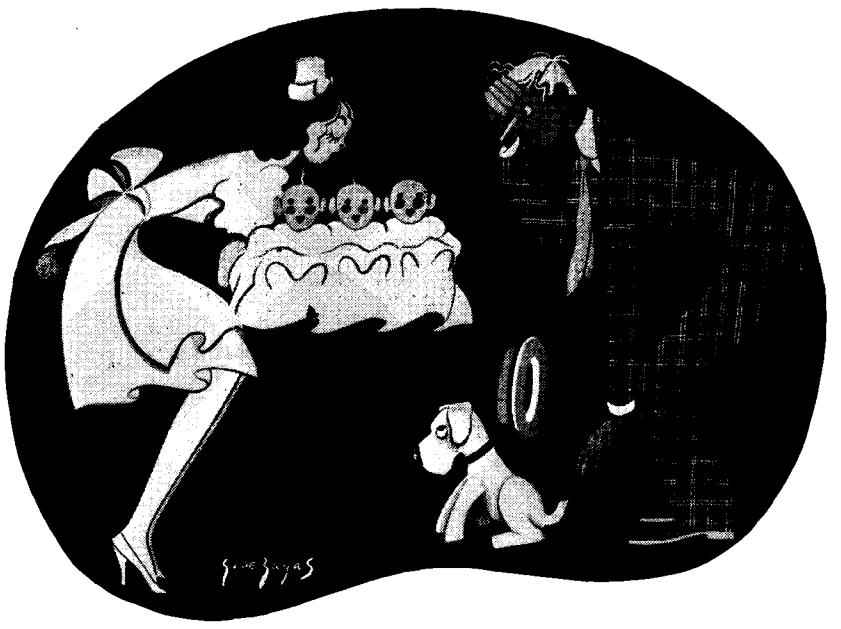
Warmer days ahead! Wear Florsheim Lightweights, and enjoy easier walking, cooler living! Florsheim put these trim, glossy calfskins on a *14-ounce-per-pair* reducing diet, without any sacrifice of the quality or smartness that have made Florsheim casual shoes famous from Catalina to the Keys. Try them on; wear them and discover the difference. *Left,* THE CHIEF, $10.50; *right,* THE WALL, $10.50.

$10

Most Regular Styles

THE Florsheim SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · MANUFACTURERS · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

For many years in the United States, an average of about six sets of triplets and 250 sets of twins have been born every week.—*By Catherine Whittemore, New York, New York.*

After a foundry worker has absorbed the fumes of tellurium, which is used to toughen steel and cast iron, methyl telluride forms in his body and gives a strong, garlic-like odor to his breath.—*By R. Rothschild Freedman, Jackson, Michigan.*

Legalized bets at American race tracks jumped from $416,654,900 in 1940 to $517,382,100 in 1941, or an increase of 24 per cent. Of the money wagered last year, $294,080,200, or 57 per cent, was bet in New York, California and Illinois or only three of the sixteen states in which the races were held.

The federal government, still engaged in litigation with various tribes of Indians over lost land, was defeated a short time ago in two such cases in which it was ordered to pay $4,408,000 to the Shoshones of Wyoming and $5,313,000 to the Klamaths of Oregon.

In the United States, basketball is not only played by more persons and draws more spectators than any other sport, but it is the only popular American game whose origin cannot be traced to another country.—*By Jay Nelson Tuck, Brooklyn, New York.*

For having destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay on May 1, 1898, George Dewey received a score of honors and decorations, among them being his promotion to the rank of full admiral, the third in the history of the United States Navy. Congress also passed a law permitting him to remain on active duty for the rest of his life and he was even discussed as a possible presidential candidate.

Of every thousand American families, only about forty have one servant, twelve have two servants and two have three or more servants.—*By Margaret McCord, Oakham, Massachusetts.*

The human body requires about thirty-eight different food substances including a dozen vitamins, a dozen minerals and a dozen proteins, carbohydrates and fats. Some are so necessary that their absence may result in physical impairment, serious disease and, in some cases, even death.

The largest private bond issue in American history was the $233,584,900 worth of fifteen-year, three per cent convertible debentures offered by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company on August 4, 1941.—*By Lee Nichols, New York, New York.*

A powder that when dissolved in water washes and cleans more articles than ordinary cleansers is now available for use in the home. This inexpensive chemical can be employed not only to wash clothes, dishes, woodwork and other household articles, but also to remove grease from hands, tarnish from silverware, rust in automobile radiators and scaling in furnace boilers.

When an alien does not wish to be inducted into any branch of the American Army or Navy, he may file an "Application by Alien for Relief from Military Service" with his draft board. Such an act, while canceling his obligation to fight for this country, automatically bars him from ever becoming a citizen of the United States.—*By Louise A. Baldwin, Washington, D. C.*

After a man has driven an automobile in a race, such as the 500-mile Indianapolis Classic, his nervous system is shocked about as much as it would be if he had been severely stunned and hurled from forty to fifty feet by an explosion. Sometimes these racers also develop such a rigid grip on the steering wheel that they are unable to open their hands and their fingers have to be pried loose.

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Which of the 3 basic kinds of Life Insurance

IS BEST FOR YOU?

1. TERM INSURANCE is temporary insurance issued for a limited period or term of years. If you die during the term, the face amount of your policy is paid to your beneficiary. If you are still living at the end of the term, the insurance protection ceases.

When a man needs extra, *temporary* protection to provide money for paying off some obligation, such as a mortgage or business debt, in case of death, Term insurance is often desirable.

Because the protection is for a limited period only, Term premiums are low. However, it should never be considered a suitable substitute for the permanent, whole life protection most men need.

2. WHOLE LIFE INSURANCE is the most popular form of life insurance, and is desirable for men whose families need *permanent* protection.

The amount of the policy is paid to your beneficiary *no matter when you die*. Unlike Term insurance, cash and other values are built up for use in times of emergency or for retirement.

Premiums on the usual "straight life" policies are paid throughout your lifetime. Premiums on limited payment life policies, which also provide permanent protection, are paid for a set number of years only. Thus, men who can afford it are able to pay up their life insurance entirely during their most productive years.

3. ENDOWMENT INSURANCE is issued for a set period, such as 20, 25, or 30 years—or a selected age, such as 60 or 65. If you live till the end of the period, the money is paid to you. If you die within the period, the money is paid to your beneficiary. And because the money must be paid within the period, whether you live *or* die—premiums are higher than for "straight life" or Term.

If you need protection for a limited period only and wish to build the largest possible cash fund for yourself if you live, Endowment insurance may be desirable. But it's not recommended if more protection is needed for your family than is possible under the Endowment plan.

The PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Tune In! Hear THE PRUDENTIAL FAMILY HOUR

Sunday Afternoon, CBS Network

The world's greatest music—old and new—brought to you in a glorious, all-request radio program starring lovely Gladys Swarthout, Deems Taylor, Al Goodman's famous orchestra and chorus, and others.

SEE YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION

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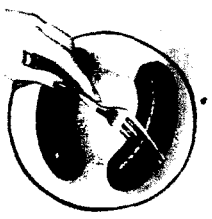
Fine meats only



*... skin "tendered" a special way**...

THEY'RE WORTHY OF THE BRAND

Swift's Premium

Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts, rice mound with paprika, pear hearts cooked in cinnamon syrup.

Have you tried the new larger "DINNER" size?

Made of fine meats

. . . cuts of beef and pork so juicy and tender, you'd relish them *in any form*. Carefully blended, deftly seasoned, these better-flavored meats give Premium Frankfurts a quality that is extra delicious . . . fit for a king!

Skin "tendered" in pineapple juice All the savory, flavorful meat juices are retained, yet the skins are so delicately tender, they cut at the touch of your fork! An exclusive Swift process (patent pending) that leaves no trace of the pineapple flavor.

Smoked over fragrant hardwood fires until each Premium Frankfurt is filled with spicy, appetizing aroma; rich, juicy, "done to a turn." Simmer 5 to 8 minutes.

"We have them often," says **MRS. GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT**

• Alert to *news* as you might expect, Mrs. Eliot "discovered" Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts as a dinner meat soon after they were announced. "They're a delightful change for dinner," says Mrs. Eliot. "We have them often."

IN 2 SIZES — *Swift's Premium label on every 4th link*

STANDARD SIZE

NEW DINNER SIZE

Spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" Table-Ready meats . . . Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Lunch Meat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Leona . . . Liver Cheese . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of quality!

HOFF

Passengers' baggage space will get more attention in tomorrow's airliners; for the present it will remain a problem in planes designed for seating capacity

WING TALK

BAGGAGE handling is one of the biggest problems before the airlines today. Improvements can and are being made in expediting baggage between passenger and plane and plane and passenger, but we've got to wait a little while before anything can be done about the plane itself, for that calls for new design. All our domestic airliners were designed several years ago when full emphasis was on passenger accommodation. If there happened to be a little hole left here or there, why that was the baggage compartment, provided it was in the right place so that the plane would balance. When the aircraft companies, with their new airliners on the boards, can release them, baggage and cargo compartments will be more adequate and efficient.

UNDOUBTEDLY lost to Britain for the duration of the war, unless he can contrive to escape, is gallant little Wing Commander Roland S. Tuck, one of the R.A.F.'s greatest aces, whose uncanny skill and luck in dodging Nazi bullets finally failed him. He is now a prisoner. We told you a little about him not long ago, when he got lost down in South Carolina and admitted it. He was here with Wing Commander A. G. Malan, Britain's greatest ace, about whom Quentin Reynolds wrote stirringly for Collier's recently.

Tuck and Malan were more or less incognito—that is, they came over to advise the Army Air Forces on fighter work and not as morale builders for the American public. They spent days at Wright Field, Dayton, at the Carolina maneuvers and at factories building fighter planes in the East. These two fliers typified the boys who saved England—the young British airmen who held off the invader. Their personality, their youth, their knowledge and experience, had a tremendous effect on Americans charged with the development of fighter planes and tactics. Without revealing military secrets, it can be said that these two lads made contributions to the Air Defense and Offense of America that will pay dividends throughout the years.

Everyone in America who got to know Tuck rejoices in the news that he is still alive. But of them all, Walter Knight, a mechanic for Republic Aviation Corp., is the happiest. While on the Carolina maneuvers, Tuck admired the speed and efficiency with which Knight went about his job of servicing Army Republic P-43's and presented him with the gas mask he always carried in his Spitfire, as a keepsake. Knight proudly insisted that everyone in the company from the high command on down see his prize. In fact, he practically stopped production that day.

THE substratosphere school at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, is fourteen months old and it has thoroughly justified itself to date. The high-altitude tank, with a ceiling of 50,000 feet, saves days and weeks of actual flying to great heights to test oxygen systems, flying clothing, aircraft accessories and materials and many other devices that inspired people heap on the Air Corps in a sincere effort to help out. Pilots and crews, too, are tested at the school for their ability to carry out military operations away up there, such as the mental and physical exertion attending radio work, navigation, gun firing and bombing. When high-altitude maneuvers are undertaken, there is little doubt but that both men and equipment are prepared up to the best of present knowledge for that adventurous life.

HAVING heard so much about engine trouble all through the years, it is not surprising that a feeling has grown up outside of aviation that airplane engines are delicate mechanisms and why can't those people build them to last indefinitely? Everybody would welcome an airplane engine that would last as long as a locomotive, and the airplane engine people could build them. But nobody would have them, because for such a long life the engineers would need to beef up the power plant to the comparable weight of a heavy freight locomotive. The load-carrying capabilities of an airliner then would be on the order of one midget and two one-ounce letters and, for a bomber, a handful of buckshot.

F. R. N.

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In Praise of Oomph!

We don't say that eating KELLOGG'S PEP will give your child this zestful energy. But we do say that youngsters can't have abundant pep unless they get all their vitamins. And we say that KELLOGG'S PEP—that extra-delicious cereal—is extra-rich in the two vitamins, B_1 and D, that are least plentiful in ordinary meals, yet so important to your child's diet. Won't you try it?

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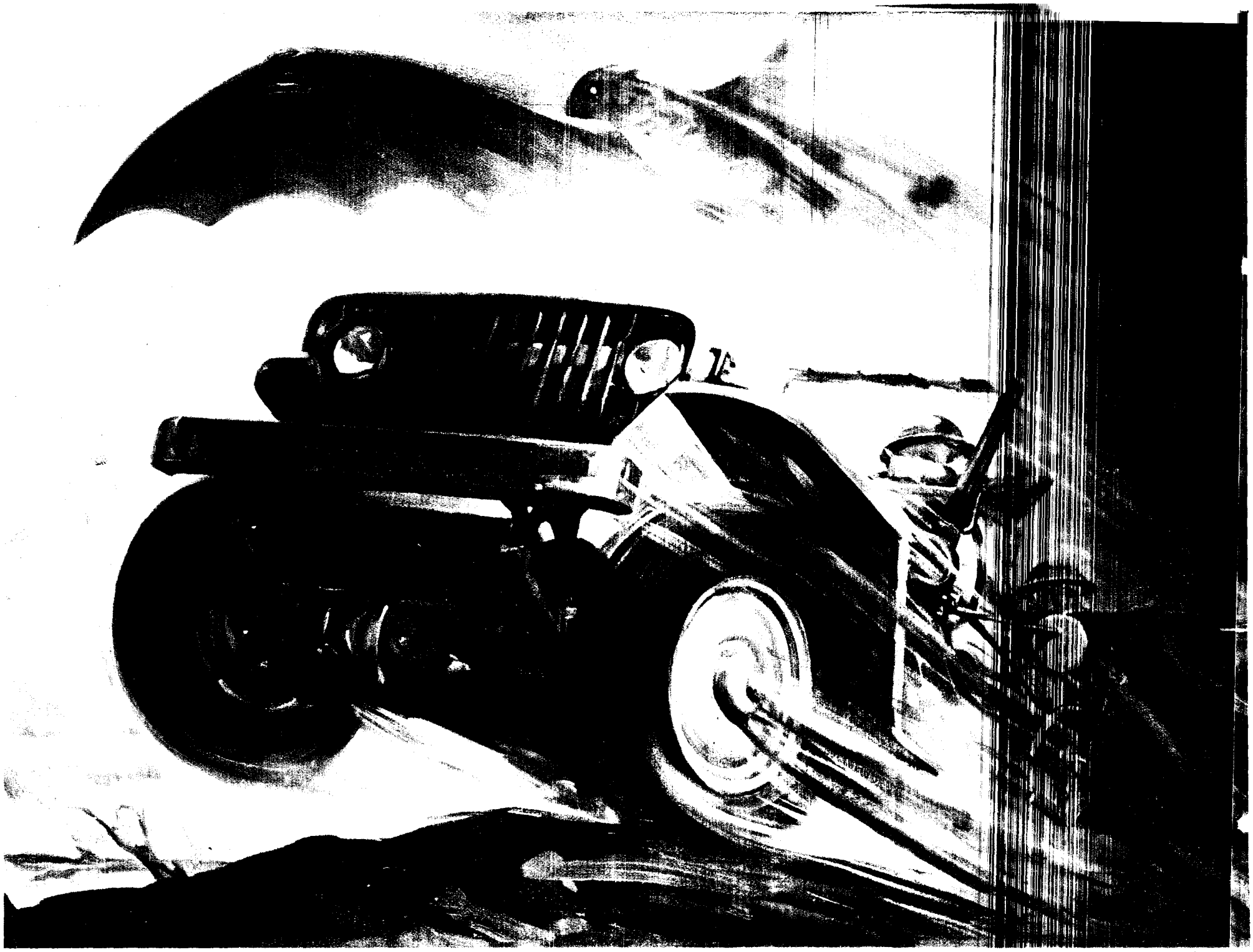


"LIKE A BAT OUT OF HELL!"

THE JEEP FROM WILLYS-OVERLAND

THROUGH clouds of flying sand and gravel it is roaring across the panorama of today's war, "like a bat out of hell"—the JEEP from Willys-Overland.

Tough soldiers idolize this modern mustang of metal—which gives them power, speed, action, reliability—and a seemingly *bottomless* gas tank.

And *we* are proud of Willys-Overland civilian engineers, who collaborated with experts of the U. S. Quartermaster Corps to produce the Jeep.

These are the same fine engineers who created the Willys Go-Devil Engine and the Willys Americar—the war-time engineering aces of whom it is now said—"they get more *power, speed, action* and *durability* out of a ton of steel and a gallon of gas than has ever been done before."

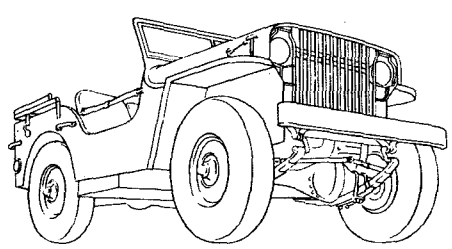
Here again, and most strikingly, the fundamental soundness and versatility of Willys engineering and manufacturing is *proved* in the most relentless testing laboratory of all—the laboratory of war.

Passenger cars and light trucks are shelved until the war shall have been won. But Willys reputation is being maintained and etched on millions of minds by the fighting Jeeps as they do their stuff in our training camps and on far-off battlefields.

Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.

• • •

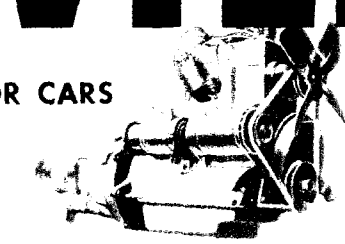
TODAY, do your part. Buy U. S. Defense Bonds and Stamps. TOMORROW, after the war is won, make your first new car a Willys, "the Jeep in Civvies."

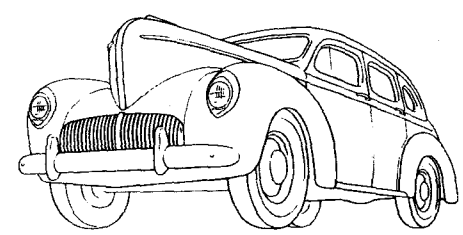


U. S. ARMY JEEP

WILLYS

MOTOR CARS TRUCKS AND JEEPS





AMERICAR
the People's Car

THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and JEEPS

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Second Choice

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

He felt the warmth of her body. She murmured, "This is something she should be doing—and I should not"

Two women wanted him, but one of them made the fatal mistake of underrating the man himself

HE WAS ready to leave the store at five. He said to Lake Murphy, "You'd better leave the gray cat in the storeroom tonight," and started for the door. Then he saw Nan Burris come in, and he went back around the meat counter and stood there while she made a serious study of the cuts. She wore a plaid skirt and a thin gray sweater against which her upper body showed its round turning lines. She had pulled her brown hair well up from her ears and she looked as fresh and brisk as though she had just come out of the big swimming pool behind the mill dam, vividly reminding him of the time, when they were both ten years old, he had pulled her half-drowned from that same pool.

"Seven of those chops, Steve."

The small smile she gave him went away back, through high school and beyond that to childhood. They had both been born and raised in this small town; they had gone through their feuds and adventures together until they were like brother and sister; or at least that was how it once had been.

"Sixty-five cents," he said.

"With or without your thumb?"

He said, "You ought to be nicer than that, so near your twenty-third birthday."

She took the package and she kept her eyes on it, and said with grave surprise, "I didn't think you'd remember that."

"I never forget a birthday or a telephone number." He liked to tease her; he liked to watch the light dance in her eyes when she was amused. It wasn't likely he'd forget her birthday, for he had gone to her parties, and she to his, all through the years—until she was seventeen; suddenly then the parties stopped and something had come to an end. That was the same year he had started going with Claire Morrison.

"See you tonight."

"I'll be there," she told him, "but I doubt if you'll see me."

"Keep your punches legal, pal."

He followed her to the door and watched her step into her father's farm truck. She made a turn-around in the middle of the block and smiled back at him.

He took one backward look at the store to see if things were as he wanted them to be. It had been his grandfather's store in the beginning, then his father's, and now was his. Times had changed it and he had brightened it, but the old coffee mill with the big round wheel still stood in the center of the floor, as a reminder of eighty years' growing. There were other businesses in this town much of the same history—Eichelman's Garage, which once was a livery, and the big lumberyard that Bibb Grange now ran. The roots of a small town bent away back; past and present touched.

The sun was below the high shoulder of Monitor Grade. He walked along Grover Street through a warm, pearl light in which lay the smell of hay from farms roundabout and the resin of fir forests on the Cascades' near-by ridges. In his mother's house he shaved and dressed and came down. His mother had already made her own light meal; he stood by the table, uncertain and somewhat troubled.

"FOR whom is Claire giving this party?" his mother asked.

"For Dan Helser and Dan's new wife."

"I am surprised Claire's generous enough to do that. She tried hard enough to get Dan." Mrs. Russell was thoughtful. "I hope she's a good sport about it. Claire's very clever at digging sly things into people. She could embarrass Dan's wife." Then she looked at her son and added, "Don't be so solemn."

He went into the front room and stood there, jingling the silver in his pocket. Maybe what his mother saw was fear. He had gone steadily with Claire through the senior high-school year and there had been a pretty clear understanding between them when she left for college; but still that was the beginning of the end, for Dan Helser had gone to the same school and these two had become engaged. He remembered even now the sick feeling in his belly when her letter, very kind and philosophical, had told him about it. But something happened to that engagement, and Dan had married this new girl from California shortly after graduation. Now Claire was taking her defeat with a party, and here he was, a second-best man, entering her house for the first time in four years. Why had she invited him?

His mother called from the kitchen, "It's after seven, Steve."

He left the house. Three blocks up Grover, he reached Claire's house and saw her in the shadow of the big porch waiting for him.

She said, "You're late," and her hand came out and touched him, and remained.

He could not check the old rush and

(Continued on page 41)

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Sky Scraper

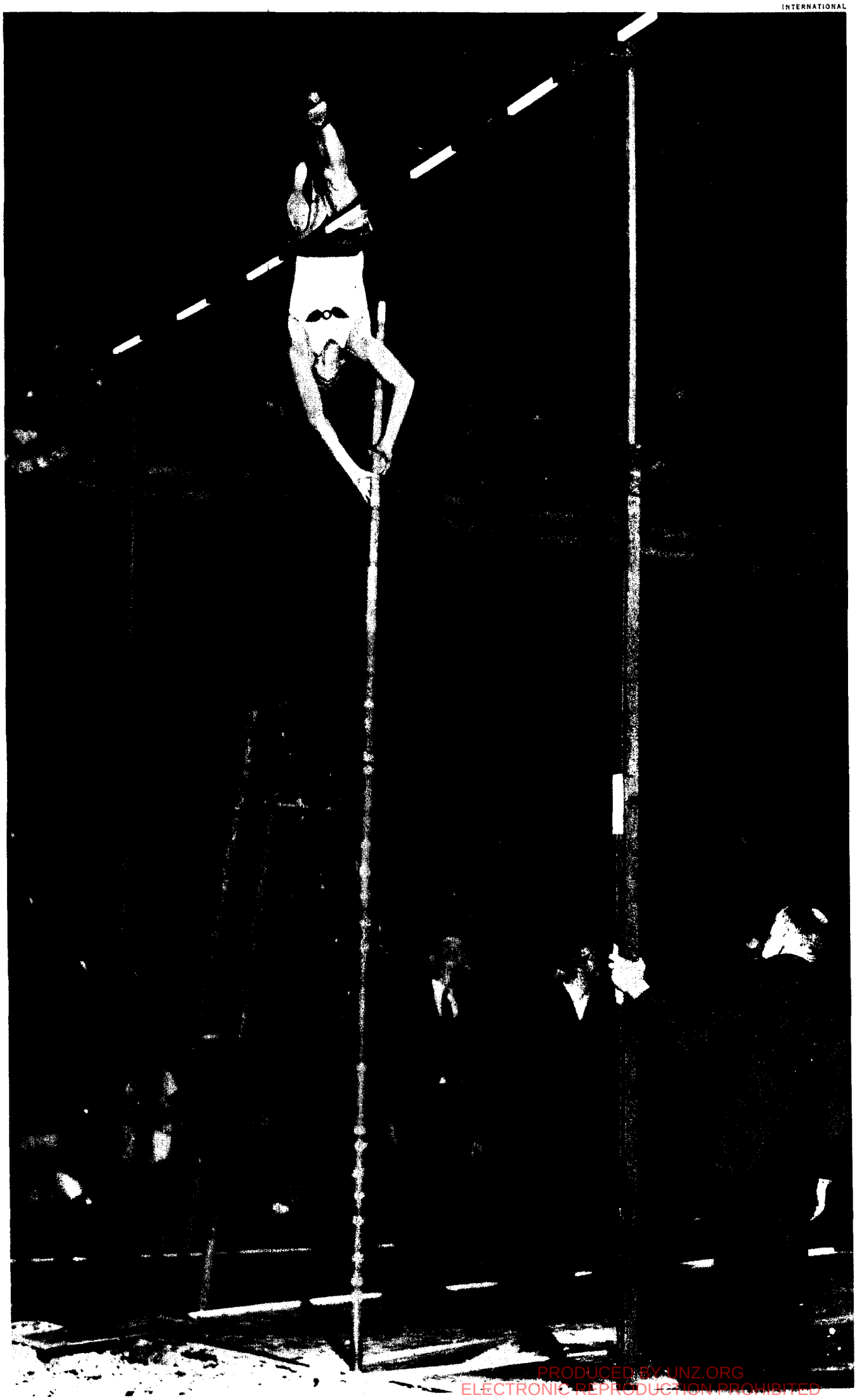
By Arthur Mann

A 15½-foot pole vault was like that 4-minute mile until Mr. Warmerdam came along. Now he's thinking about 16 feet and here's how he'll do it

A SALESMAN of sporting goods, Bud Blosser, was tooling along a highway in the Tulare Basin, California, some ten years ago, when he saw a most unusual sight. He paused at the side of the road to watch a string-bean youngster of high-school age flying through the air with the greatest of ease, with the aid of a single bamboo pole.

Now almost everybody has tried to pole vault at some time in his life, sometimes across a rushing brook, but more often over his mother's wash line with one of her best clothes poles. Hence, almost everybody knows that a head-high vault is no cinch. To see a kid in farm clothes clearing better than twice his height is breath-taking. It was to Bud Blosser. He left his car, climbed the fence and hurdled rows in a large spinach field to get a close-up of this strange sight.

INTERNATIONAL



He came upon Cornelius Warmerdam, eighteen, sparse, blond, blue-eyed and unmistakably Dutch, pole-vaulting in his father's garden. The runway was between two rows of spinach, and the pit was a bed of sandy soil, spaded to enough resilience to forestall broken bones and body shock.

"How long has this been going on?" Blosser asked.

"Oh, since I was a kid," Warmerdam replied.

"Where'd you get those uprights and the crossbar?"

"I made 'em but I paid eight dollars for this bamboo pole. I jumped some in high school but I've been workin' here on Pop's ranch ever since I graduated."

"What, no college?"

No college, and so Blosser was away like a streak, speeding to his friend and frequent purchaser of sporting goods, Flint Hanner, athletics coach at nearby Fresno State College.

"I just saw a kid clear thirteen feet in a spinach patch—"

"That's no broad jump," Hanner scoffed.

"Listen, Flint," Blosser gasped. "This jump wasn't horizontal; it was vertical—*up!*"

"A pole vaulter!" The coach grabbed his hat. "Why didn't you say so?"

In another minute, Flint Hanner was on the road, speeding toward the spinach field. One look satisfied him, and Corny Warmerdam was enrolled as a freshman in Fresno State College. There he began a climb to pole-vaulting height and supremacy achieved by no other athlete in any specialty, for not only is he the sole vaulter of the fifteen-foot height today, but he has cleared that mark or better a total of thirteen times, wearing the colors of the Olympic Club.

The apparent ease with which Warmerdam negotiates record-breaking altitudes is reflected in a letter to the chairman of the annual Millrose Games, held recently in Madison Square Garden.

"Dear Mr. Schmertz," he wrote from Piedmont (Cal.) High School where he is a teacher, "there is no use crossing the continent to vault fourteen feet. But if you will extend the runway from 125 to 137 feet, I can almost guarantee you a fifteen-foot jump."

A 15-foot Jump Guaranteed

Fred Schmertz obliged with the requested length, and Warmerdam was the star of stars in the Winter Olympics, as the Millrose Games are often called. With the fifteen-foot guarantee foolishly publicized, the 17,000 spectators were ready to demand their money back for anything less than that height by Warmerdam. But if the Coast Kangaroo was on the spot of his life, it failed to shake his phlegmatic demeanor at any time during the competition. He cleared all heights with ease and inches to spare, starting at 12 feet 6 inches and up to fourteen-four.

A hush fell over the Garden at fourteen-eight, because two records were at stake. Came the leap, and the roar of the crowd hit the steel rafters before Warmerdam had hit the sawdust pit, partly because he had wiped out the A.A.U. indoor mark of 14 feet 7⅛ inches, made a year ago by Earle Meadows, 1936 Olympic champion. More important, he had erased the Millrose Games record set up two years before by Sueo Ohe, a Japanese.

Then came the big hush as the crossbar went to fifteen feet, and the Dutch boy went to the end of the 137-foot runway. And if you want to know what a pole vaulter thinks about as he sets a world's record, here it is:

Warmerdam was concentrating on three points. The first was a marking on the runway, 120 feet from the crossbar. As he raced by with the speed of a sprint champion, his left foot had to strike that spot, if he was to be striding right when he left the floor. His left foot had to strike another spot seventy feet from the crossbar for the same reason. After that, while still flying at top speed, he had to slide the end of the bamboo pole into an unyielding wooden slot, eight inches deep, beneath the crossbar, absorb the severe impact, and hoist his 165 pounds skyward, swing his body upside down, throw his six feet of height over the bar feet first, thrust the bamboo pole backward, then land in the sawdust like a falling cat, on all fours. Try it some time! *(Continued on page 52)*

With the bar at 15 ft. 7¼ in., Cornelius Warmerdam makes his tremendous record-breaking leap

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High Island Hero

By William [illegible] Barr

ILLUSTRATED BY MAR[illegible]OPER

It takes a brave man to call a public idol a phony. It takes a braver one to risk his own life to prove it

IT WAS one of those hot days in June when everybody gets the urge to go somewhere else, no matter where he is. Cars that I hadn't seen since last fall started coming in for motor tuning and brake checks and alignments right after I opened the garage at seven and by noon I was swamped and swearing. Jimmie Taylor, the kid who runs my gas pump, came popping in about then.

"Some guy has just landed an airplane in the Devil's Washbowl, Matt!"

I wiped my hands in some waste. "Kill himself?" I said indifferently.

"Nope. Didn't get a scratch. Did it to win a bet, he did."

I grunted my opinion of that. "His next job will be getting off," I said.

I went to work on Lloyd Rossman's car and forgot about the fellow with the airplane. The Devil's Washbowl is a sore subject with me. It is a saucer-like declivity on top of a sheer-faced rock spire about sixty miles from Petersburg where I have my garage.

Nobody ever succeeded in climbing to the top of it and looking into the Washbowl until I did in 1938; and I never regretted doing anything as much in my life. From then on, I was the man who climbed the mountain and nothing else on earth. They wouldn't let me be a man who owned a garage and worked hard for a living, a man who was so in love with Jennie Killian that he couldn't see straight. Not at all. Nothing else that I did, or would ever do, was important after I climbed that hunk of rock. I wasn't even supposed to have ideas about anything else. If anybody disagreed with me on anything that most normal people talk about, it was a favorite wisecrack to say:

"Where do you get your ideas, Matt? You must have found that one in the Devil's Washbowl."

It always got a laugh from everyone except me. It merely burned me up.

SO MY day was brightened up for me when people dropped in all afternoon and interrupted my work to tell me about this fool and his airplane.

"Seems like he broke up his plane some when he landed, Matt. How do you reckon he is going to get down?"

"I don't care how he gets down," I told them. "I didn't put him there."

By six o'clock I was fed up.

Petersburg, you know, is a low, wide prairie town. We call ourselves a city for pride's sake, but we don't kid ourselves very much inside. We've got twelve thousand population on Election Day when all the noses are in off the range for counting. We've got a flour mill and a livestock feed mill, a sugar-beet refinery, a brewery and a brick-and-tile kiln. We have a rodeo on July Fourth and we start getting ready for it on Big Hat day, June 15th. Everybody puts on a high-crowned felt hat, then, and wears it all summer. I was wearing mine when I stamped into the K. C. Corral after washing up.

Everybody in the place started the chorus as soon as they saw me:

"Hi, Matt, did you hear about the . . . ?"

I yelled again and again looking vainly for a rope—and then I knew I would have to chance it. I could not hang on any longer

"Yeah, I heard about him," I said.

Casey, behind the bar, drew me a cold beer and scraped the head off with a ruler. It is the only drinking I do—one beer before supper. I found out early that there is something about being named Donovan that makes drinking hard liquor particularly foolish.

"This feller is sure in a fix."

They were talking about it anyway, and I had to listen or walk out on that cold beer that I needed. This cuckoo's name, it seemed, was Sherman Willett and he was a trick flier who showed off at county fairs. I always figured, knowing mighty little about it, that a flier like that would be as handy around a real aviation job as a rodeo rider would be on the open range. Anyway, this lad had taken one of the little flivver planes that Pete Mullen had been trying to sell to ranchers from his airport up at Roney—and he had landed it on a bet with Pete right in the Washbowl.

"Quite a crowd of people gathering up there, I hear," Slim Crowell was saying, "seems like he's walking around there and he can't get down. Ain't nobody knows how to get up to him, neither. Leastwise nobody that's there."

They were all looking at me. I could feel their eyes, but I merely looked at my beer.

"The radio says Pete Mullen is going to fly over and drop his grub to him."

"Me," I said solemnly, "I've got a job."

MY MOTHER had my dinner waiting for me when I got home and the first thing that she said to me was, "There's a poor boy marooned up on that awful Devil's Washbowl, Matt. You know, that one you climbed a few years back."

"I know about it, Mom," I said to her.

I was patient with her because after all she has a sweetly confident conviction, once she has learned anything, that no one else knows it but herself. My sister is a little bit like her, and it makes it hard on a man. They are both widows and they live with me, they and the twin girls that are my nieces. All of them together are the reason why the draft board passed me up, but if it wasn't for them, I'd be married to Jennie, I hope, and probably wouldn't be a soldier anyway.

It was a pretty glum meal. I had to hear all about this Sherman Willett again. Mother and Kate were agreed, for no reason, that he was "a poor boy" and that somebody should help him. The radio on his airplane, it seems, was working and he could talk to somebody down on the ground. They had made a hookup so his voice could go out on the air.

"He sounded so modest," Kate said. "He did not boast at all."

Personally I couldn't see where a dope who got himself stuck on a high rock had anything to boast about, but when women are being sentimental over something, a smart man keeps his mouth shut.

"He is such a sincere boy," my mother said, "and religious. It was touching to hear him tell how he prayed when he was coming down."

I choked on my food. Religion is something a man needs and I go to church myself every Sunday but I always growl and bare my fangs when somebody uses prayers to get votes. That's the way this Sherman Willett impressed me then.

I got shaved and cleaned up and went over to Jennie Killian's. She lived in a white house with flowers growing all around it. The gentians were growing over the spot where they buried an Indian that her grandpa killed in the front yard. That's how close we in Petersburg are to the frontier. Jennie, herself, could probably kill an Indian if she had

(Continued on page 34)

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UNDER COVER

DEFENSE plants mushrooming over the country make excellent targets for enemy bombers. General Motors, realizing this, has taken steps to protect by camouflage its many factories now working on war orders—tanks, guns and motors for planes, etc.

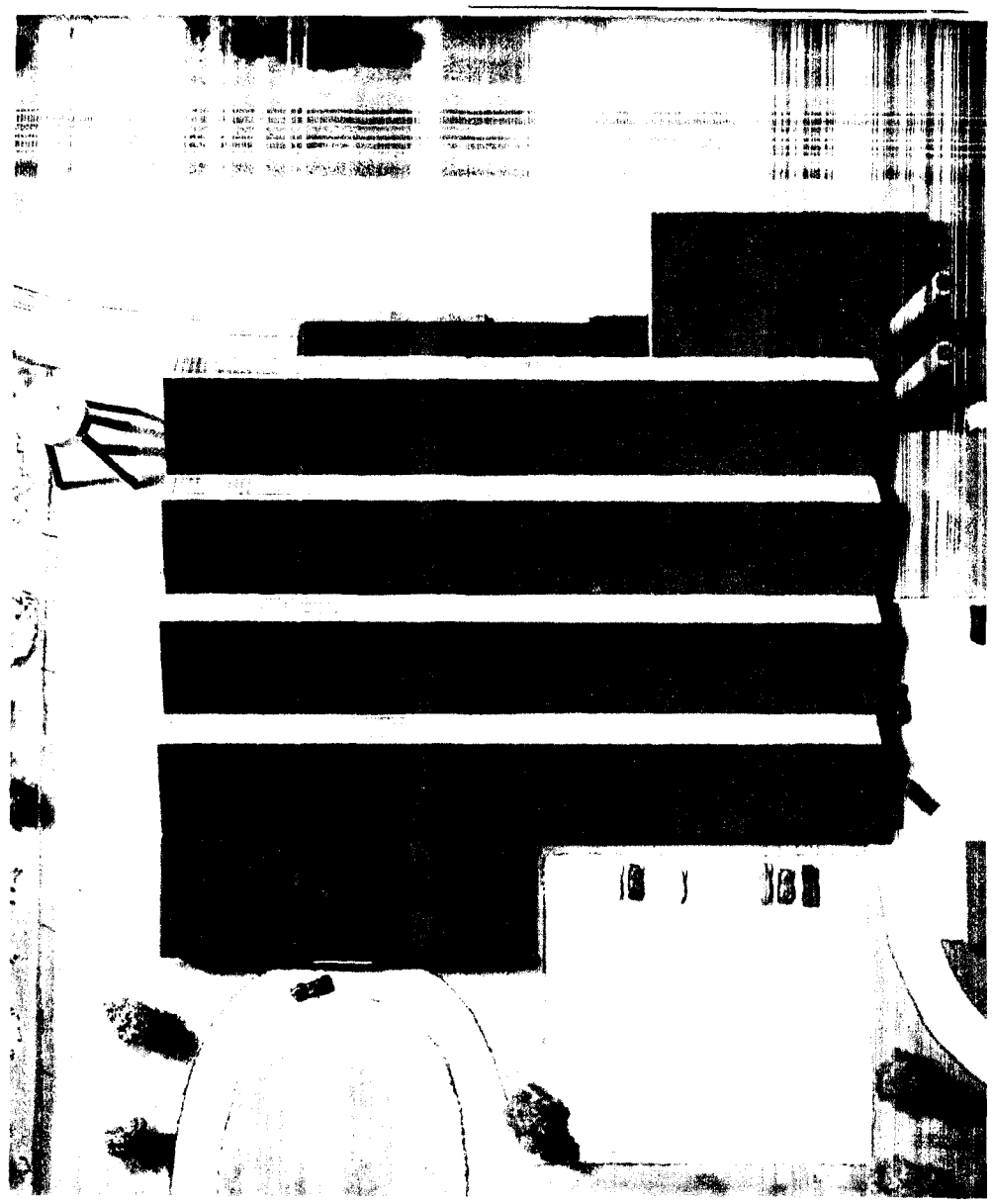
The first step GM's Camouflage Section took was to build scale models of several plants as they appear today. Next step was to tailor a suit of camouflage to fit each factory model. Real and artificial trees and shrubs transform a drab factory roof into a spread of green countryside. Phony roads (painted) serve no purpose but to fool foreign navigators and bombardiers. Parking lots become orchards with a worker's car concealed under every tree. From 10,000 feet up you couldn't tell that beneath the tilled fields and farm buildings (plywood shells) are assembly lines for machine guns or pursuit ships.

Tall smoke stacks and water towers particularly need camouflage because they throw tell-tale shadows. Irregular strips of painted plywood placed at different levels on the water tower legs break up such shadows and clumps of trees or shrubs do the same for the stacks. Sometimes the stacks are placed hundreds of yards away from the plant itself and connected to the boilers by underground flues.

The camouflage model shown in the accompanying sequence is not that of an existing plant but represents a typical defense factory. War Department censorship prohibits reproduction of actual camouflaged factories, even in model form.

Chief aim of defense plant camouflage is to blend the buildings into the surrounding landscape, make them look like anything but their real selves. The type illustrated is particularly effective against high-altitude bombing (10,000 to 20,000 feet). Changes in color and shape are made to conform with the current season. For example, the artificial trees and shrubs shown here would be changed from green to brown in the autumn.

The photos show four different methods of foiling the man behind an enemy bombsight.



Plant with sawtooth roof, twin stacks, water tower, railroad spur track from main line. Semicircular drive leads to parking lot. Other drive, lower right, leads to truck loading platform. Location: The Country. Season: Summer

Alternate plan for same plant. Painted plywood strips mounted on roof give effect of two small factories not worth bombing. Note irregular shadow of water tower and the jagged roof line on the right

Most elaborate concealment method. Roof covered by plywood segments, real and artificial trees and shrubs. Painted curving road and red barn suggest small farm. Underground flues carry smoke to stacks, some distance away

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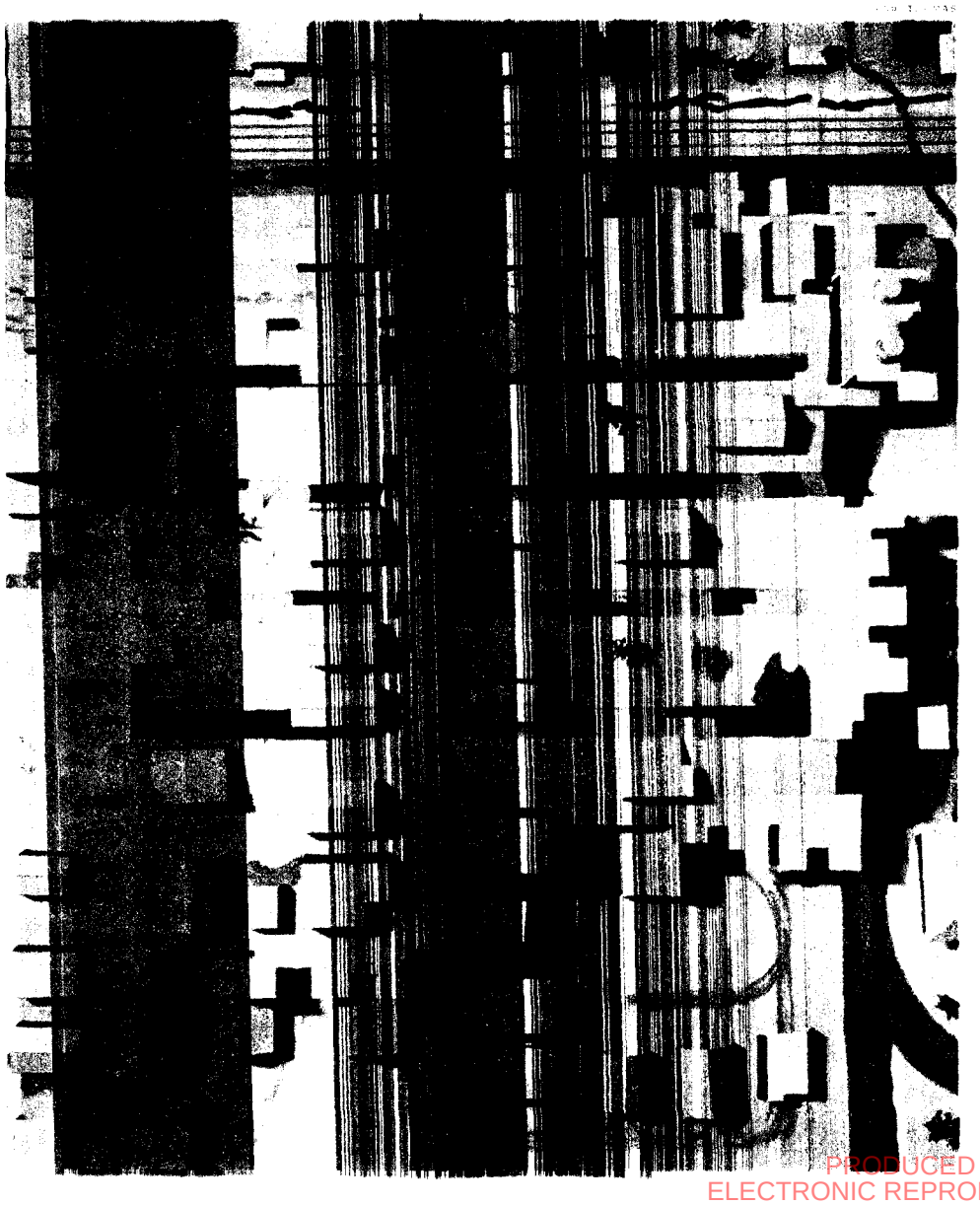
OUR FIGHTING MEN

[illegible]uflaged in cheapest, simplest and cheapest fashion. Land-[illegible] have been [illegible] and new designs have been painted on [illegible] sperse water towers and stack shadows and shield parking lot

identical plant located in industrial section of northern stores simulating roof [illegible] painted streets give effect again pl[illegible] stack and tower shadows



UTAH

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. A nontactical outfit like the Ninth Corps Area Headquarters has its moving troubles. For instance, eleven Hq. soldiers coming up on the train from San Francisco found themselves with only ten meal tickets. These they contrived to shuffle around until the conductor got dizzy and gave up. Arriving at this post, the several hundred soldiers and civilian employees of the unit discovered the departed Air Corps Wing had left the cupboard bare. The Reception Center eased this shortage by dishing up about eight times the number of meals its kitchen was designed to serve. Meanwhile, the sizable colony of Hq. officers and families set up a trailer camp in the shadow of the near-by University of Utah stadium, plugging into the gridiron structure for heat, light and water. When it comes to housing, officers sometimes take a back seat. At the Wendover Bombing and Gunnery Range, that Salt Lake Air Base subbase, the first privately built houses for Air Corps families will be for noncoms. Officers' families will hang their hats in tourist cabins. They say it's good for morale.

IN THE strictly confidential file of the just-mentioned Headquarters morale office are 4,000 applications from women who want to be hostesses at the eighty or more Western camps under jurisdiction of this office. Seventy-five per cent of the gals don't qualify for age or literacy reasons. The woman who sent, along with her application, a novel she'd written was the office favorite until another included her bust measurement in the height-weight data. Incidentally, the morale office hasn't yet quite recovered from receipt of an impressive official document loaded with signatures and petitioning Headquarters not to close the red-light district in a certain Nevada town. Seems the citizens wanted to control the situation with their own prewar plan.

SALT LAKE ARMY AIR BASE. Speaking of confidential files, there are three degrees of hush-hush in the Army. "Not for Publication" is something everybody in the vicinity knows about but the Army still doesn't want whipped up in black and white. "Confidential" covers information several people know about and won't tell. "Secret" relates to that kind of knowledge which makes insomniacs out of officers who are afraid they might talk in their sleep. The fact that some para-ski troopers were training somewhere in the mountains of Utah was confidential until numerous civilian skiiers bumped into the Army snowbirds at Alta, a winter resort; then it became Not for Publication and remained in that category until the War Department released a publicity picture of the parachutists adding skiing to their bag of tricks.

SOME of the paratroopers, by the way, are being supplied with the new demolition kit developed by the Engineer Board at the request of the infantry. This piece of gear is light as an ordinary knapsack but it contains a number of things you wouldn't want to hand over to Willie on a rainy day. In one compartment are twenty blocks of TNT. A second compartment contains safety fuses, cap-crimping pliers, twine, a drill, pocket knife and matches in a waterproof container. Contrary to previous explosive-handling practices, a third compartment carries blasting caps needed to detonate the TNT. Each cap is individually insulated and the whole container is padded with sponge rubber. The paratroopers can carry these kits on their backs during the roughest landing without fear of premature explosions. Or so the Engineer Board says.

MISSOURI

CAMP CROWDER, Neosho. First thing most of the boys from the East and South demanded, upon arrival three weeks ago at this new Signal Corps Replacement Training Center, was: "Where are the Ozarks?" Officers, unable to point out any particular Ozark, reminded the boys of that up-and-down-hill feeling they had on the night train from St. Louis. The Ozarks, which don't have snowcapped peaks, taper down toward the Oklahoma prairies before they get to this place. Crowder's 43,000 acres in two border counties used to be farms and orchards, with people on them the county hated to lose; but in January the Neosho citizens gladhanded the preparatory cadres, found houses for officers and noncoms, and even got the down payment requirements suspended on light and water bills. About 100 farmhouses in the area were found good enough to keep. Those nearest the 8,100-acre cantonment tract have been put to Army use; those more distant will be done over for enlisted men's families, if officers can get their plans okayed. Master Sgt. E. W. Worthen didn't wait for plans to mature; he snapped up a house just outside the post, bought the former tenant's chickens and now markets fifteen dozen eggs a week. He's no farmer, either, being from New York City.

Original plans called for the handling of 12,000 besides the 2,600 officers and men previously on the post, but five weeks ago the War Department said they'd double the personnel. Post Hq. looks for a total of 32,000 men eventually, which will make Crowder twice as big as Fort Monmouth (N. J.), the only other all-Signal Corps installation, which will retain the monopoly on pigeon breeding. Crowder's training contains none of the old square-flag wigwagging and elbow-jerking stuff; except for the two weeks basic, most of the men spend much of their thirteen weeks indoors. After they've learned to punch out fifty words a minute on typewriters, they're ready for teletyping. They also get all kinds of radio workouts, code reading and plotting, direction finding—things like that. Only training that takes any of the guys outside is pole setting and linemen's work.

Near Fort Smith, a few Arkansas counties south of here, 10,000 workers are spreading Camp Chaffee around on 73,000 acres recently devoted to cotton, corn and peanuts. It'll be a southwestern rival of Kentucky's Fort Knox and the home of an armored division, probably the Sixth. We'll have more about Chaffee in a jiffy.

MASSACHUSETTS

FORT RODMAN, New Bedford. Part of the alert procedure here is to open slightly all windows in buildings on the post in order to prevent shattering panes by concussion of the big guns. Few days ago an alert sounded and the order came, "Crack windows!" A newly arrived sergeant, somewhat surprised by this but trained

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A Lifeline to the Orient

By Alice Leone Moats

A real Axis push into West Africa would cut Britain's last lifeline to the Near East and our best air-land route to the Far East. What's being done to meet it? Well, have a look through Miss Moats' observant eyes at the boys *setting* 'em up in another alley

BRITISH West Africa is one of America's lifelines to the Far East. Churchill's statement that the Mediterranean is closed to Allied shipping makes it clear that West Africa is also England's principal lifeline to the Middle East. Yet no one on the west coast of Africa seems to understand the fearful urgency of the pleas coming from troops in the Orient and the Middle East for more planes, more equipment, more supplies. There is no awareness of a need for haste. Everything goes along just as usual, at a slow, pre-war tempo.

During my recent tour of Nigeria, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone and Gambia, I saw no signs of an all-out war effort. To the general public, most of those places are nothing more than names on a map, but the British and American governments certainly realize their vital importance at this moment.

The British in the colonies are progressing with their habitual majestic backwardness. The American government appears to be sitting by, watching them.

As seems to be the custom in democracies, the authorities are expending more energy in fighting one another than in fighting the enemy. The members of the local government resent any interference from the military. The military put their difficulties up to London. London then replies that it fully realizes and deplores existing conditions but can do nothing about them, and that it is regrettable that there should be no one in the colonies with sufficient knowledge or influence to put over a comprehensive scheme of operation and control. The few people who face the seriousness of the situation say that only a bombing will rouse the officials from their deep dream of peace. When the bombings begin it will, unfortunately, be too late.

On the west coast, as in Cairo where British military and government offices close between one and five every afternoon, the war keeps hours. It shuts down every Saturday at noon and doesn't open up again until Monday morning. All holidays are scrupulously observed. Customs and railway offices are open from eight to twelve-thirty and from two-thirty to four-thirty; some government departments don't start work until eight-thirty. The customs will stay open until nine at night if a special permit has been obtained before four in the afternoon. An even more special permit will keep it working until ten.

American shipping lines have been setting up an outcry for the last year, complaining of the slowness of loading and unloading in West African ports. The Barber Line, for instance, with eight ships, figures that it loses sixty-four weeks a year through useless delays. The British find the complaints unreasonable. Washington ignores them.

Shipping companies and American attachés have suggested that an American authority on cargo-handling be sent out to observe and report to the Maritime Commission on ways and means by which cargoes could be speeded up. His findings would them become a matter of negotiation between the two governments. London has given a clear intimation that an expert would be welcomed. That was the end of that. There is one American naval observer on the entire coast—stationed at Freetown.

Early in June a request was sent to Washington for steel lighters, which are greatly needed. The request was turned down quickly. Some time ago the agent of one of the shipping lines tried to ascertain, informally and unofficially, whether the U. S. government would permit the exportation of a floating drydock or the material for its construction in Lagos. The firm was willing to purchase or construct it, having British navy backing, and was going to operate in collaboration with the admiralty and the local government. Such a drydock would not come under the heading of a useless luxury, since there is no place south of Dakar where anything larger than a corvette can be repaired. The request was refused. Then, the British government submitted a proposal that it be built under lend-lease. A reply came that the proposal was being considered by the "appropriate departments." That was at the end of June and nothing more has been heard about it.

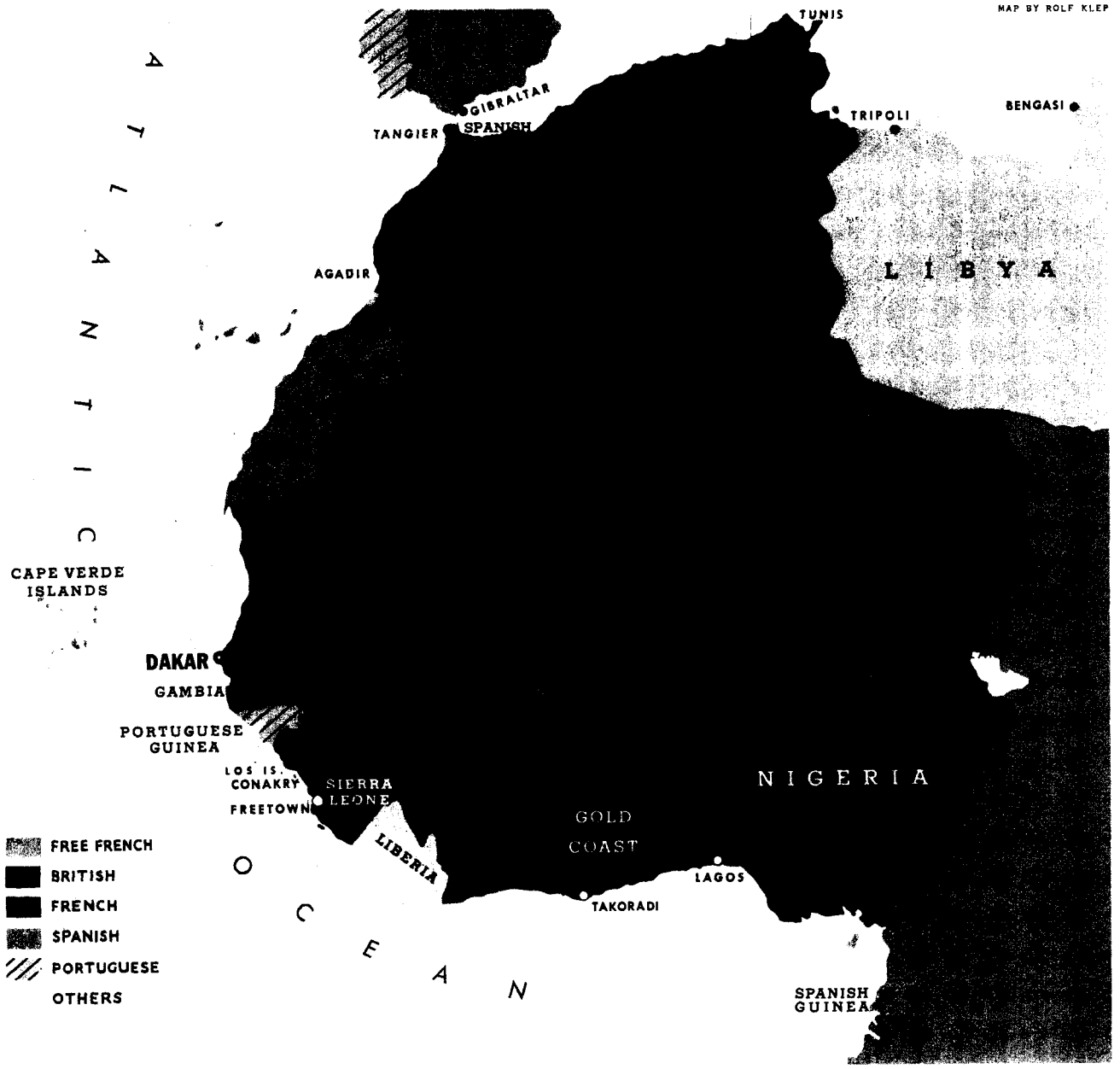
Some Ominous Geography

On the map, the bits which represent British colonies are separated by the large sections representing Vichy territory. Those Vichy sections are extremely ominous, although one would scarcely realize it from the general policy of disregarding them. Even the bombing of Fort Lamy, in the Free French Lake Chad zone, at the end of January, by a German plane flying from what the De Gaullists said was Vichy territory, didn't cause a great deal of excitement.

According to the Free French mission in Lagos, plans had been made for an attack on British colonies on December 15th which had to be postponed because of the Nazi setbacks in Russia. Few preparations have been made against such a contingency. An air raid would catch the entire coast off guard. In January, 1942, during an afternoon that I spent at an airfield, five American bombers landed on their way to the Orient. That evening, when I left, all five of them—three Flying Fortresses and two Liberators—were still there, wing tip to wing tip, waiting to take off in the morning. As valuable a set of sitting pigeons as could be found anywhere. Still, there wasn't one pursuit ship on the field, but I was given to understand that an enemy would be surprised by the violence of the antiaircraft fire. Later I found out that what antiaircraft batteries there are would send up a barrage far from violent.

The members of the British military intelligence whom I met on the coast could see nothing particularly alarming

(Continued on page 53)



Potential land mines under the vital Allied supply lines that run from Britain's West African ports to both Near and Far East are the Vichy-controlled territories from which Axis assault might be launched. British ports, already inadequate to handle the volume of cargo needed, are not strongly protected against attack

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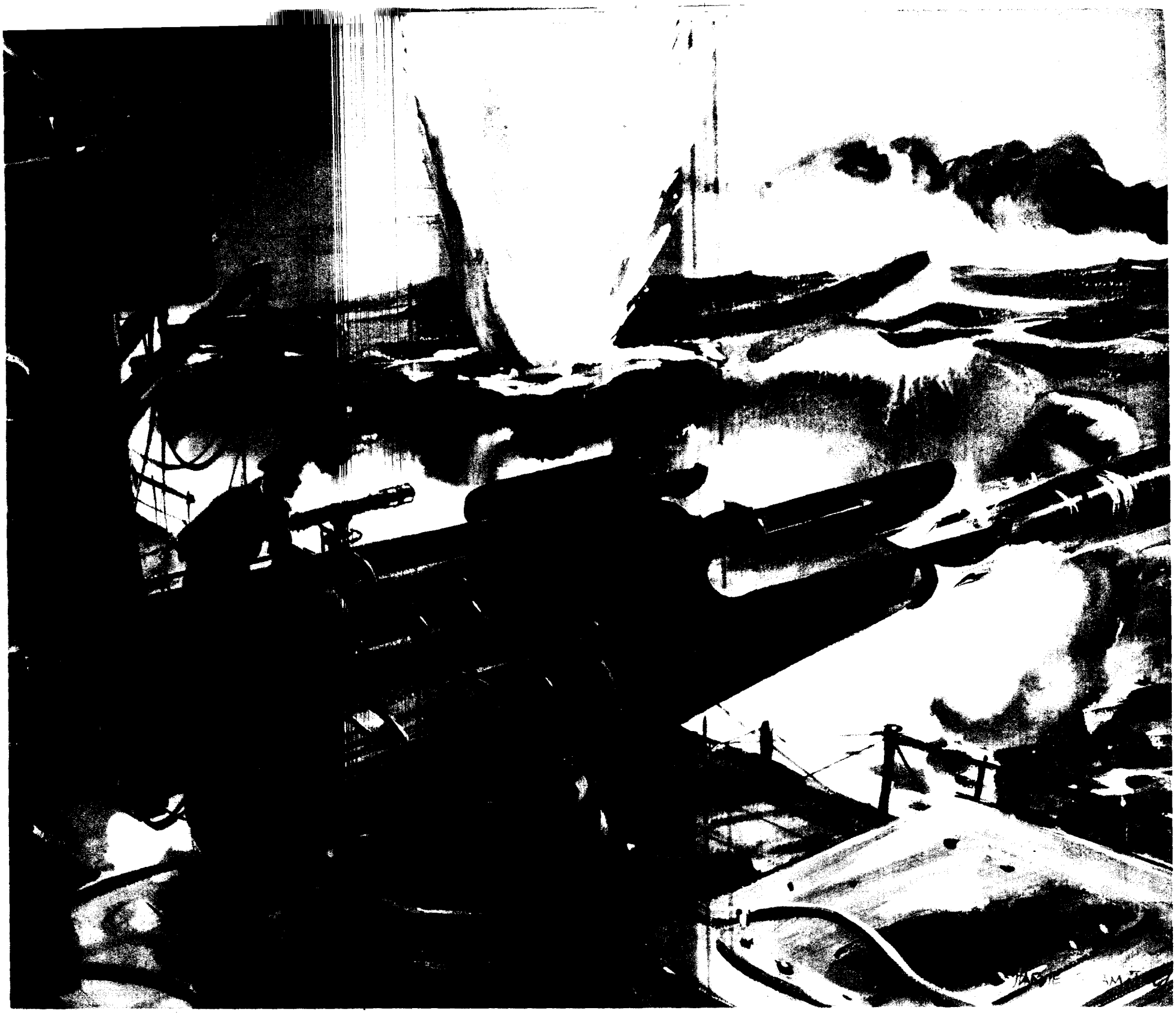

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Then compressed air banged and hissed and the torpedoes leaped from the careening deck in clean, racing dives. "Beautiful!" the commander said

The Skipper Couldn't Take It

By Pat Frank

Fifteen months before we entered the war, the U. S. gave England fifty old destroyers to keep the fight going. This is the story of one of them, doing its job

HE WAS an Englishman, and she was an American. He was bent, and thin, and pale, and the lines in his face had not been carved by salt wind and weather. She was wasp-waisted, and freshly painted, and her silhouette still held much that a sailor might find beautiful.

He was six feet, despite the permanent kink in his back, and he weighed scarcely a hundred and fifty pounds. She measured exactly three hundred and nine feet along the water line, displaced one thousand two hundred and twenty tons, and wore a shining new antimine girdle, like an old hussy with a new bonnet. They had a number of things in common, and one of these was that they were both over-age for this particular war, and another that they had not done well in the last one.

His name was Commander Thomas Cramp, R.N.R., and for twenty years he had been a bookbinder of Upper Saxby, Kent. Her name was H.M.S. Daphne, previously the U.S.S. Isaac Smith, and for twenty years she had been chained to the land at San Diego, California.

The destroyers-for-bases deal brought them together at a place described as "an eastern Canadian port," which everyone, including the German High Command, knew to be Halifax, Nova Scotia. There, on an evening in early spring, Commander Cramp stood on the monkey island over his bridge, and nervously watched an Aldis lamp blinking yellow in the twilight from the great, gray bulk of the liner Lutania, docked a mile across the roadstead.

HE TRIED to translate the swift, steady stream of dots and dashes, but his Morse was rusty, a foreign tongue long unspoken. That the message was for him he did not doubt, for in the morning the Daphne was to lead the Lutania out to sea and convoy her across the Atlantic. He could guess that Sir Herbert Rhodes was telling him the Lutania had completed the loading of her incredibly precious cargo—pursuit aircraft—and was ready to sail.

He turned away, and backed painfully down the steel ladder to the bridge. Lieutenant Fitzmaurice, his executive officer, was supervising last-minute preparations for the voyage. "That message ought to give us our sailing hour," he told Fitzmaurice.

"Message, sir? Oh, but that was addressed to the port captain, wasn't it —about a water barge, if I read it properly?"

"Really? I didn't catch—"

In the shadows it was impossible to see whether his executive officer was smiling, but Cramp suspected he was. Fitzmaurice was the only deep-water, ship-of-the-line, Dartmouth school man aboard, and he always seemed to be smiling. It was a bleak, superior smile with no humor in it, and under this smile the commander felt naked of his stripes, and ashamed of the too-long years ashore that had stripped his memory of the ways of the sea.

"Are we all squared away?" the commander asked.

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Unify Our Fighting Forces

By General Johnson Hagood

A tightening-up of our Army organization and the full co-operation of land, sea and air forces are our greatest needs today, says General Hagood. He has commanded three armies, four corps areas, an infantry division, a field artillery brigade and the coastal frontiers from New York to Seattle. He knows the Army, the rivalries between branches of the service, the still ominous confusion in direction. His specific suggestions for unifying our forces have been put in the form of a bill printed on the opposite page. Don't fail to read it

WHATEVER may have been the shortcomings of the Admiral and the General at Pearl Harbor, whatever may have been the treachery of the Japanese, we must not overlook the fact that we invited it all by our total lack of a definite line of authority and responsibility in our system of defense, beginning in Washington and extending down to every naval base and fortified harbor, at home and abroad.

If the naval bases at New York, Norfolk, San Francisco or Bremerton were attacked today, as at Pearl Harbor, there would be no one man in charge of the combined land, naval and air forces to whom an order could be issued to resist this attack, and there would be no one man in the United States short of the President who could issue such an order. And even if some one man were assigned to that duty, as at Hawaii since Pearl Harbor, he would have supreme control only in actual battle; plans and preparations for defense would be made by a complicated organization in Washington, over which he or the Navy would have no control whatever.

Military secrets are mainly secrets from the American people. We fool one another but we do not fool the enemy. The Japanese knew that we had no inner patrol at Pearl Harbor, but Admiral Kimmel did not know it. The Japanese knew that we had no outer patrol, but General Short did not know it. The Japanese High Command knew that the Army watch was to be relieved at seven o'clock on the fatal morning of December 7th but the American High Command in Washington did not know it.

There were six different agencies in charge of one phase or another of the Pearl Harbor defenses, and each of these agencies received its orders from a different source. The Army alone received orders from several different sources:

First: Under the law—Act of April 30, 1900—the governor of the territory is charged with the defense of the Hawaiian Islands. It is provided by law that in case of invasion, or a threat of invasion, the governor is empowered to declare martial law, to turn out the militia, and to call upon the commanders of the Army and Navy, in the Hawaiian Islands, to assist him in defeating the enemy.

You might say that this law was obsolete and that no one pays any attention to laws these days anyway. But still, in the identical orders sent to the Admiral and to the General, they were directed to do nothing contrary to law, and this presupposes upon their part a knowledge of the statutes of the United States and of the laws of the Territory of Hawaii. It places upon them the responsibility for arriving independently at decisions as to which laws to obey and which laws to disregard.

Second: The Commanding General of the Hawaiian Department was charged by the War Department with certain responsibilities in the matter of defense. This responsibility did not cover the whole field. There were overlappings and gaps.

Third: The local commander of the Army Air Forces had certain authority and responsibility for defense which came to him directly from Washington and not through the Department Commander.

Fourth: The Admiral at Pearl Harbor had certain authority and responsibility, which he got from the Navy Department, which overlapped some of that given to the Commanding General of the Hawaiian Department by the War Department.

Fifth: There were certain authorities in the matter of counterespionage and sabotage placed by the F.B.I. in its local representative in Honolulu.

Sixth: There was an organization for Civilian Defense presumably getting instructions from the mayor of New York and the wife of the President of the United States.

All of these agencies were in the main co-operative, but were in fact competing, one with the other, each trying to magnify and expand the field of its own operations at the expense of the others. The subsequent assignment of Admiral Nimitz to command both Army and Navy in Hawaii is only a step in the right direction.

Every Man for Himself

In the War Department there are the chiefs of branches—Cavalry, Field Artillery, Coast Artillery and Infantry—who, besides the Air Corps and the Chemical Warfare Service, were strongly competing as to their relative importance in the National Defense. The officers of these several arms serving in the Hawaiian Department have looked beyond their immediate commanders and have striven for the favor of their respective chiefs of branches in Washington, well knowing that it is they and not their transient military commanders in the field who hold the fate of their future.

There can be no doubt that during the past twenty years infantry officers in the Hawaiian Department have been much more interested in developing a good infantry division than they have been in the defense of Pearl Harbor.

The first plan of defense for the Hawaiian Islands, other than the seacoast defense, was drawn by the Morrison Board. Many years later I asked General Morrison if he was satisfied with the plans of his board. His answer was, "It was the best we could do under the restrictions placed upon us by the War Department." I was present when these restrictions were made and I therefore understood.

I asked the Department Commander in Honolulu, General W. H. Carter, what he thought of the Morrison plan. His reply was that it was not a plan to defend Pearl Harbor, it was a plan to keep the city of Honolulu and the Army from being captured. "A better plan" said he, "would be to take the Army back to the United States."

I went over the lines with the engineer officer, Colonel Bromwell, who did the work. He pointed out to me that the plan did not include the naval fuel supply but that he had moved things over a little so as to bring the naval installations fifteen yards inside the lines.

That was the beginning. It has been that way more or less ever since.

Generals and admirals in Hawaii before Short or Kimmel have quarreled over the instructions received from their different bosses in Washington, and have found that the easiest way was to keep to themselves.

It was the same in the Philippine Islands. The Navy established a base and put a drydock at the Olongapo although the Army said it could not be defended. The Army planned to put a coal pile for the Navy on the tail of Corregidor but the Navy said they would not use it. The Army planned to seize all the shipping in Manila Bay at the outbreak of war in order to send its supplies to Corregidor. The Navy planned to destroy all this shipping to keep it from falling into the hands of the enemy. As far back as 1914, under the orders of the Department Commander, I was trying to organize joint Army and Navy exercises to test the strength of Corregidor and Batan. The Admiral of the Fleet told me that the Navy Department would not allow him to participate in these exercises because it might be offensive to Japan.

One of the most distinguished generals ever in the Philippines was on very bad terms with one of the most distinguished admirals. They refused to accept each other's dinner invitations. And the general refused point-blank to do something that he was asked to do by the Governor General.

During the past few months I asked an officer connected with antiaircraft training if he got any co-operation from the Air Corps and he replied in the negative. I asked who towed the target for antiaircraft practice and he replied that no one did; that they had authority to hire a civilian plane to fly so many hours a week.

It has been that way, more or less, for the past twenty years, and the answer has always been that the Air Corps did not have enough planes for its own purpose and had none to spare for the coast artillery.

Adherents of the Air Corps have spread the news that the Air Corps alone could prevent an invasion of the United States without any assistance from the Navy or from the rest of the Army. The Navy boosters have said that they could do the job alone. And the friends of the doughboys have said that, after all, it is the bayonet.

This war has shown the Air Corps to be the supreme arm in modern operations, but it could never prevail without the support of the other branches. There must be complete and selfless co-ordination of the land, sea and air by a common superior.

I have had co-operative conferences with Naval coastal commanders; but I have never seen or heard of a maneuver or of an exercise in the United States in which the forces of the land, the sea, and the air were combined to resist invasion. Some such exercises were conducted in the Hawaiian Islands, and I am told by Army and Navy officers on the spot that they developed the same weaknesses that led to the Hawaiian disaster, but nothing was ever done about it. The recent grand maneuvers in the Carolinas were organized on the basis that the Navy, the coast defenses and the offshore air patrol had been destroyed or eluded and that the enemy was strongly entrenched in this country as in the Revolution and in the War of 1812.

Regulations That Nobody Knows

The Roberts report makes public a number of orders and instructions issued by the War and Navy departments to the General and the Admiral in Hawaii, which if read in the glare of hindsight make it appear that these two officials were delinquent.

The layman does not know that the War Department issues tons of orders and instructions, in the name of the Secretary of War or the Chief of Staff, which neither of these two gentlemen has ever seen. Nor does the layman know that generals away from Washington receive thousands of orders and instructions that they never read. The standing orders and regulations for the training, administration and supply of the Army contain more words, and are scattered over more space, than the revised statutes of the United States. No one has ever read them all.

Within the past ten months I have asked a high-ranking general in the War Department how he could get by the President's Army Regulations in doing certain things connected with the emergency that preceded the war. His reply was that he paid no attention to regulations.

The Chief of Staff of the Corps Area pointed to a file of papers on his desk and he said to me, "I read the telegrams but I do not read the letters."

The Adjutant General of the Army said to me a few years ago: "If you should send me a telegram requesting immediate action upon any important matter I could not get the answer back to you within forty-eight hours, perhaps a week, because there would be too many people to be consulted."

The Roberts report says, in effect, that the orders received by the military authorities in Hawaii were not interpreted to mean that war was imminent.

Why should orders have to be interpreted?

Why can't they be written in plain language that an ordinary man of average intelligence can understand?

It is an old joke in the Army that the General Staff issues orders and then sends them down to the Judge Advocate

(Continued on page 49)

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A BILL TO UNIFY THE LAND, THE NAVAL, AND THE AIR FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES AND FOR OTHER PURPOSES

BE IT ENACTED, ETC.

Sec. 1. That the War and Navy Departments are hereby combined into a single Department to be known as the Department of National Defense; and hereafter there shall be a Minister of Defense, who under the direction of the President shall have supervision and control of the land, the naval, and the air forces of the United States.

Sec. 2. COMMAND OF THE NAVY. The Navy shall be commanded by a naval officer who shall have the rank and title of The Admiral of the Navy; The offices of Secretary of the Navy, Under-Secretary of the Navy, and all Assistant Secretaries of the Navy are hereby abolished and the duties thereof transferred to The Admiral of the Navy, with the exception of such duties of a civil or of a political nature as may, in the discretion of the President, be transferred to the Minister of Defense.

Sec. 3. THE SEACOAST FORTIFICATIONS. The seacoast fortifications are hereby transferred to the Navy. The President is directed to establish Fortified Areas, which shall include the Hawaiian Islands; the Canal Zone; all fortified harbors and naval bases in the United States and the waters adjacent thereto, and all fortified harbors and naval bases, beyond the seas, owned or leased by the United States. All such Fortified Areas shall be under the command of The Admiral of the Navy, and the troops for the defense thereof shall be provided by the Marine Corps. And if at any time the troops of the Marine Corps are not sufficient for that purpose, the President shall detach from the Army, and attach to the Marine Corps, such number of troops as may be necessary; provided:

That the command, administration, and supply of the troops of the Fortified Areas shall remain with the Marine Corps under the direction of The Admiral of the Navy; and provided:

That the President may, in his discretion, transfer qualified officers, warrant officers, and enlisted men of the Army to the Navy and to the Marine Corps, without loss of rank.

Sec. 4. The Commandant of the Marine Corps shall have the rank of General, and there shall be added to the Marine Corps such number of generals, lieutenant generals, and other officers, warrant officers, and enlisted men, as may, in the discretion of The Admiral of the Navy, be necessary to meet the present emergency.

Sec. 5. COMMAND OF THE ARMY. The Army shall be commanded by an Army officer who shall have the rank and title of The General of the Army. The offices of Secretary of War, Under-Secretary of War, and of all Assistant Secretaries of War are hereby abolished and the duties thereof transferred to The General of the Army, with the exception of such duties of a civil or a political nature as may, in the discretion of the President, be transferred to the Minister of Defense.

Sec. 6. CONSOLIDATION OF THE ARMY. The Army shall hereafter consist of The General of the Army, the General Staff, the Line, the Air Corps, and the Staff.

Sec. 7. THE GENERAL STAFF. The General Staff shall consist of The Director General of Tactics, The Commissary General of Supply, The Adjutant General, The Chief of the Air Corps, and The Chief of the National Guard Bureau, together with such number of Directors of Tactics, Supply Officers, and Adjutants, as The General of the Army may deem necessary for service at Corps Area or Department Headquarters, or in the field. The Director General of Tactics, The Commissary General of Supply, and The Adjutant General, shall have the rank of Lieutenant General. The Chief of the Air Corps shall have the rank of General. The Chief of the National Guard Bureau, and all other officers of the General Staff, shall have the rank of their grades as now provided by law.

Sec. 8. The Director General of Tactics, under the direction of The General of the Army, shall have charge of military intelligence and war plans, and supervision over the training and combat of all troops except those of the Air Corps; and he may have as his assistants such Inspectors of Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry, and other arms, as The General of the Army may direct; provided: that nothing in this Act nor any other Act shall relieve the commanders in the field of their responsibility for the training and combat of the troops under their command.

Sec. 9. The Commissary General of Supply, under the direction of The General of the Army, shall have supervision and control of the supply of the Army, and over all supply departments and agencies thereof, except as otherwise provided for the Air Corps. He shall have as his principal assistants and advisers the chiefs of all supply departments and agencies of the Army, to wit: The General Purchasing Agent, The Quartermaster General, The Chief of Ordnance, The Chief of Engineers, The Director of Transportation, The Surgeon General, and The Chief of Finance; whose duties shall be redistributed and assigned as The General of the Army may direct.

Sec. 10. The Adjutant General, under the direction of The General of the Army, shall have charge of the correspondence, orders and records of the Army; the procurement of men, including promotion, transfer, and assignment; military discipline and police. He shall have as his principal assistants and advisers, The Assistant Adjutant General, The Judge Advocate General, The Inspector General, The Provost Marshal, and The Chief Chaplain; whose duties shall be redistributed and assigned as The General of the Army may direct.

Sec. 11. The Chief of the Air Corps, under the direction of The General of the Army, shall have command of the air forces of the Army, and shall have charge of their training, administration and supply, and their combat except as may be otherwise assigned by The General of the Army to commanders in the field.

Sec. 12. The Chief of the National Guard Bureau, under the direction of The General of the Army, shall have such duties as are now prescribed by law.

Sec. 13. REDUCTION OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT. The following offices are abolished, and their present duties and incumbents shall be distributed among the other arms and services, without loss of rank or pay, as The General of the Army may direct; to wit: The Chief of Staff together with his Deputies and Assistants, The Chief of Cavalry, The Chief of Field Artillery, The Chief of Coast Artillery, The Chief of Infantry, The Chief Signal Officer, and The Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service.

Sec. 14. THE LINE OF THE ARMY. The Cavalry, the Field Artillery, the Coast Artillery and the Infantry are hereby abolished as separate arms, and shall hereafter constitute a single force, which together with such other troops as may be temporarily attached thereto, shall be known as the Line of the Army, and shall be assigned to duty as The General of the Army may direct. During the present emergency, it shall include such generals, lieutenant generals, and other officers, as may be nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate.

Sec. 15. THE STAFF. The Staff of the Army shall consist of all officers, warrant officers, and enlisted men, and of all departments and agencies of the Army, now or hereafter authorized by law, other than The General of the Army, the General Staff, and the Line, as provided by Sections 5, 7, and 14, of this Act, except those of the Air Corps.

Sec. 16. All Acts contrary to the provisions of this Act are hereby repealed. Provided: that during the period of transition, the President, in his discretion, may temporarily continue such offices, departments, and agencies, and may establish such rules for the government and regulation of the land, the naval, and the air forces, as he may deem expedient in the execution of this Act.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY CHARLES KERLEE

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Unorthodox Prima Donna

By Mona Gardner

Risë Stevens could have sung in the Metropolitan when she was 21, but she was smart enough to say no

RISË STEVENS started out saying no. She made, in fact, a five-year career of unpremeditated no's before it occurred to her to say yes.

First of all, Risë (you say it Rees-uh) unhinged tradition at the Metropolitan by saying no, when she was twenty-one, to a contract offered by that august musical shrine. She said no to a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She said no to a personable young Hungarian actor who asked her to become Mrs. Walter Szurovy. These were her major no's. She scattered less major ones just as consistently, but by then no one was counting.

Risë was gambling for substantials, and pretty scared about it too. She was ah-ing arpeggios and praying the voice teachers knew what they were talking about when they said she could sing. But, in case they were wrong and she had to settle for the movies, she thought it wouldn't hurt to know the difference between ham and histrionics. So she spent the next five years studying.

It doesn't seem to have done any harm. This winter, at twenty-eight, Risë is earning something like $100,000 for her opera, concert and radio appearances. And this is only half a year's work. The other half she spends out in Hollywood making pictures under her new long-term starring contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Risë's third contract is being Mrs. Szurovy. To prove it she wears a chain around her neck with a little gold plaque on it (rather like the tags on port and sherry decanters) that says, "I am the property of Walter Szurovy." The chain has no clasp: it would have to be filed off.

Risë is an unorthodox prima donna. First of all she doesn't look like a leading mezzo, or talk like one. She has none of the emotional eruptions that make a singer fun to talk about but poison to have in the family. Her story isn't typical; and, to make things more confusing, she doesn't even eat in the manner.

Take opening night backstage at the Met this season about half an hour before curtain time—the basso and the tenor were having nerve attacks in the wings, the soprano rushed to a dressing room with acute headache. Risë sent a prop boy out for a hamburger, ate it, onions and all, while waiting for her cue.

At five o'clock before a performance, when, traditionally, opera singers are sipping a cup of bouillon and picking at a leaf or two of lettuce, Risë sits down to a steak, mashed potatoes, rye bread, two vegetables, and a pudding—preferably chocolate, but banana is all right.

When she had finished The Chocolate Soldier, Louis B. Mayer called Risë into his office about the little matter of taking up her options. "Are there any other clauses you want put in your new contract?" he asked.

Risë thought for a moment. "Yes, Mr. Mayer," she said, "I want more time for lunch. I need an hour and twenty minutes instead of an hour—ten minutes to get out of my costume, ten minutes to get in it again, an hour to enjoy the meal."

This robustious regard for food hasn't interfered, so far, with Risë's silhouette. She is on the tall side—5 feet 7 inches—and, despite epochal steaks and chocolate puddings, continues to weigh 135 pounds.

This means she doesn't strain credulity when she comes out in boy's clothes in The Marriage of Figaro, in Der Rosenkavalier, in Hänsel and Gretel, or when she puts on the temptress skirts in Delilah. Patient opera-goers feel this is a break at last.

As for the movies—Risë can face the camera without flinching and without going on the nine-day diet. Dieting is dangerous for divas, because something in the slimming process saps quality and *timbre* from the voice. This is not theory. Hollywood has proved it, tragically, three times.

If you met Risë in the hall, with her hair done in fringed bangs and a feather curl down back of the ears, you'd think she was that girl just out of Bryn Mawr your sister knows. Add to this that she'd probably be wearing brown tweeds, brogues, and a soft no-shape hat.

Risë's family is a little skeptical at the prompt way she keeps all engagements these days. They say they *hope* it's not a passing phase, but they shake their heads, still remembering how she used to be late for everything—lessons, trains, concerts.

The last crucial forgetting she did was during a Samson and Delilah performance in Buenos Aires. She forgot to put on the pair of red silk panties she always wore under her diaphanous temptress skirt in the second act. She was out on the stage singing away when she suddenly remembered. She didn't skip a note, but she sorely puzzled that Latin audience by singing the great seduction number My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice over her shoulder, standing well upstage in some shrubbery. Samson was pretty bewildered, too, since most of the scene called for him to be reclining in her arms on a seat practically in the footlights.

JAMES DOOLITTLE

Opera, concerts, radio and the movies keep Risë Stevens and her beautiful mezzo-soprano voice working overtime the year round

The Path of Least Resistance

Risë's story isn't typical of opera singers. There is no dangling by one hand on the ladder while others climb to the rung above. There is no shivering and meager living in an unheated room waiting for the big chance. Nor are there any miracles in it. Actually it is not even Risë's story, but that of the three successive people—her mother, her voice teacher, and her husband—who have used their elbows for her. Risë studied and practiced, of course, until she was blue in the face, and she sang auditions all over the map. But had any one of the three pace-setters been willing to stop at one of the cozy halfway rungs along the way, Risë might very well be there, placidly content, today.

Risë grew up in New York's Borough of Queens. When her father—short, stocky Christian Steenberg—wasn't selling brushes, he would sit playing the pianola in the parlor after dinner. He'd pump out When Irish Eyes Are Smiling, Sympathy and Mother Machree, singing at the top of his pleasant untrained tenor voice. Risë—six, seven, eight years old—and brother Bud, naturally, got into the habit of singing with him. "Goodness," neighbors and relatives and

(Continued on page 51)

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CHINA GOLD

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Helen Kung again hired a wheelbarrow. She sat on one side of the wheel, Li-hua on the other. They came at last to the third village, where, she had been told, the girls were very beautiful

The Story Thus Far:

DYING in New York City, Elaine Brian's mother—"the richest woman in the world" —murmurs a few words about a dear friend, Mark Chappell, who, becoming a priest and taking the name of Father Valerian, had gone to China. Once she says faintly, "*Find Mark Chappell.*"

Restless, unhappy, after her mother's funeral, Elaine goes to China. En route by clipper, she sees much of a man who has a home in Shanghai—Elton Field. The girl's beauty fascinates Field—as does her vast wealth! For ten years he has supported a Eurasian mistress, Helen Kung. Upon reaching Shanghai with Elaine he tells Helen that he loves the American girl, hopes to marry her. . . .

Having learned that Father Valerian is in charge of a mission in Ta-ming, Elaine goes there. The priest—who had once been in love with her mother—gives her an affectionate greeting. When he tells her that he and Rudolf Helgel, a German refugee, need more assistants at their little hospital Elaine volunteers to make the mission house her home and do what she can to help.

On the way to Ta-ming, Elaine had been shadowed by Li-hua, Helen Kung's male servant. Obeying the Eurasian's orders, the man remains in Ta-ming, keeps an eye on the American and sends reports to Helen Kung.

Fearing that the heiress may slip out of his clutches, marry some other man, Elton Field follows her to Ta-ming. Before he leaves Shanghai, he gives Helen Kung a fairly large check and tells her she can expect no more money from him. The Eurasian woman makes her plans instantly; she, too, decides to go to Ta-ming.

Rudolf Helgel astonishes Father Valerian by confessing that he is in love with Elaine. The priest puts in a few gentle objections. "She must go back to America," he says at last. Rudolf stares at him. Then: "Of course," he says finally, "she must go back."

Father Valerian knows that Rudolf Helgel is a man to be trusted. He puts out his hand, takes Rudolf's, and clasps it in both of his. **"How good a man you are!" he says quietly.**

VI

ELAINE was sitting at the table where Father Valerian had left her, not yet having touched her food. Twice Lao Ling had put his face in at the door and then gone away again. Something had happened which he could not understand. He opened the door again as the priest came in.

"Shall I take the German master's food in to his room?" he asked.

"No," Father Valerian replied, sitting down in his place, "he does not feel well. He will eat later."

"It comes of all this cutting into people," Lao Ling said with sympathy, "there is poison in those sick men." When Father Valerian did not answer he went back to the kitchen.

"I hope Rudolf is not really ill," Elaine said. She had not called the German by his name until today, but now it seemed natural. There was no reason why she should not call by name that friendly soul.

"He does not feel at all himself," Father Valerian replied. He took up his chopsticks and tried to eat. This beautiful girl, he told himself, for his sake, too, she must not stay. He was taking too much comfort in her presence. He was thinking too much about Mary, remembering things he had not remembered for years. It was not right for him. And now poor Rudolf must be helped. Yes, he must help Rudolf, he who had somehow found a life to live without Mary.

And yet how could he say to Mary's child that she must not stay in his house —this house to which Mary had sent her? He had prayed for many an hour of this matter of sending away Mary's child. What was God's will? How gladly would he obey it if he but knew what it was!

He gave up trying to eat and put down his chopsticks.

"My child—" he halted.

She looked up, saw that he meant to speak to her, and put her chopsticks upon her bowl. "Yes, Father?"

He wondered if it were a sin that the pronouncement of that name upon her lips gave him such pleasure. Yes, perhaps that pleasure was sinful and of the earth, not of heaven!

"I feel that this is not your place," he said. "I feel it is time you went back again, into the world."

"Why, Father?"

Again that tremor of pleasure in him! He must be stern to do what was right.

"Your presence causes a disturbance here," he said gravely. "Dear child, you are a woman and you are beautiful. I am a priest and I may remind you of such things—and I am so much older than you."

"But who is there here?" she asked, bewildered. He gazed at her and saw her honesty. With that sweet, cruel

(Continued on page 28)

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Hampton Fights the Battle of Jericho

By Walter Davenport

There may be places that haven't waked up to the war. Not Hampton Institute. The boys there are preparing to fight—on the ground and in the air. The Negro is going to make this war his war. And if you want battle music, listen to the Hampton choir or the shipyard chorus

IN ALL the gentle dignity that surrounded him, he wrote a letter to the Honorable Gene Talmadge, governor of Georgia. "I am just a Negro student at Hampton Institute, studying aerodynamics. I shall soon be serving our country in uniform, and my brother wears it now. . . . Tonight I studied beside a white soldier from Langley Field. He helped me because he has had two years of engineering at Cornell. . . . For two hours we worked together on the same blueprints and the same airplane engine. . . . I wish I had the authority to invite you to see white boys and Negroes working together here at Hampton as special students in night classes—working for the defense of our country. . . .Our government sends us here to be better soldiers and better Americans. . . . I am sure you would be welcome and made comfortable by all. . . ."

We walked with him out of the Coleman du Pont Science Building into the fog that oppressed the Hampton campus and we were glad we did. At first his blue-black face was as cold as the night we walked in. He held the slightly stilted letter, written to a politician who professed to believe that civilization could not survive racial coeducation, away from him as if it smelled bad. For a few moments he was silent —stiffly, the way he was walking, keeping his eyes on the letter. Then he asked:

"What do you think?"

"It's your letter. However, he's just a small-time politician. Today you're a more important guy than he is."

We might have gone on, as stuffy as that, down the concrete walks, across the cold Virginia mud. But as we rounded the Robert C. Ogden Auditorium, the racial question got a much needed purge. Out of Ogden Hall, faintly because the windows were closed against the thick chill that swept in from Hampton Roads, came the harmonies of Hampton's incredible choir. The boy beside us relaxed, his stiffness gone, his long legs sweeping into their natural stride. The letter became a baton and he waved it as he sang softly with the one hundred and thirty-five voices within—A Mighty Fortress Is Our God. The choir finished, paused, and started again—The Star-Spangled Banner, as probably no other chorus sings it or can sing it. He took it standing taut at attention and we straightened up too. But it wasn't until the Hampton Singers had actually made an anthem of the song that the letter met the fate it deserved. He had crushed it in his hand and when we moved on he tore it up.

"Sometimes," he said with a grin, "I feel like a motherless child. Hurry up over to the Arts Center and maybe you'll hear Charlie Flax's boys—The Crusaders—sing that. Good night."

So we hurried on past the Trade School, ablaze with light and defense industry. We rounded the gymnasium, where the Hampton Battalion was drilling to the barks of Army officers, and on to the Arts Center where Charlie Flax, himself a magnificent baritone who has scorned the concert stage for a low-pay job of teaching the people of his own race to sing, was making glory. That night The Crusaders were singing—thirty men from the near-by shipyards of Norfolk and Newport News. They're steelworkers, welders, carpenters, ship-fitters, electricians, riveters, laborers. They work all day building the United States Navy and they'd sing all night if Flax would lead them. They're tough, they're battle-scarred with everything from hot rivets to swift razors; but they sing like roughneck angels hell-bent for harmony.

"That's their fault," sighs Flax. "Just can't make them sing in unison. They just can't help harmonizing."

But Flax could make a marble statue sing. Aided by his own great voice, they sang Oh, Mary, What You Goin' Ta Call That Pretty Little Baby and Go, Mary, Toll The Bell, and our throat hurt and our insides turned to water. They sang Go Down, Moses—Way Down In Egypt Land and A Little Talk With My Jesus Makes It Right and Paul Laurence Dunbar's Po' Li'l Lamb. And suddenly we noticed that the halls and stairs outside were filled with men and women. In the gloom, their eyes were wide with fervor, their teeth gleaming between parted lips. They were humming a soft, unscored obbligato. Then we realized why there is no organ or other music-maker in Hampton Institute's chapel—the church that was "sung up" brick upon brick by the choir touring the world. Those Hampton Singers would make an organ ashamed of itself.

But we're being carried away. Emotionally we're doing precisely what the modern educator deplores most in his efforts to shunt the Negro off the Old Black Joe spur and retrack him on the main line to industrial co-operation with the white man. And while it would be as futile (perhaps fatal's the word) to forbid the black man to sing as to enjoin night to fall, the great-grandchildren of Uncle Tom at Hampton are compelling the country not only to listen to their voices but to the new emancipation proclamation they are writing in their foundries, their shops, their looms, afoot, afloat and in the air. So we'll turn off the sentimental stuff and tell you what we went to see—and saw. Moreover, we'll concede and have done with it that proportionately there are just as many bad blacks as there are whites, just as many criminals, bums, chowderheads and phonies.

Hampton Hears the Call

The day the Axis bombed the United States into the war, Hampton shouldered arms. Today a hundred black soldiers from Army camps all over the country are taking three-months courses in servicing and maintaining military rolling stock, from jeeps and command cars to trucks and tanks. Long before Pearl Harbor, Hampton had enlisted. Thus, when the Japs struck, two hundred and fifty soldiers had completed the course and had gone back to their outfits, expert motor mechanics.

More than three hundred shipyard workers from near-by Norfolk, Portsmouth and Newport News are taking specialty step-up and refresher courses at night in thirteen vital defense industries. They come from as far as a hundred miles to make themselves more expert at their trades, paying for their own transportation, having worked eight hours in the yards, sacrificing sleep and play. Hampton's extra expense is borne by the government. Fifteen hundred Negro mechanics have thus added to their skill and thereby strengthened the arms of their country.

From the great Langley Field, a few miles away, a hundred and fifty officers and men—both black and

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

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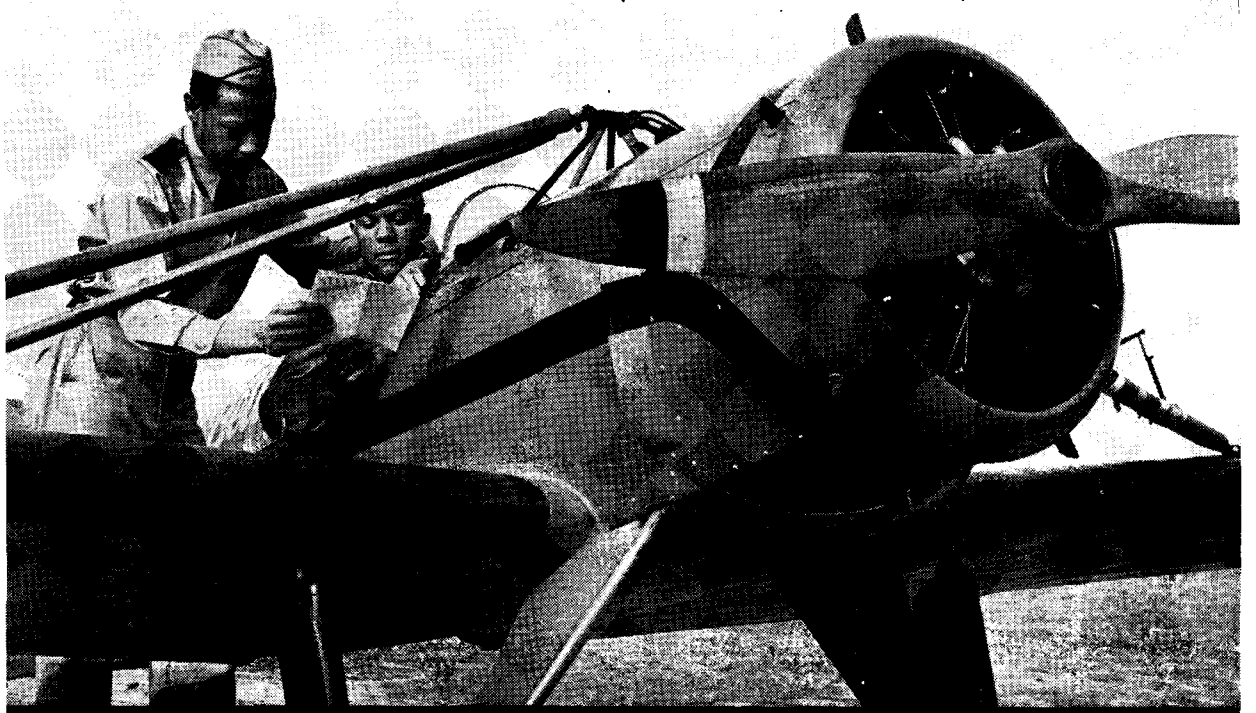

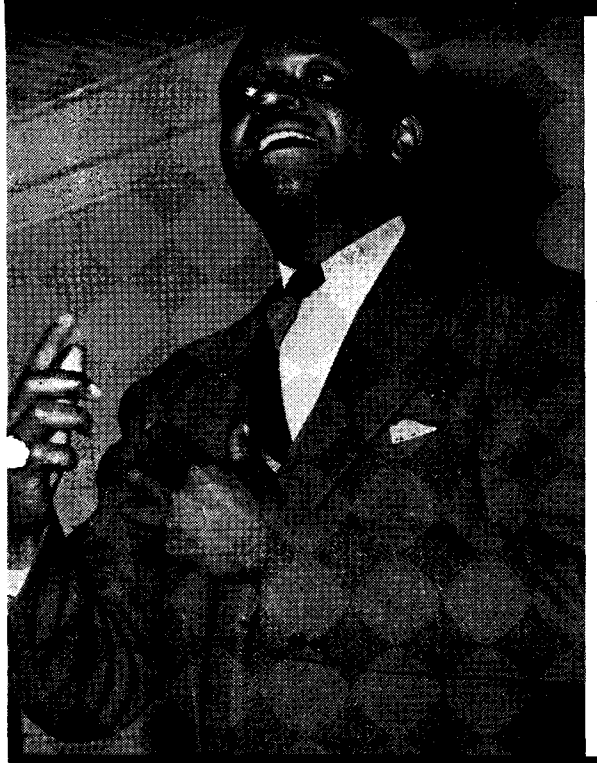

Hampton students Leon Sells and Fred Weatherspoon (seated in plane) get flying instruction at a small commercial airport. They hope to join the all-Negro 100th Pursuit Squadron at the Army Air Corps school at Tuskegee Institute

white—are taking advance instruction in aerodynamics, drafting, surveying, map-reading and mathematics.

From the Coast Artillery School at Fort Monroe, classes of ninety officers and men are enrolling in six-weeks courses in radio, the vacuum tube and all the delicate intricacies of the range-finder, the sound-detector and locator and so on down the list of the scientific arms of the modern army. When Hampton's physics staff is through with these men they can make, repair and operate our most carefully protected and sensitive instruments of war. Moreover, they can be detailed to other Coast Guard and antiaircraft units as instructors.

From Hampton's physical education, music, public-health and nursing classes, men and women are going out carrying morale and physical health to our Negro troops. And to the families the colored soldiers have left behind them, Hampton's medical technicians, nurses, students of agriculture, home economics, business and education are carrying what they've learned, so that their men may come back to better homes.

More than sixty Hampton boys have completed the Civilian Pilot Training course prescribed by the government. Many of them have had to shrug off the traditional prejudice of the Army and the Navy against admitting the colored man to flying-officer status. They have kept doggedly at it, flying crates which shouldn't be on the ground, much less in the air, until they've forced their acceptance by sheer flying genius into the Ninety-ninth Pursuit Squadron at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama—the first all-Negro unit of our Army Air Force.

A second—the One Hundredth Pursuit Squadron—is about to be organized. It can be manned overnight by fliers who, according to white airmen, have no superiors between wings. If the war lasts into 1944, Hampton and other Negro colleges will turn out enough aviators to man a dozen pursuit squadrons, to say nothing of bombers. If the Army is eventually forced to open its own schools to the Negro on the same basis as the white lad, black airmen will be carrying bad news to the Nazis and the Japs, with a spiritual on their lips and murder in their hearts.

The Army Takes a Second Guess

Although Langley Field is only six miles away, Hampton's fliers are not welcome there. Last June, twelve of them finished their preliminary flying at a small commercial field just beyond the campus, passed all the entrance requirements asked of the white candidates and, having been physically certified by Hampton's doctors, presented themselves at Langley. Very promptly they were flunked out by the Army Air Corps' medical examiners, according to whose reports none of the twelve should be permitted to pilot a fighting plane. Yet most of them are now in the Ninety-ninth Pursuit Squadron and the rest may find places in the One Hundredth, the Army doctors having discovered that almost miraculously the boys had overcome the physical disabilities which barred them from the white man's school. The lads take it philosophically, though. One of them, conceded by Army airmen to be as capable as any student pilot in our flying forces, told us that the Negro flier was "making progress," adding:

"We've got along to the point where we will be permitted to die for our white brother, if not with him."

The only reason Hampton isn't contributing more to defense is that she hasn't the space. Even so, she is relatively far ahead of almost all other colleges in the country, black and white. Unlike such Negro colleges as Fisk and Lincoln, she has no professional schools. Nevertheless, she is rated as a Class A college by the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. She has a standard college rating in the Virginia Department of Education and is a member of the Association of American Colleges. And yet there are Virginians, hopelessly mired in yesterday, who regret that Hampton men and women are aspiring to something socially and economically higher than the Uncle Remus level. An example is worth citing if only to give you an idea of what frequently happens when a Hampton man lays down the shovel and the hoe for something more progressive—abandoning the Army mule for the Army plane, for example.

When Virginia began casting about for a suitable exhibit for the Hall of States at the World's Fair in New York, the Virginia Art Institute adopted the conventional contest routine of considering submitted models and plans identified only by the *(Continued on page 56)*

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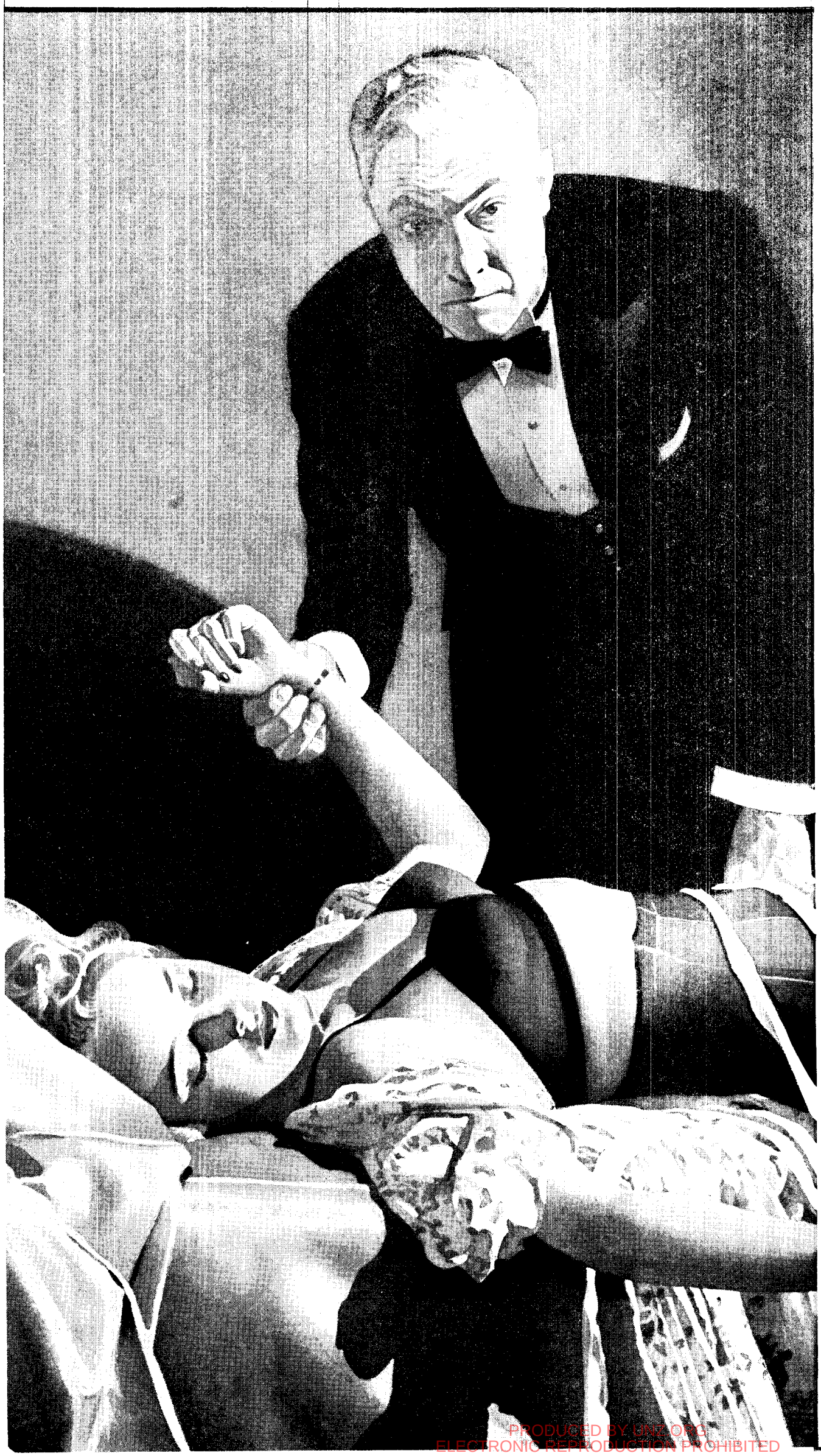
MASQUERADE IN MIAMI

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



The Story Thus Far:

ON THE verge of indictment, in New York City, "Lew" Hartley, an unscrupulous promoter, succeeds in finding a man—Alan Douglas, a mining engineer—who, on the promise that he will be paid one hundred thousand dollars, agrees to "double" for the promoter, *without taking anyone into his confidence.*

Convinced by the go-between (Hartley's smooth-tongued lawyer, Wayne Hamilton) that Hartley is merely trying to outslick some business rivals, Douglas (an honest man) goes to the promoter's Miami Beach estate. There, after submitting to a facial operation, he pretends to be Lew Hartley. He is blissfully unaware that, once Hartley—his face also altered—is safe, in California, he, the poor dupe, will be murdered!

A few weeks after he goes to Florida, Gail Foster—an attractive New York girl to whom he is engaged—becomes suspicious. Not hearing from him (he has told her a cock-and-bull story about a "secret mission" to South America), she trails him to Miami; and presently she finds a man—a man known as "Lew Hartley"—who, she feels sure, is Alan Douglas. . . .

Wherever Douglas goes, he is accompanied by a bodyguard—"Chuck" Williams (who is to kill him, later) and "Sunny" Ralston, Hartley's mistress, who, like Chuck, lives at Hartley's estate. . . . In the course of a visit to Miami, Wayne Hamilton makes a discovery that alarms him. He learns that Sunny Ralston has fallen in love with Douglas, and that Chuck Williams is in love with Sunny Ralston. Realizing that the situation is full of peril, he sends for Hartley (who has gone to California, under an assumed name), meets him in Atlanta, and tells him what is going on. Then the two men go to Miami. . . .

Gail Foster finally succeeds in wringing the truth from Douglas—after he has sworn her to secrecy. Unfortunately, however, Chuck Williams sees them meet, and, going to Sunny's bedroom, he has a talk with her, in the course of which she threatens to tell the police what she knows. Chuck, frightened, listens to her; then, drawing his automatic, he knocks her unconscious with it.

As the girl falls, Douglas comes into the room. Seeing what is going on, he attacks Chuck, kills him. Then, to his horror, the door opens, and Wayne Hamilton steps in, walks to the fallen man, leans over him.

The lawyer rises. He looks at Douglas. "Chuck is dead," he says quietly. "You killed him."

X

THE fact of having killed a man was not easy for Alan to grasp. And there were so many things about this homicide which were weird: The incongruous setting—a frilly, satiny perfumed bedroom; the gray figure huddled on the floor; Sunny sprawled unconscious on the bed; Wayne Hamilton, correct and immaculate in dinner clothes . . . none of it fitted. Everything was out of focus.

Alan was aware of pain. He took out a handkerchief and dabbed at his face. He looked at the handkerchief and saw that it was crimson. He felt ill, and was grateful for the sound of Hamilton's voice. The lawyer was saying, "Take hold of yourself, son."

Alan tried, but without much success. He'd seen things like this in pictures, on the stage, and the person involved had seemed always to have glib speeches ready, to be capable of thinking clearly, of analyzing the situation and of discussing it calmly. This was different. His head was whirling. He was feeling rather than thinking.

Hamilton said, "Can you tell me what happened?"

But Alan couldn't tell him. Not then. He had to get one idea established. He looked down at Chuck and then at the lawyer. "You're sure he's dead?"

"Yes."

Simple. Like that. Alan spoke again and even to himself his voice sounded unnatural. He said, "What about Sunny?"

Hamilton put his hand on Alan's arm. "Snap out of it," he ordered, not unkindly. Then he walked to the side of the bed and looked at Sunny.

He felt her pulse and her heart, he listened to her breathing, he looked for bruises . . . and when he straightened up, he was shaking his head.

"She's out cold," he said. "Her pulse is normal, her breathing is good, I don't see any marks . . . maybe she fainted."

"No. I think Chuck hit her with the gun."

"Oh . . ." Wayne Hamilton nodded. "Then it's probably concussion; maybe even a slight fracture. With that pulse there's nothing to worry about."

Alan said dully, "You'd better call a doctor."

"I will. But first . . ." Hamilton took Alan by the arm and guided him into Sunny's bathroom. He turned on the cold water and spoke quietly: "Get yourself fixed up. You're a mess."

Alan glanced into the full-length mirror. Hamilton hadn't exaggerated. One eye was puffed and discolored, his lip was split, there was blood on his face and on the front of his dinner shirt. His muscles were sore, there was a dull, throbbing ache in his midsection, his right knee felt *(Continued on page 58)*

Wayne Hamilton felt Sunny's pulse and her heart. "She's out cold," he said. "Her pulse is normal, her breathing is good, I don't see any marks"

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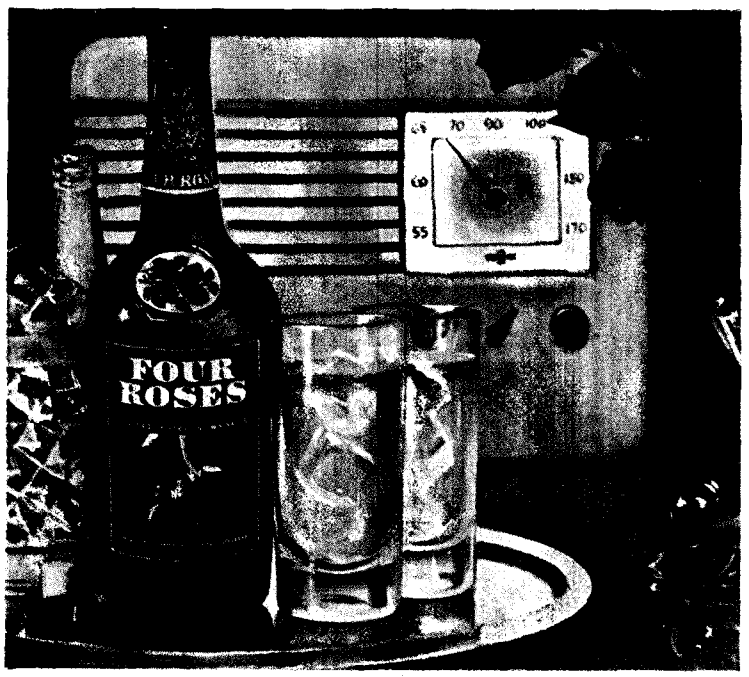
You couldn't have timed it better!



MAN: You mean the way I finished my broadcast right on the dot?

US: No, we mean this is the best time you could possibly pick to join us over a highball. You see, we have a question we'd like to ask.

MAN: Sounds like a two-man quiz program. Is the highball a reward for answering the question?

US: Yes—in a way. But we won't keep you in suspense any longer. Here's the question: Have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

MAN: To be perfectly honest, I've been meaning to, but haven't—yet.

US: Then you're about to make a wonderful discovery! Because marvelous things have happened to today's Four Roses. Meeting up with a whiskey like this—so rich and mellow and flavorful—is an experience you won't forget for a good long time!

MAN: You seem to think rather highly of this whiskey of yours.

US: You'll see why, when you try it. Honest, this de luxe edition of Four Roses is just too good to miss!

MAN: Well, what are we waiting for? If today's Four Roses is all you claim for it, why should we waste time *talking* about it! Let's be off, my friend—let's be off!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!

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IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS!

One in a series of notable paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists

Grading the leaf after curing. Painted from life on a Carolina farm by Peter Hurd

WE PAID 34%* MORE IN CONWAY, S. C., TO GET THIS LIGHTER, NATURALLY MILDER LEAF

DOWN WHERE the black Waccamaw River twists its way toward the sea, is the little town of Conway, S. C.

Conway is pretty much like a lot of other Southern towns where Luckies buy tobacco.

It's interesting to know that in Conway this season, the makers of Luckies paid 34% above the average market price to get the naturally milder, better-tasting leaf—yes, 34% more, so you could enjoy in Luckies a milder, better-tasting cigarette.

This was not unusual. We paid well above the average market price in every one of 119 tobacco markets last season, to get the kind of leaf most smokers like best.

No wonder independent tobacco experts—the auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen who actually see this happen—have come to know that Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco.

That's why with these men who know tobacco best it's Luckies 2 to 1.

Smokers, when you choose *your* cigarette, remember: *It's the tobacco that counts!*

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* *Based on average market price, U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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Front-Line Photographer

By Peter Kalischer

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

LEW MELIUS' picture was on exhibition with nine others—the ten best newspaper photographs of 1941. And here was Lew's.

I worked with Lew when he was on a Minnesota sheet—the Kentonah Progressive—and he had to curtain off part of the washroom to develop his prints. A lean, saucer-eyed kid with a scrawny neck and a head that was too big for him on account of the shock of hair on it. Always worrying about secondary shadows and line when the truth was that with the grade of paper we used we were lucky to be able to tell when a cut was upside down.

There was the time Frankie Narcissus crashed out of the State pen and held up the Kentonah First National on his way east. The breaks were against Frankie—after grabbing off a couple of thousand in loose cash he made the mistake of driving into Kentonah's one blind alley. Before he could drive out again, three state troopers and the whole Kentonah police force consisting of four able-bodied men and Chief Murtrie bottled him up. Frankie and his two buddies elected to shoot it out—an election they subsequently lost. But while the votes were ricocheting off the walls Lew ducked into the Regal Theater, up to the balcony and out on the fire escape where he practically hung over the gunmen. Did he use his spot to help get a share of that five-thousand-dollar reward Frankie had tattooed on his chest? Of course not—he took pictures of him.

For fifteen minutes he shot Frankie and his buddies while they shot it out with the law. They were great pictures—maybe. Nobody will ever know. Just about when the roll was finished Narcissus looked up and saw Lew standing there. He shot twice—in haste, it must be admitted—and winged Lew in the camera. Blew the thing right out of his hands and with it what Lew would have given ten years of his life to have saved.

THE story got into all the papers, of course—how Frankie Narcissus' gang was cornered by plucky small-town cops and how a plucky small-town news-photographer braved death to get pictures, which unfortunately never turned out. Lew was offered a job with a New York tabloid on the strength of the publicity and he took it. They snapped him arriving at Grand Central with his camera slung on his shoulder, ran the picture in two editions and then put him to work on the lobster shift—that dreary stretch between eleven at night and six in the morning. There they would have forgotten all about him except that somewhere, somehow, it got around that he could speak French or that he was French or that he knew Frenchmen of importance. Melius was a funny name anyway. So when the war broke out and they needed one more photographer for the syndicate's Paris office, Lew was the man they picked.

Lew spent the first three months of the "phony" war trying to get near enough to the Maginot Line to see a bunker and send back stock shots of poilus moving up or looking bored. Once he was on the point of going to Finland, another time to Norway. When the Nazi invasion of the Lowlands began he tried desperately to accompany the B.E.F. into Belgium. What happened to him finally was that he got as far as a village somewhere between Amiens and the Luxembourg border, where he was ordered to stop.

Word came that the Germans were twenty kilometers away, were ten, were actually behind the village. He was swept up in the terrible scramble of homeless civilians, carts, trucks and broken regiments that choked the roads back toward Paris. He was offered a seat in a car by a French officer when it was worth more than a seat on the Bourse—and he turned it down. He was too busy taking pictures.

It was on the second day while he was slogging behind an old pushcart loaded with mattresses and furniture that he heard people way back on the road yelling, *"Avion! Avion Boche!"* Before he knew it everybody was scattering to the ditch and something low and fast hedge-hopped from behind a hill, snorting angrily and rattling away with machine guns. He just had time to see the black crosses under the wings when his arm went dead—and so, for that matter, did everything else.

When he came to, it was dark. His left side and shoulder ached dreadfully. In the moonlight he could see what remained of the pushcart all over the road. What remained of its owner lay in the ditch next to him no longer in one piece. But his camera, he noted exultantly, was. A thin trickle of people were still trudging along doggedly. . . .

Somehow he made his way to a farmhouse about a quarter of a mile off to the side and there, together with three dazed French infantrymen, the Germans found him. They were very polite when they learned who he was. They dressed his shoulder, invited him to eat at the officers' mess when he could sit up and finally sent him on his way to Paris—by this time in German hands. But sorrowfully, regretfully, they kept his camera.

His syndicate, which had long given him up for dead, gave him a bonus for being alive and shipped him home via Lisbon. His fellow photographers snapped his picture coming down the gangplank. He was hailed as a "noted war photographer."

LEW wanted to quit, was disgusted with himself and insisted he was getting a reputation as a phony. He never wanted to see another camera as long as he lived. It took me all one night to talk him out of it. Then, because his shoulder was bad and his paper was decent about it, he was transferred to a Los Angeles daily. The warm sea air, everybody said, would do him good.

About three months ago I heard he'd gone to Honolulu. Some picture magazine wanted him to do a layout on Pearl Harbor—the defenses, the life in the barracks, the whole smear. His reputation had got him the job! When the Japs pulled a sneak punch on December 7th, the first guy I thought of was Lew. Was he okay? Was he on the job?

He heard people on the road yelling, "Avion! Avion Boche!" Everyone was scattering to the ditch

News was slow coming out of Hawaii and pictures even slower. Then I saw it—the shot that later got the prize. It was of Hickam Field at the height of the bombing. You could see two Jap planes, like blobs, in the upper half of the picture. Below, on the field, an American bomber was burning and, kneeling under the wing, was a guy with a camera.

You can't make out his features, but that long neck and that shock of hair profiled black against the flame could have belonged to nobody but Lew.

I say "could have" because the caption explained that a few seconds after the picture was taken the plane blew up and killed six people in the vicinity. No names were given. But I knew then that this was Lew Melius' last and best picture—and as usual someone else had taken it.

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China Gold

Continued from page 21

ignorance of her youth, she had not thought of Rudolf because she did not think of loving him. A great pity filled his heart and he covered Rudolf's secret and kept it.

"Let it go for the time," he said. "We will wait for a sign from God."

THE people of Ta-ming, in the waiting emptiness of people who are conquered but not vanquished, knew by the way of mouth-to-ear that yesterday yet another white man had come to Ta-ming. In secret excitement, thinking that every new thing had to do somehow with them, they knew that a tall rich-looking white man had come down out of the sky with a Japanese and that the two had been met at the airfield by an automobile which had taken them to the Japanese headquarters. The white man had gone in and not come out. All of Ta-ming waited for him to come out.

At the hospital a man with an ulcer coming to be treated muttered under his breath to Chen, "A new white man came yesterday and he is with the devils."

Now a line in Chen's face moved as he went on cleaning the ulcer.

"From whence came the plane?" His lips did not move as he asked the question.

"From Shanghai."

"His nationality?"

"English or American—we think American because his voice is very loud and he talks much."

"Have you seen him?"

"No—I am told."

Neither spoke again of it. After a few moments Chen said, "I have no disinfectant except salt water. Can you bear the pain?"

"Yes," the man replied, and bore it while the great pit in his thigh was filled and drained with the salt water.

When his leg was dressed he asked, "When shall I return for more healing?"

"Tomorrow," Chen replied.

The man went away with no more than a nod. But Chen, when he had cleaned his instruments and put them in a tin can to boil, went to find Rudolf Helgel. He knew where he was, for in the manner of all Chinese in Ta-ming he knew everything, not by gossip, but merely by their habit of seeing everything and commenting on it anywhere to one another. Thus less than an hour ago an orderly looking out of the window had remarked to a scrub woman washing the brick-laid floors with vinegar water, "There goes the German out of the hospital to his room, although it is only midmorning. The white woman is coming in at the east door and he is going out of the west door. It seems he avoids the white woman now."

The scrub woman a few moments later proceeding to the room where Chen was working said, merely to be pleasant, "The German went out of the west door and thence to his room. Perhaps he is ill this morning?"

"I had not heard of it," Chen replied.

Now, therefore, he went out of the west door of the hospital, passing as he did so the ward where the children were. There was so much laughter going on that he knew the white woman must be there with the children. He did not open the door, however. He went on his way to the mission house and through the door that always stood open except in bitterest wind or rain. The door of Helgel's room was shut. He went to it and scratched his somewhat long fingernails upon it. So a mouse might have scratched behind a beam. The door was opened by Helgel himself and Chen went in and sat down as though he were accustomed to going in and sitting down without invitation.

"A white man came this morning by plane from Shanghai," he said in a low voice to Helgel.

"So?" The German's small gray blue eyes sharpened and he put down his book. "What is his nationality?" he asked in Chinese.

"It is said American," Chen replied, "and he may be with the enemy."

"How then, can he be American?" Helgel retorted.

"It is said he is American," Chen replied.

Helgel smiled his skepticism. "Once there was a Russian who came through from the north and you thought he was American because he had a loud, hearty voice and boasted of himself."

"I have learned better now," Chen replied. "Once all white men looked alike to me. Now I can see that they do not."

"American," Helgel mused. "But what could he be doing with the enemy?"

"In these days we must not trust anybody," Chen replied. "Can it be he brings a secret understanding?"

"Not in this small place," Helgel said thoughtfully. "If this were a large place, a port, a capital, yes, then I would wonder. But this, perhaps, is only small business—he is a businessman and he comes for some concession to his business in the interior—fur, perhaps, or oils. Well, we must discover."

"Meanwhile?" Chen suggested.

"Meanwhile, certainly, let all plans proceed."

Chen leaned a little closer. "One wishes to see you himself and to confer with you on certain points in the attack. Shall he come here?"

"By no means," Helgel said quickly. "I will go to him. Where is he?"

"He is in a little village, thirty li to the northwest. It is his own village, the village of the Siao family."

"I will go there today if I can find a horse."

"There are not many horses left—the people have eaten them."

"Then I will go by foot. I can ask permission from the military authorities saying merely that I wish to go hunting for the day for fresh meat. They will not dare to refuse me. It is simple."

"Nothing is simple," the Chinese murmured and rose and went away.

IN THE bare room of the only inn in Ta-ming Helen Kung sat on a narrow bench, listening to Li-hua. Since it was a fine day the door was open.

She had listened to Li-hua for half an hour. Now she said, "It seems to me you know very little for a man who has been here many days."

"It is not so little," Li-hua said sturdily. "I have gathered all these winds. Consider what I have told you. The white woman lives at the mission with the white priest and the German. She is virtuous and sleeps next door to the matron. The German loves her. You ask: How do I know? I reply: The cook at the mission whom I have met many times at the tea shop when he comes out to market tells me so. Everyone in Ta-ming knows that when the German looks at the white woman his eyes burn and the blood rushes into his face. But the priest is a stern man. He will allow nothing. He is always there when the German and the white woman meet. This is the south wind. The north wind tells of other things. In some way the

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German is plotting. He plots for or against the enemy—it is not yet clear."

"How do you know this?"

"Everyone knows it."

"That tells me nothing, you bone."

Li-hua hesitated. "There are such small winds as this—it is said the hill men plan an attack on the city. It is said a foreigner is helping them to plan the attack. What other foreigner is there who could do this except the German who was once a military adviser? But another wind said: Why if he plots with the hillmen do not the enemy know? If they know why do they not kill him? How is it that this German lives safely here? All the world knows that the enemy and the Germans are friends. Therefore, will this German betray the hillmen when the moment comes? Who can tell?"

Helen Kung sipped bad tea out of a cracked bowl. Then she spoke:

"My big-man is here."

Li-hua started from his bench. "That one!"

"You see I know more than you do," she said. "He has been here two days."

"Why did you not come with him?"

She lifted her eyes and looked at him. "We are parted."

"Ai-ya!" he moaned. "It is disaster!"

"It is because of this white woman."

"Ai-ya!"

He waited for her commands, his black eyes fastened on her face. So he had waited for her ever since she had been a lonely little girl in a white man's household.

"I must go to the enemy headquarters," she said. "I must have permission to open a house of amusement here in Ta-ming."

"A house of amusement!" he echoed, amazed.

"You will be cook," she said.

"But where are there girls to put into it?" he asked.

"There are girls everywhere," she said. "I will go out into the countryside and find some pretty young girls and teach them myself. Girls are easy to find."

"But in Ta-ming!" he moaned.

"It suits me to be here," she said.

She nodded her head, and he knew he was dismissed.

"I shall be ready to go to the enemy headquarters in an hour," she told him. "Be ready to precede me as my servant."

"Let it be," he replied and went away.

When he was gone she sat motionless for nearly half of the hour, thinking. Then she rose and cleansed her face and hands with a fragrant water she poured from a small bottle and with great care she painted her face and powdered it and touched the ends of her great eyes with shadow. Her hands she cared for also, and rouged her palms and scented them. Then she wrapped her dark velvet cape about her and sat down again. When at the end of the hour Li-hua came she rose and followed him without speaking. By now Elton would have gone to the mission, perhaps to stay. But whether he had gone or not she did not care.

AT THE mission house Elton Field was congratulating himself that he was talking to this missionary as man to man. He would appeal to Father Valerian as a man who must understand that Elaine Brian could not possibly stay in a place like Ta-ming. Did the priest really know who she was? He leaned forward on the horribly uncomfortable chair which was the best in the room, he saw when he chose it, and put his well-manicured hands together, finger tips to finger tips, and said to Father Valerian:

"After all, my dear sir, she is a young girl. She cannot be allowed to stay in this dangerous place."

"Is it dangerous?" Father Valerian's voice was innocent.

"I have it on good authority that it may soon be exceedingly dangerous."

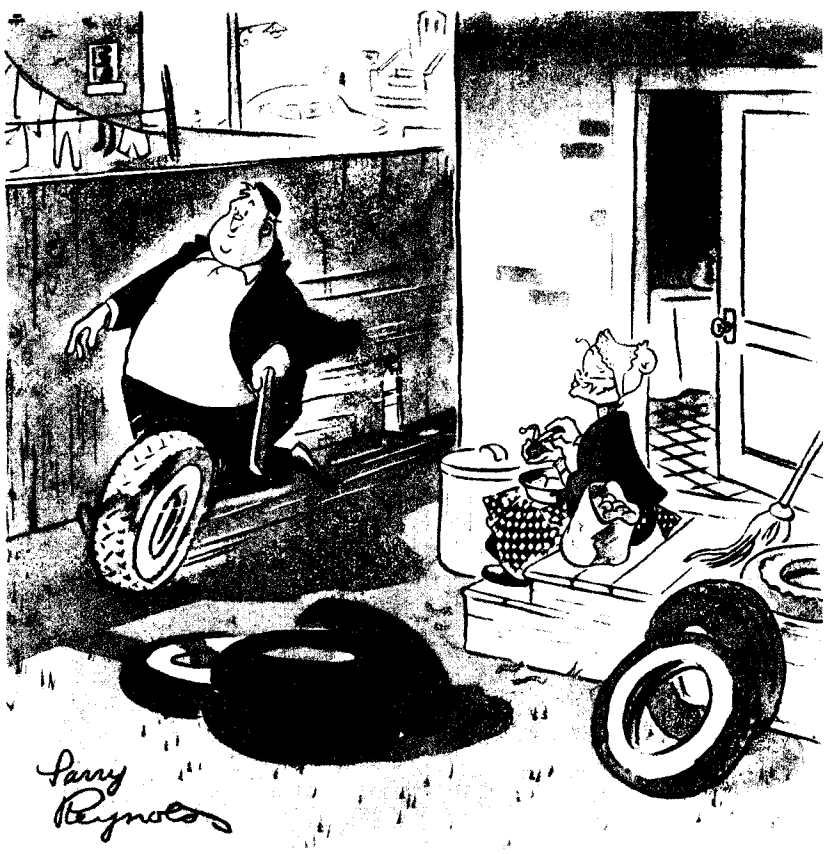
"What authority?"

"Well—to be frank—the Japanese captain told me—"

"You are a friend of the Japanese?" This question put to him direct from the lips he could not see under that grizzled beard made him laugh with unease.

"Well, no," Elton said. "How can I—

BUTCH — **By Larry Reynolds**



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I am no friend to any Oriental—I'm a businessman, and I have to do business anywhere I can—it's no easy matter, in these times."

When a half-hour ago Lao Ling had come to call him from the hospital to tell him that yet another white man had come, a stranger, from Shanghai, Father Valerian had come slowly, wondering if this were the sign from God. He had been in close communication with God and now hour by hour he had waited for a sign to direct him how he must deal with this precious child of Mary's—his dear, spiritual child she was, too. Now, perhaps, the sign had come.

So he had thought as he came to the house, and so almost for a certainty he had felt when the man had by his speech instantly shown himself American. The man had said:

"I am Elton Field, from Shanghai and New York. I am in the export business, and I have come to see about my friend, Elaine Brian."

"Thy sign," Father Valerian had said silently to God.

But now he was not entirely sure. He had seen so few white men in all these years that perhaps he had forgotten what they were like. Perhaps he disliked this man only because he was strange. He himself had lived so long out of the world of men.

"She has not spoken to me of you," he said.

They sat facing each other across the square Chinese table where Father Valerian ate his meals and read and wrote in his evenings before he made his hospital rounds.

"I should like to see her," Elton Field now said.

"I will ask her if she wishes to see you," Father Valerian replied. But he lingered, his eyes upon this man. A prosperous man, he could see, a worldly, well-fed man. He wondered for a moment if this were the sort of man Paul Brian had become. If so, Mary's daughter had come here to escape him.

Lao Ling came in bringing a tray with teapot and bowls as he did for any guests. When he came near enough to set the tray on the table he muttered in Chinese: "This foreigner—it may be that he comes from the enemy."

Father Valerian's thick eyebrows moved. The servant, seeing it, was content that he had been understood and he went away. Father Valerian poured out the tea and gave a bowl to the American with both hands as courteously as though he were a Chinese. Then he sat down again, his fingers at his rosary. There was no better pretender to God than the Devil could be. He had learned that long ago. The voice of the Evil One could be strangely like the voice of God. It took an ear to hear the difference, an ear patient and pure and wise.

ELTON FIELD was talking heartily with good humor. He had suddenly made up his mind to speak as man to man with the old priest:

"I don't know how much you know about Miss Brian, sir, but I want to be frank with you. She is the daughter of Mary Brian, who died not long ago—you may have heard of it. She was the richest woman in the world and Miss Brian is her sole heir. That makes it pretty important that someone looks after her, doesn't it? You may ask why I think I have the right to do so. The only right I have is of a man who loves her and wants to make her his wife." A strange look came into the priest's eyes and Elton Field said hastily, "I realize the—the—implications of marrying a very rich woman, but—but I fell in love with her before I knew who she was—or cared."

"How do you know she is Mary Hatcher's daughter?"

"Mary Hatcher?"

"That was her mother's name."

Elton looked bewildered for one moment. Then he drew his pocketbook out of his breast pocket and opening it he took out the cable.

"It has been confirmed from New York," he said, and handed the cable to the priest. But Father Valerian did not take it. His right hand was clenched in his rosary.

"You cabled to New York for confirmation?" His voice was chill.

"Naturally—" Elton Field put the bit of paper back into his pocket. Then, perceiving the priest's meaning, he grew red. "I am not a poor man," he said proudly. "I have no need to marry any woman for money. As I said, I loved her before—"

"You need not feel that you must defend yourself to me," Father Valerian said sternly. "God is your only judge."

Elton Field felt more uncomfortable than he remembered ever having felt. He said often that religion was a good thing for the poor and the ignorant, and he had also said that it was even well enough when such men as this priest engaged themselves in charity. But he was not used to having God drawn so intimately into the room where he was. He was angry because he was uneasy under the priest's grave blue eyes—the eyes, he tried to tell himself, of a fanatic. Nevertheless, he could not think of what to say next, and the priest said no more. He seemed even to think the conversation was over.

AT THIS moment Elaine came out of the hospital where she had been in the children's ward. She found herself spending more and more time in that big room full of children. She had never known children in her life. Her own childhood in her mother's house had been far away from other children, except for the rare parties when she was stiff and shy with the children she seldom saw. When she had been taken away from governesses and sent to school she was no longer a little child.

These Chinese children were babies beginning to talk and walk, babies running around as soon as they were out of danger. The matron cared for them with a couple of countrywomen for amahs. Father Valerian could not refuse them as patients. "These people are so inherently healthy," he had told her, "that only a little care seems to bring them back well again." It had come to be a comfort to Elaine to enter the children's room and hear the shout of their joy when they saw her. She was very much wanted there.

With her mouth still tender with their laughter she now crossed the court and came to the mission house. Both men saw her coming, Elton with infinite relief. Now he could speak to her. He rose quickly and met her at the door, both hands outstretched. Father Valerian did not move, watching that meeting. He had come so close to this daughter of Mary's that he could tell, he thought, from the look on her face whether God had sent this man or not.

He saw the smile upon her face disappear when she saw Field. "Ah," he thought.

Nevertheless, she put out her hand warmly enough.

"Mr. Field, isn't this rather astonishing of you?"

"I don't think so," Elton Field replied, smiling. She was prettier than ever, he thought—yes—the prettiest girl he had ever seen. "If I can't get you to stay in Shanghai, you must not be surprised if I come here."

"But not to stay," she said quickly.

"Only long enough to take you back with me," he said, still smiling.

She pulled her hand away and now she did not answer him. Instead she passed him.

"Father, you did not tell me he had come," she said.

"I was waiting, my child," he replied simply.

She knew what that waiting was. She had seen him wait thus, before he put his hand to a dangerous operation, wait thus when two angry men came before him to accuse each other of theft and asked him to decide between them.

She turned to Elton and flung back her hair. "I am not leaving Ta-ming for a while," she said clearly.

"How long is a while?" he asked, determined for good humor.

"A very long while," she said.

There was a pause of silence and he grew more and more uncomfortable in it. He watched Elaine and saw her look at the priest with some sort of devotion which sickened him. He was suddenly furious with both of them.

"I will come back later in the day," he said to Elaine. "I would like to see you alone. I have something important to tell you."

He would tell her simply that he wanted to marry her and that it was not suitable for her to remain here any longer. "Will this evening be convenient for you?"

"I think not," she said. "Father Va-

"What happened to that five-spot I lent you the other day?"

JOHN RUGE

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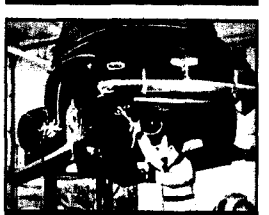

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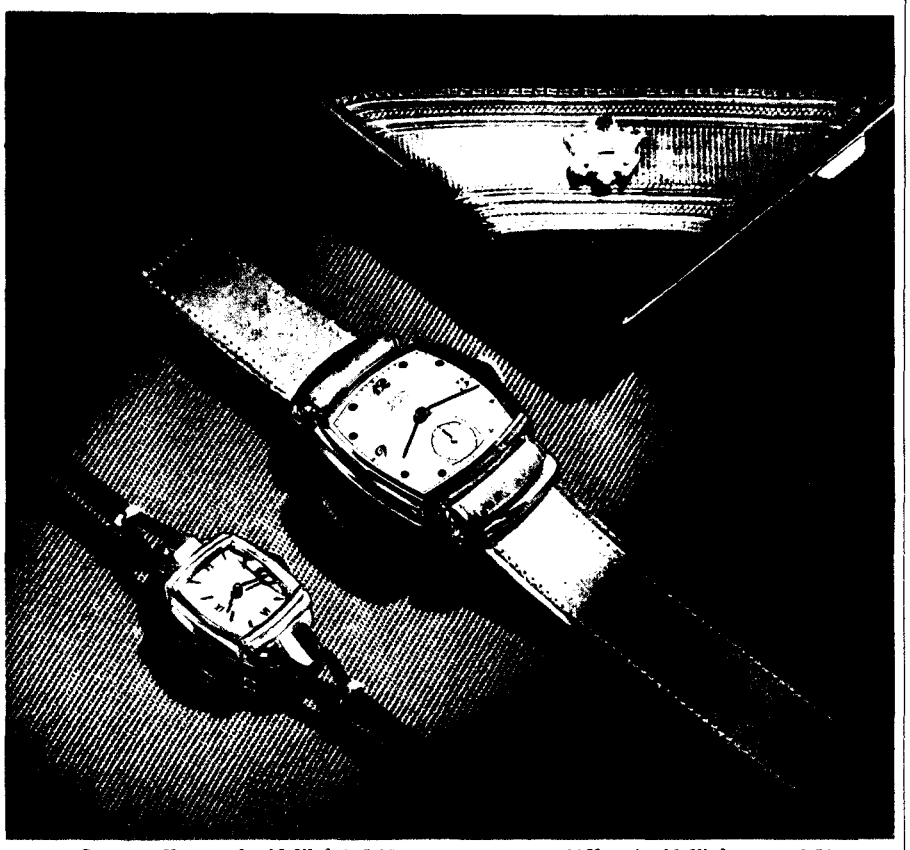

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lerian does not like me to be here in the evening."

"Then may I come for you and take you out?"

"Where—in Ta-ming?"

"I can get a car; or I could take you to the headquarters, where I am staying."

"You mean the Japanese headquarters?"

"Certainly. They would be glad to see you. When the captain knew this morning that I had come especially to see you, he was very sorry that he had not known who you were. He said something about your having been inconvenienced when you arrived."

"Inconvenienced! No, I couldn't go there again." Her tone was firm.

But he had made up his mind to be as firm as she.

"I must see you alone," he said stubbornly. "I came here to speak to you and I shall not go back until I have spoken."

FATHER VALERIAN said suddenly, "This afternoon at four o'clock, you may see her alone."

Elton Field looked at Elaine. She nodded, and he took up his hat.

"Very well," he said to Elaine, "at four, in this room?"

"In this room," Father Valerian said.

He waited until Elton Field had gone. Then he turned to Elaine.

"Sit down," he said.

She sat down and was surprised to see him look hesitant. She had grown so used during these days and weeks to seeing him always swift, always competent and sure, his head held high because of his divine direction, that now she laughed.

"You aren't afraid of me, Father?"

He smiled shyly, "No, but I am on very unfamiliar ground. This man—he told me—he said—"

He begged her speechlessly to help him with her surmise but her eyes remained as clear as a child's.

"What, Father?"

"He has come—he wishes to ask you in marriage."

Her look closed, though her gaze was as direct as ever upon his face.

"Did he say that to you?"

"He told me it was his purpose in coming here."

"But he scarcely knows me!"

"He knows who you are—who your mother was."

She was silent, her mouth hardening, that fatal brightness beginning to shine out of her eyes.

"It was very presumptuous of him. But don't trouble yourself, Father. There is no danger of my marrying him—or any man. I shall not marry. I have made up my mind to that long ago."

He wanted to smile at that "long ago," for she looked so unutterably young. Then he spoke gently:

"That you will not marry him is well, I think. He is much older than you. But do not say you will never marry, my child. The time may come—I think it must come—when you will want to marry, and then you ought to marry, for it is a good thing."

"I cannot," she said quietly. "Don't you see why I cannot? How could I ever be sure that I was loved for myself? All this money—I can't get rid of it—I don't blame anyone for not knowing whether he loves me—I mean, there might be a boy who honestly did love me, and yet when he came to know—"

Her face was quivering, her lips trembling, her voice uncertain, because suddenly she was thinking of Larch.

Father Valerian watched her, listening with his whole heart. "There is this boy?" he said in a low voice.

Their eyes met. "Yes!" she whispered.

Then she bent her head and he closed his eyes. When he prayed for a human being his hands went to his rosary. But sometimes he could not pray, and then his hand went to his beard, and so it did now. . . .

When Elton Field came that afternoon at four there was no one in the mission house. When he came to the door a thick wrinkled old serving man gave him a letter and waited on the threshold of the door while he read it. It was short enough:

"Dear Mr. Field: I decided, after talking with Father Valerian, that I had better not see you alone this afternoon. It seems useless to do so. Thank you for being troubled about me. But I am quite safe in Ta-ming and I am happy here. Yours sincerely, Elaine Brian."

He looked up when he had read the letter and met the eyes of the old Chinese, as wise and cool as a serpent's, watching him. Lao Ling knew who this white man was. He was the white girl's friend. But the white girl did not want him now to be her friend. She had written this letter and it was a letter he did not like. Anyone could see this. Before Elton could speak to the serving man, the door was shut in his face. He stood there, angry and bewildered, considering what he should do next.

The compound was silent with that deep warm silence of a sunny afternoon. A child's voice rang out from a building and was hushed. In a date tree a mockingbird sang for a moment with coarse music. Then there was silence again. He could, of course, he told himself, storm his way through these buildings, but he would not lower himself to do it. That a priest with a gray beard and unkempt robes should outwit him was absurd. He would not deal with the priest. He turned and went out of the compound, his head very high. He would go back to the headquarters and send a cable, a military cable, to Paul Brian, in New York City, informing him that his daughter was in danger of her life, and asking that he take measures with the State Department to have her ordered home.

THE villages around Ta-ming were all the same. That is, they were all made of the same brown earth and thatched with wheat straw. The thatch was heavy with age and each small house looked as though it could scarcely stand under the weight of its roof. Yet they stood, at least until once in a generation or so the Yellow River to the north overflowed. Then the people fled south and the houses sank into the water and became part of the deposit upon the land. When the people came back they scraped up the clay again and made great bricks which they dried hard in the sun, and soon the villages were back once more as though there had been no flood.

There had been no flood last spring. The rains had been too light, and yet enough for the planting of seed. In ordinary years, that is, before the enemy came, it would have been hard to find families who would let their girls go as bondmaids. In flood times, of course, it was necessary to let girls be sold as bondmaids in order to save their lives and that there be the fewer mouths in every family. People did not sell their daughters except when it was life or death, yet this year there were many who would gladly have given their girls away if they could be sure of their safety. The enemy was rapacious for women, and any man who had a pretty daughter tried to marry her out of his house or if he could not marry her then he tried to keep her hidden. There were few marriages, for who could willingly take the burden of a young and pretty girl in these days?

Still, it was not easy for Helen Kung to find girls in the villages around Ta-ming. Farmers looked at her distrustfully.

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"Are you a foreigner?" one always asked.

She did not hide the truth from them. "I am half foreign," she said. "My father was a foreigner but my mother a Chinese." They heard this with wonder and she saw they were not nearer to her for her Chinese blood. But then she was accustomed to belonging nowhere. White and yellow, they would have none of her.

"Why do you want our daughters?" another asked.

She gazed at a little group on a certain dusty threshing floor. They were all alike wherever she went, brown and dusty faces, rusty black hair, gnarled hands and patched blue cotton garments, men and women alike. She did not lie to them.

"I want to open a pleasure house in the city," she replied.

THERE was great silence when she said this. So after a while she said again, "I could hire Shanghai girls to come here, and there are many of them, but I will give you the first chance since you are local people."

They listened to this, still without speaking. Then an old man asked:

"What is the wage?"

But before she could answer, a woman cried out, "What does the wage matter? Tell me, what would her life be?"

"I do not open a house of ill-fame," Helen said quietly. "No, a girl would not have to be sold to any customer. Her work would be to sing to him, to dance with him, to drink and eat with him, and then if there were more, it would be because she wished it, and she could make her own price of which I would ask only half of what she received."

"Our daughters do not know how to sing and dance," the woman said shortly.

"I will teach them," Helen replied.

She stood in patience while they heard this, and stared at her and sought, she knew, to discern what she was. Then the old man brought her a narrow wooden bench. "Sit down," he said.

She sat down and waited while they went away to talk together, but when they came back none was willing to give away his daughters.

So it had been in every village which she had visited. She came at last to the third village and here she had come because she had been told at the last village that the young girls in this village of Siaq were very beautiful, but many of them had been despoiled by the enemy, for this village had been in the way of the enemy march when they came down from Peking and Tientsin and so she might find some willing to let their daughters go.

But in the village of Siao she found the same unwillingness. Hard pressed as these people were for money and for food, now that the enemy took so heavy a tax on everything and forbade them all rice or fish or meat, they would have been glad to find a way to make the mouths fewer in their houses and to earn some extra money. But when they heard that it was the enemy in Ta-ming who might gain by their daughters they were not willing.

Now Helen had come into this village as she had into every other that day. That is, she had hired a wheelbarrow made for the use of passengers, and upon one side of the wheel she had sat and on the other sat Li-hua, who had come with her. He was very gloomy because they had not found girls anywhere, and he had no more hope of this Siao village than of any other. And yet there was something here in this village which had not been elsewhere. When they came into the main street, which was the only street, the people cried out, "It must be that we shall have rain today because the devils are all out." This they said thinking that Helen Kung must be Japanese since she looked not Chinese to them who were Chinese.

"If you mean me," she said quickly in her pure Mandarin, which she had once learned from a man of Peking, "then I am not Japanese."

"Nor are you one of us," a saucy old woman said, staring at her as she came down from the wheelbarrow.

"I am partly one of you," Helen Kung replied, "but my father was foreign and so I am half foreign."

"Of what foreign part was he?" a man asked who had joined the crowd come up to stare at a stranger.

"Of the country of Mei," she said.

"Mei is good!" the people cried. "We have heard of the goodness of the Mei people. They are our friends." So they looked with more friendly eyes at her.

But there was one young man who had a surly face and he asked out of the crowd, "What of the men of Teh? There is a man of Teh in Ta-ming, and he is here today with my chieftain, and we do not know whether he is to be trusted or not. Some say that the country of Teh is with the enemy."

Helen Kung looked at Li-hua in surprise. "Can there be a German here?" she asked.

"It must be that German who lives with the priest," Li-hua replied.

The surly-faced young man listened eagerly. "It is that German. Do you know him?"

"All in Ta-ming know his face," Li-hua replied, "but who knows his heart?"

At this the people all looked at one another in consternation.

"We ought not to trust him," the young man muttered. "I told my captain that he was not to be trusted."

"Where is he?" Helen Kung asked quietly. "It may be that I, being half foreign, can be of use to you in this."

The crowd fell silent and she understood their anxious looks. "You need not fear," she said. "I will tell you the truth. My heart is Chinese."

"At least we cannot be worse than we are now," an old man agreed. "We do not know how to believe and there is no one to tell us."

"Take me to where this German is," Helen Kung said.

"Take her," the old man told the surly-faced young man.

THE young man nodded at her, and so Helen, picking her way through the refuse upon the beaten earth of the street followed the young farmer and behind her came Li-hua. They went to a house which looked like every other, and stooping beneath the thatch they went into the low door and through a small main room into an inner room. There at a table sat the German and opposite him a young Chinese. But Helen looked at the German. She did not speak. She stood there, motionless and very straight, waiting for him to gasp his surprise, to leap to his feet with German courtesy, to bow, his heels clicking.

"A soldier," she thought, "but all Germans are soldiers."

She said in German, "Sir, it is very surprising to find you in this place."

The blood rushed to his already ruddy face. "Rudolf Helgel, if you please, Fräulein." He had not heard his own language for so long that the mere sound of it upon this woman's tongue set his heart to beating. Who was she? He had heard fantastic tales of Chinese women who fought in the guerrilla armies, but could this be one of them? She did not look pure Chinese.

"I know who you are," she said in the modulated stillness of her voice. "I have been told who you are."

He flushed yet more deeply. "But no one has told me who you are."

(To be continued next week)

"THE LITTLE...tykes!"

You don't love anybody . . . not even your children, at the end of a hard day. Weary and nervous, you owe it to yourself (and to *him*) to get a Fresh Start for what *can* be the Best Part of the Day. So . . .

Relax in an IVORY BATH. Smooth that quick, caressing lather over every weary inch of you. Feel how gratefully your skin welcomes Ivory's mildness . . . how happily taut nerves surrender to the mounds of rich lather from that big white floating cake. New Ivory lathers *faster* than any other bath soap. It washes away weariness! Feeling and looking like a new woman, you step out . . .

FRESH for the Best Part of the Day—the part that's all your own. That bright-eyed freshness your Ivory Bath gives you cheers *him* up, too. Makes him want to *go* places . . . enjoy the evening with you. And you're *ready* for fun . . . all fresh and dainty from your bath with clean-smelling Ivory. *Every* evening, get a Fresh Start with New Ivory!

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For a FRESH START... take an IVORY BATH

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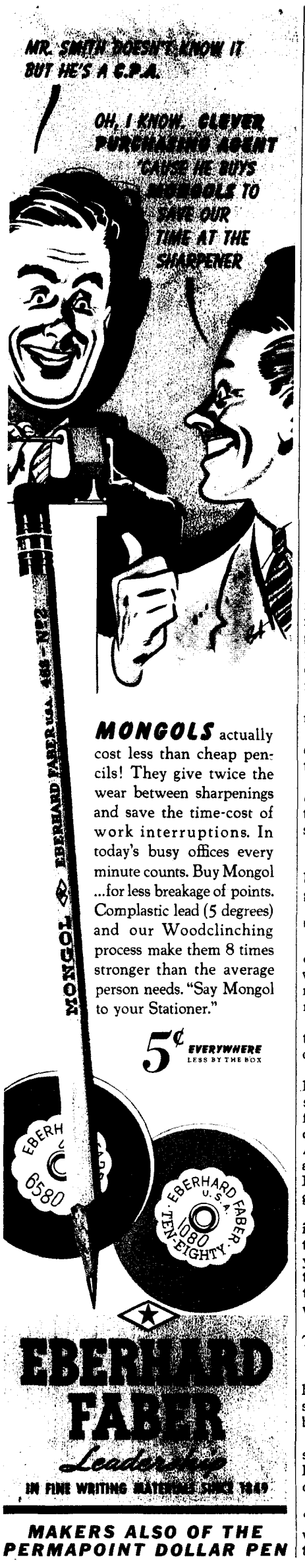
MR. SMITH DOESN'T KNOW IT BUT HE'S A C.P.A.
OH, I KNOW. CLEVER PURCHASING AGENT 'CAUSE HE BUYS MONGOLS TO SAVE OUR TIME AT THE SHARPENER
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MONGOLS actually cost less than cheap pencils! They give twice the wear between sharpenings and save the time-cost of work interruptions. In today's busy offices every minute counts. Buy Mongol ...for less breakage of points. Complastic lead (5 degrees) and our Woodclinching process make them 8 times stronger than the average person needs. "Say Mongol to your Stationer."

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Leadership
IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

MAKERS ALSO OF THE PERMAPOINT DOLLAR PEN

Collier's for March 14, 1942

High Island Hero

Continued from page 13

to, she is that self-reliant, but you'd never guess it to look at her.

She is small and as slim as the stalk of a flower, her eyes being the biggest thing about her—brown and deep and warm and understanding. There are freckles that spill across her nose under her eyes, and her teeth are the whitest in the county. You'd have to see her to believe her.

I was kind of braced for Jennie. With everybody else, it had been Sherman Willett right off the reel and after a while you get set for it the way you get set in the dentist's office when he rests his drill and you know he is going to start again. This time I was wrong.

She greeted me just as she usually did, her eyes lighting up and a smile breaking shyly across her face. Then she looked over her shoulder to see if anyone was looking and put her lips up to be kissed.

I lived for moments like that.

We went into the living room and the radio was on, but there was music coming out of it and I relaxed. We sat together on the davenport and I held her hand while we talked of things that would not have made sense to anyone else but us. This, with the music flowing gently into the room, was what they meant by words like hush, Angelus, gloaming and twilight; this was that magic half-world along the edge of dreams that never really exists except in the hearts of people who love each other. We were part of it for our few minutes and then the door slammed.

Tommy Killian, Jennie's brother, came bouncing into the room the way a twelve-year-old bounces into any place.

"Hi, Sis," he yelled, "hi, Matt! Say, didja hear about that flier landing in the Washbowl? Gosh, he really did something, didn't he?"

"He sure did," I said.

"Boy, I wish I could fly like that!" He broke off suddenly. "Say, Matt, are you going to climb up and get him off?"

THERE was a sudden tension in the room and I could feel Jennie's eyes on my face and I had a feeling that this was her question, too, even if she did not ask it. My face felt hot but I shook my head.

"I'm through climbing, Tommy," I told him, "and I've got a garage full of cars to fix."

I'd let the enthusiasm out of him like letting air out of a tire. "Aw, Matt," he said, "what's a lot of old cars? The fellers have been asking me would you do it, because you go with my sister. And I told them, 'Sure! There isn't anyone else can climb that old spike but Matt.' I told them—gee, Matt, you gotta do it."

My collar felt kind of tight. There is something about being a hero to kids that gets you; something that makes you choke up a little inside, something that makes you feel humble, knowing that no man is ever quite worthy of what a kid, any kid, can give him.

"They'll get him down without me, Tommy," I said.

"I want you to get him down."

His pride was at stake, his pride with his own gang, and he was holding me responsible. It was hard to meet his eyes, but, after all, I was right.

"I have my work to do, Tommy," I said as gently as I could. "It's the way I make my living. And it really isn't any of my business now, is it?"

He looked at me for a minute, said, "Aw!" in a disgusted tone of voice and wheeled out of the room. He left the air tense, hard and vibrating behind him.

"It is not my responsibility, Jennie," I said. "That idiot did not consult me before he sat down on that rock."

She patted my hand. "Of course not," she said. There was no conviction in her voice, though, and she seemed withdrawn from me. I had an idea that people had been asking her the same kind of questions that they had been asking Tommy and that, perhaps, her pride was at stake, too.

"They've got that Fred MacMurray-Mary Martin picture down at the Palace," I said. "Do you want to go?"

She shook her head. "If you do not mind, Matt," she said, "I would rather stay home."

She gripped my hand tightly and we stayed there in the dim light of the living room, but I had an idea that her thoughts were miles away. After a while the music stopped coming from the radio and there was a news commentator describing the scene around the Devil's Washbowl where motorists were flooding the rock with light from their headlights and Sherman Willett was tossing down notes to the ground.

It was all very glamorous and exciting but to me the evening was a washout. Jennie kissed me when I left but there was no spirit in it.

No one could sit down and prove it to me, but I, somehow, was wrong. A man showing off and winning a bet had got himself in a jam. For no reason that made sense, I was supposed to forget my business and get him out. It did not add up.

Next day it was worse. Sherman Willett had stayed on the top of the spire all night and people were getting excited about him. Everybody wanted to drive out and see the excitement, so if there was any little thing the matter with anyone's car he wanted it fixed. Maybe he had been neglecting it for weeks or months, but now he had to have it in a hurry. At best I never have more than one helper and with all the defense work, I was lucky now to have one. I was swamped with cars and they were all "rush."

To make matters worse everybody who brought a car in wanted to know if I was going out to help rescue Willett.

It was a nightmare but I got through the day. By working until nearly midnight, I cleared most of the cars and I felt as though the whole bunch had been rolling over me.

THAT night it rained and the heart of Petersburg broke for Sherman Willett. My mother went around shaking her head and talking about "that poor boy;" Jennie was very cool and distant over the phone, and the nods I got on my way to work were curt and hostile.

Around noon Lloyd Rossman stopped by. Lloyd is president of the Chamber of Commerce and secretary of the Motor Club. He could do me a lot of good—or harm.

"Matt," he said, "I believe you ought to volunteer for rescue duty out there at the rock. People are talking."

"I can't see it," I said. "Just because I climbed that thing once doesn't prove I could just walk up there and take somebody else down."

"People believe that you could."

"They don't know anything about it," I said. "Anyhow, I'm loaded with work."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You may not have so much work to worry about if people go along the way they are thinking," he said.

He left me on that and I took time out for a cigarette. It did not seem reasonable that a town would turn against

"Three, please—just to carry in our pockets and look at occasionally, of course"

IRVING ROIR

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SPIKING THEIR GUNS!

AMERICAN industry is busy today spiking the guns of the foes of freedom.

And in that job you can count the American railroads right up toward the head of the list.

They're hauling more tons more miles per day than ever before.

They're making every piece of equipment do more work than ever before — and are pouring earnings back into more equipment to do their job even better.

That's why we say, one of the biggest spikes in the Axis' guns will be a railroad spike.

They started this "war of movement"—and now they're going to find out what movement really means in the U. S. A.

• • •

APRIL P.S. PERFECT SHIPPING MONTH

Good packing, secure loading and careful handling will conserve time, materials, money, and will help win the war. We can't afford waste now.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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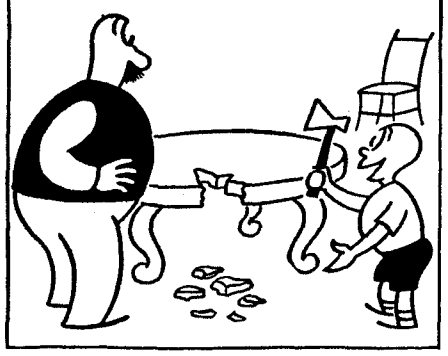
When chair or table gets a nick . . .



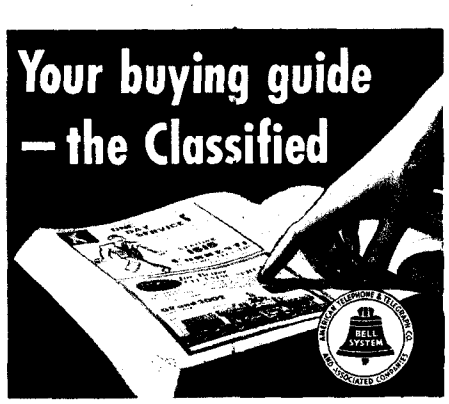
look in the Classified and pick . . .

the nearest man who'll make it slick!

TIP

For spades, maids . . . decorators, exterminators . . . musicians, opticians . . . look in the Classified section of the Telephone Directory.

Now in '42, you'll find these pages more valuable than ever to you. Thumb through them now, and see how easy it becomes to select concerns and tradespeople. Not only are they listed for easy reference, but you get helpful data which enables you to select those best fitted to supply you.



a neighbor because of a stranger that no one in town had even seen except from a distance. Yet, there it was. Lloyd Rossman had practically told me I would be boycotted unless I went out and risked my neck to bring this crazy daredevil down. Why?

The people who came in and made the dirtiest cracks were the people who wanted their cars the fastest. Not one of them was thinking of my side of it, nor giving a hang whether I did have a side.

After all, although I didn't make a point of it, I was responsible for a widowed mother and a sister with two small kids. Sometimes I had to scrape along and always I worked hard. I had a girl I wanted to marry some day. I needed the money that the business in the shop represented. I couldn't see any personal responsibility except right where I was.

I picked up the paper that I hadn't yet looked at. Sherman Willett was a national hero; he had chased the war off the front page and in an editorial box, there was this:

"Last night while the prayers of Petersburg ascended to the island in the sky where a plucky boy is marooned, Matt Donovan worked in his garage and refused comment. It is not so very long ago since Petersburg took Donovan to its heart and made a hero of him. He is the only man who ever scaled the Devil's Washbowl, and neighbors are wondering if he left his heart there. Petersburg cheered him once. It is disillusioning to think that what he did for sheer glory, he would not do for common humanity.

"That boy on the rock needs help. Matt Donovan, are you listening?"

I wadded the paper up and kicked it under the workbench. Luke Hawley, the editor, had known me since I was a kid. He knew I wasn't interested in glory, I just liked to climb mountains. I had spent my whole vacation on the Washbowl, measuring it and hardening myself and making part-way climbs before I did the job. People cheering for me afterward had never meant as much as that first solitary minute when I hooked my leg over the parapet and stepped down into the bowl where no one had been before me.

What's more, I knew how to get down before ever I went up.

People stopped bringing cars in that afternoon and about three-thirty, Jimmie Taylor came in to tell me that he had sold only eleven gallons of gas since one o'clock. Petersburg was definitely brushing me off. I swore at Jimmie and waded into the job. At four-thirty Jennie came.

I WAS tuning up the engine of a flivver and I did not hear her come in. I felt her eyes after a while though, and looked up. She was standing there looking at me and she looked as though she had been crying.

"Matt," she said, "I just can't take it."

"Can't take what?" I wiped my hands carefully in the waste.

"What they are saying, Matt. Everybody believes you are pretty nearly a murderer for not going out there."

"Do you?"

"Matt!"

"All right. What they believe isn't important."

She wrapped a corded handkerchief around and around in her hand. She was very close to tears again. "But it does, Matt. It does. No matter how clean and bright and shiny you keep something that you have, other people can throw things at it and mar it. They can. We aren't living in a vacuum, Matt, we are living in a town."

"Come in here," I said.

I led the way to the office and I wasn't trusting myself to say much. Jennie was worried and upset. I was dirty and oil-smeared and I couldn't touch her. When I had waved her to a chair, I went to the washbasin in the corner and dropped the overalls. I started to clean up.

"Tell me about it," I said. "Somebody is going to be smacked down."

"No." Her voice was suddenly firm. "That will not solve anything." I couldn't look at her because I was clapping the water up into my face. When I had finished the towel drill, I came over to the desk.

"You can't punch your way out of things like this, Matt," she said levelly.

She looked so small, so troubled and yet so determined. "This town has gone crazy," I said. "A lot of panting, excited radio announcers have got them worked up. The whole country was like that once about a fellow caught in a cave in Kentucky. A lot of people died in this country without anybody caring, but they wanted that guy saved."

She nodded. "That is what they want now. You can be stubborn for yourself but they take it out on my brother Tommy, who is always boasting about you, and on your mother and your sister."

"And you," I said.

"And me," she agreed. "They do not mean to be cruel but when they honor a man they feel that they own him."

I looked at my hands and tried to stem the red, angry current that raced in my blood. They had honored me, had they? Again, it had been their way and not my way. I had had a hard fight making them accept me as an auto mechanic worthy of hire. They preferred to keep me a mountain climber who could be paid off in words that he got weary of hearing. I lifted my head slowly.

"Do you want me to do it, Jennie?" I said.

She was in my arms in an instant, her head against my shoulder. "Matt, Matt," she said, "I don't ever want you to do things you do not want to do. I don't, Matt."

I held her close to me. Something weak in me wanted to keep after her and make her ask me to go to the Devil's Washbowl, but I loved her too much.

"I'll go, Jennie," I said, "and it will be our show, yours and mine. The others won't count."

I waited until morning and cleaned up what cars I could. Then I drove out with Jennie beside me and her brother Tommy, with his pals, in the back seat.

It is sixty miles northwest to the Devil's Washbowl from Petersburg and about seventy miles straight west to the mountain range. The range in early summer is a series of black, wooded bumps along the horizon. The Washbowl stands alone on its tall spire about fifteen miles due east from the range.

It is thirteen hundred feet to the lip of the bowl on the north side where the base settles down to the river valley and only nine hundred and ten feet to the lip from the south where it rises out of the prairie. It is a freak of nature, thrown out of the volcanic past, the sides ascending sheer for three hundred and fifty feet and then curving outward in a bulge. It narrows again to sheer columns between the bulge and the top, and flares out like the rim of a washbowl at the crest.

THERE was a huge crowd gathered around it when we drew up an hour before noon. The sun was blazing down and dust swirled in choking clouds off the purple prairie. I saw no sign of any figure on top but there were several airplanes in the sky. Lloyd Rossman came over and he had a radio man with him who carried a microphone attached to a long, dragging cable. Lloyd introduced us and the radio man nodded without offering his hand. He was a thin-faced youth with a long nose, and he gave some sort of signal to a man who sat at a box about twenty-five yards away. He started talking into the microphone.

". . . and I have just been introduced to Pat Donahue, a rancher from down Petersburg way, who is going to try to climb the tower where Sherman Willett has been proving that he can take it for the past three days and nights. Folks, meet Mr. Donahue."

He shoved the microphone at me and I had to brace myself. "The name is Donovan," I said cheerfully enough, "Matt Donovan. And I run a garage in Petersburg."

The radio man snatched the mike from my hand, glared at me and spoke a few sugary words into it; then he signaled to his friend at the box again and turned furiously to me.

"You can't get on our mike and work in a commercial for your blankety blank garage . . ." he said.

My fists clenched and the Donovan in me started to boil but Lloyd Rossman stepped in between us. "He didn't mean any harm," he said to the lad with the mike. "He didn't understand."

Lloyd was wheeling the radio wonder

"Are you certain you had it when you came in?" D. ALAIN

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"Yep!...they've moved the farm to Main Street!"

You're right as rain . . . A&P moves the farm to Main Street every day of the year. Luscious fruits and vegetables are selected from America's finest farms and orchards, bought right where they ripen on vine and tree. Then they're rushed to you as fast as trains and trucks can roll. When you buy them in your A&P Super Market, they're *hours fresher,* chock-full of flavor!

Foods just can't help being fresh in your A&P Super Market. Folks buy so much that the average A&P "Super" needs dozens of deliveries of fresh foods every week. As a result, you get delicious dairy products, baked goods with "oven" freshness, meats at the peak of flavor.

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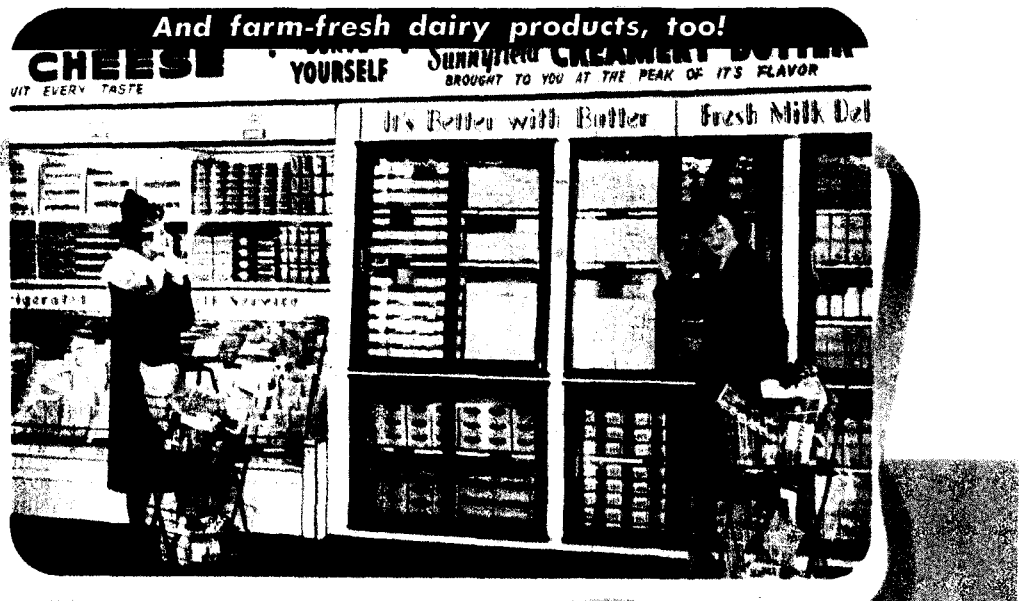

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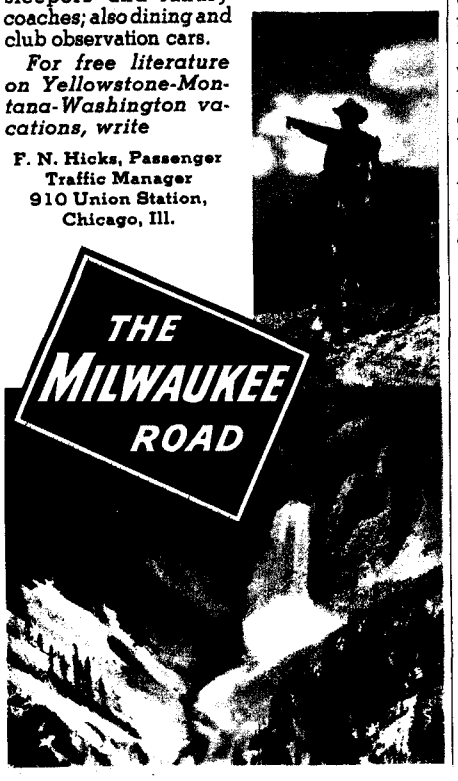

away and apologizing for me. The State Rangers came over and they had newsreel men and a press group. They were all for my starting up the tower immediately. I shook my head.

"Tonight!" I said.

"Tonight?" They all but howled it.

"That's lava rock," I explained, "it's too hot to climb right now with all that sun hitting it."

It was an argument. The newsreels wanted pictures of the climb, the newspapermen wanted the rescue timed to their deadlines and only the head ranger made sense.

"I climbed to the first ledge last night," he said, "and sank a few rings for you. I left a coil of rope up there for you, too."

He was the only one I had met in this whole episode who did not have a selfish angle. On the flat country around us, planes were landing and taking off every few minutes. Mullen, the airplane man, had a factory flier helping him and he was demonstrating planes to more tableland ranchers than he could ordinarily find in a year. They were here and they didn't have much to do and the setup was perfect for a good salesman. Some of Mullen's young fliers were earning the price of the gas by flying people over the Washbowl at a dollar-fifty a head.

People were selling pennants and ice cream and hot dogs out there, an obscure religious sect was holding a shouting prayer meeting and people like Lloyd Rossman were making friends with radio men and reporters. Jennie squeezed my arm.

"It's our own private picnic," she said.

I smiled down at her and squeezed back. "Sure," I said.

My mind doesn't work like hers, though. I couldn't imagine out of existence the people who annoyed me.

AT NINE o'clock I was hanging to the underside of the bulge like a housefly, with the black night under me and the ground nearly four hundred feet below. The searchlight from the ground was still following me and it bothered me. I was hammering the steel *pitons* into the face of the rock and inching my way up. Already I was feeling the strain in my muscles and aware of the fact that I had not trained for this one. I hadn't had the sleep, for one thing.

The wind was stiffening. Winter or summer the wind always blew up here even when not a leaf of sagebrush stirred. The Washbowl was in a line with a gap in the hills and there was a curious airflow. The airplanes had noticed it when they came too low and they had learned to face into the range when crossing the tower. After an interminable time, I came over the rump of the bulge and saw the stars. I rested then and my breath came hard.

The searchlight could not find me here but I could hear the blare of the speaker system which let the crowd in on all conversations with Sherman Willett. For a little while, he led the singing at the revival meeting. It was all pretty weird and the crowd must have been getting a thrill. The radio men had been sore because I refused to carry a portable set and a mike with me, but I was carrying enough.

I anchored the rope ladder that I took from my pack and unclipped the end of the rope from my belt. That rope stretched down to the darkness of the ledge. I reclipped it to the ladder for future use and left it there. It was straight up now till I reached the overhang.

At a little past eleven I was under the lip and I was playing out. I braced myself and yelled. For a while the man upstairs had been calling exhortations to me, but I hadn't heard him for a long time now. He was supposed to be watching for me and he had been instructed to drop a rope which would help me over the lip.

It was pretty cold now. The wind had been carrying a stinging mist for the past hour and I was afraid of that swing out beneath the overhang. I yelled again and again, looking vainly for the rope—and then I knew that I would have to chance it. I could not hang on any longer.

Inch by inch again, with all space below me and the wind plucking at me while my numbed fingers worked! I was frankly frightened as I felt my strength ebb and I could not even spare the energy to yell again. Little bits of granite rock broke loose and dropped soundlessly into the void at my back. Long ages later I heard them hit and bounce.

MY HANDS closed on the very edge of the Washbowl rim and the rock ledge was thin and firm. I let my body swing out over nothing and chinned myself up.

The bowl was a hollow depression scooped out of the top of the pillar and it looked as deserted as a crater on some distant planet. Against the farthest side of the bowl, however, I saw the plane—cracked up on one wing with the other wing tilted skyward. I limped across to it and looked in.

Sherman Willett was curled up on the cushioned seat, asleep.

He awakened when I shook him and he had no apologies for failing to be on hand with the rope. "It took you so long, Pally," he said, "that I got sleepy."

I looked him over and wondered where they got that "boy" idea. He was a husky lad with a hooked nose that looked as though it had been broken and badly set. His jaw was long and he was about an inch taller than I. He was about my age, too, which is pushing thirty.

"How about that coffee I smell?" I said.

I was shivering now with the reaction. He gestured to an open thermos bottle. "All gone," he said. "They dropped it just before it got dark. I didn't have anything better to drink."

So he had drunk the quart. He yawned and turned to the plane. The radio had been removed from the panel and he signaled now for someone to come in. It was a very high-class two-way aviation radio and I was willing to bet that none of these little flivver planes carried anything like it.

"This is Sherman Willett saying goodby to his island in the sky." His voice was soft and not at all like his conversation. He clamped one hand over the microphone and turned to me. "What is your name, Pally?"

"Matt Donovan," I said. I did not like the "Pally." He took his hand from the mike. "Pat Lonahan who is going to guide me down has just arrived," he said, "and I want to say thanks and goodby to . . ."

He had a long list, so I smoked a cigarette. So, I had "just arrived" and I was a "guide." It sounded as though I had ridden up on a horse. I heard him sign off and then he was disconnecting the radio and wrapping it in thick packing.

"You can't carry that," I said.

"Of course not."

I looked at the plane again. All of the instruments were gone from the panel and the prop had been removed. The way he had hit, the shock would be on the wing and the prop wouldn't break; yet it was gone. The ship was pretty much a skeleton.

Sherman Willett walked to the rim, leaned over and whistled. There was a long-beam flashlight signal from below and he tossed the wrapped radio over. A tiny pilot parachute blossomed out and steadied the load. So that's how everything valuable had been salvaged. Nothing of that had slipped into the papers.

I looked sharply at Willett. "Why didn't you go off with a chute yourself?" I said. "With this wind up here you could have let it open first and pull you off."

He laughed at me. "If I did that right away there wouldn't have been any show," he said, "and if I did it later, people would wonder why I didn't do it sooner. You've got to think of the angles in this game, Pally."

He fished in his pockets and took out sheaves of telegrams and letters that had been dropped to him. "Look," he said. "Movie offers, radio offers, personal appearances, flying jobs. Pally, with this little stunt I'm fixed for a year."

I turned away from him because I had to. "Let's go!" I said.

He followed me, but he wouldn't go over the lip even with the rings I'd set and with me roped onto him.

"Nix!" he said, "I ain't no eagle."

I had to lower him in a rope sling and go down after him. He was dead weight most of the way down the sheer face and I had to bully him over the bulge even with a rope ladder waiting for him. By now, however, the dawn was up and they could see us from below, so he went.

He was sick, very sick, when we reached the ledge and he regretted then that he drank all the coffee. I gave him time and then we went on. I was carrying his weight those last three hundred feet and the sun was strong and hot when we touched the ground in the middle of a howling mob. It had taken twelve hours.

Cameras were grinding and someone swung me out of the way so that they could get a clear shot of him. I hit the ground and my legs were jelly. I did not believe I would ever get up but Sherman Willett was all right now—bright and beaming. He was facing the cameras and the massed microphones and his voice had softened to a crooner purr again.

"And I want to say a good word for the cowboy who helped me to get down," he said. "Without him I could hardly have made it."

I GOT slowly to my feet. Nobody was paying any attention to me and I let him finish his broadcast. I walked up to him, then. "Are you really feeling okay, Willett?" I said.

He beamed on me and he was the guy who had lived on hot steaks upstairs, who had lapped up all the coffee and who had slept while I climbed.

"Never felt better in my life, Pally," he said.

"I'm sure glad to hear it," I said.

I swung then from the shoetops and I put my fist right into the middle of the mouth that said, "Pally." Two people caught him ten feet away and I waited for the sky to fall.

I had ruined it all in a minute, disgraced myself and the town, re-earned the boycott and let Jennie down. So I thought—and I knew nothing about human nature.

Jennie fought her way through the startled crowd and her arms went around my neck. Her warm lips were pressed hard on mine and then she was crying.

"Matt, Matt!" she said, "I was sorry I let you go. Nothing matters but you. Nothing ever." She broke off then and her voice dropped to normal. "I'm so proud of you," she said.

I don't remember much of the rest of it, but the town was swell and even the papers were friendly. In the long run, though, you never win. Nobody refers to me any more as the man who climbed the mountain, but they never mention my garage, either. Now I'm "The fellow who smacked that flier." Jennie's kid brother Tommy thinks the new distinction is swell.

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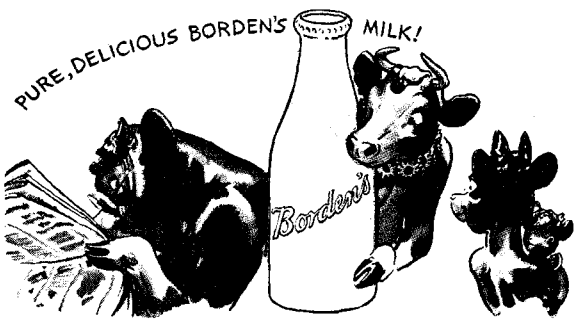
"That one's cousin Effie... we never mention her, my dear!"

"WHY NOT, mummy?" asked little Beulah. "Was she the Black Sheep of the family?"

"Not exactly," replied Elsie, the Borden Cow. "None of us could quite be *that*. Of course, she was really more on your father's side of the family . . ."

Elmer, the Bull, snorted. "Hah! May I remind you that *your* Nephew Stanley had a record that makes my poor Cousin Effie's look . . ."

Elsie interrupted hurriedly: "It was shameful the way Cousin Effie always failed to make the grade. She never was the cow beyond reproach that Borden inspectors insist you be in order to produce milk for Borden's. So they never let a drop of her milk get by."



"How sad!" murmured little Beulah.

"It *was* tough on Cousin Effie," Elsie agreed. "but it's that strict, unrelaxing attitude of Borden experts all along the line that makes certain all *Borden's Milk* is extra good — as well as all the grand things that are made from that milk."

Elmer rustled his newspaper grumpily. "Off on milk again! You'd think it was your milk that made the world go round."

"No," said Elsie thoughtfully, "but it certainly helps the world to run more smoothly. Right from the cradle, for instance, *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* helps babies to thrive. It's so digestible and rich in vitamin D that doctors approve it. And it's also the secret

of lovely cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes."

"It's no secret," muttered Elmer, "that you think pretty highly of your handiwork."

"I can't help but be pleased." Elsie admitted frankly, "when I think of all the people who love the marvelous cookies, candies, and cake frostings that are made with

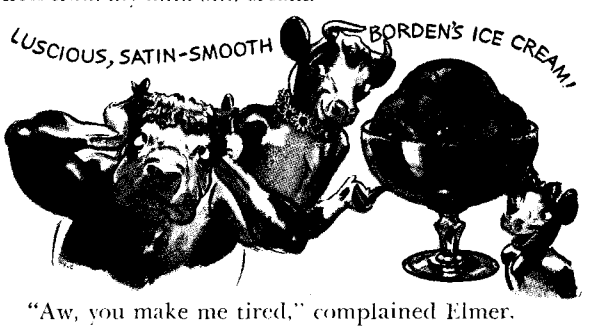
Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Yes—my family really have good reason to hold their horns high."

"You certainly believe in *blowing* yours," Elmer snarled.

"Not just for my family," Elsie pointed out, "but also for the distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses.* There's a score of them — and one of the noblest is creamy, golden-crusted *Liederkranz.* Far too grand a masterpiece for poor, irresponsible Cousin Effie ever to have a share in."

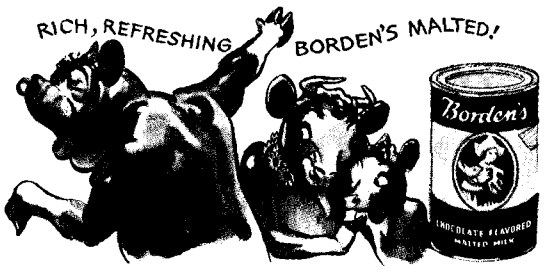
"You lay off Cousin Effie!" bellowed Elmer. "She may not have been perfect . . ."

"Exactly!" Elsie triumphed: "That's why she never could achieve anything as wholesome and luscious as the marvelous *Borden's Ice Cream* that gets its goodness from my milk and cream."



"Aw, you make me tired," complained Elmer.

"Folks who feel tired and need a lift," Elsie remarked, "find there's nothing quite so good as a smooth, refreshing *Borden's Malted Milk.* It's a great family favorite . . ."



"Your family! I'm sick of your family!" shouted Elmer stamping out of the room. "I'm going to a nice quiet bowling alley where they never heard of your family!"

"I really wasn't talking about *my* family then." Elsie explained to Beulah. "I meant all families — all over the country—the ones who've learned so well that . . . *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!'* "

* * *

***Full-color Elsie Pictures from the ads*—illustrations only, no advertising. Set of six, suitable for framing, 7½ x 7½ inches. Write Elsie, Dept. 3-D, Post Office Box 61, New York, N.Y., enclosing 10 cents.**

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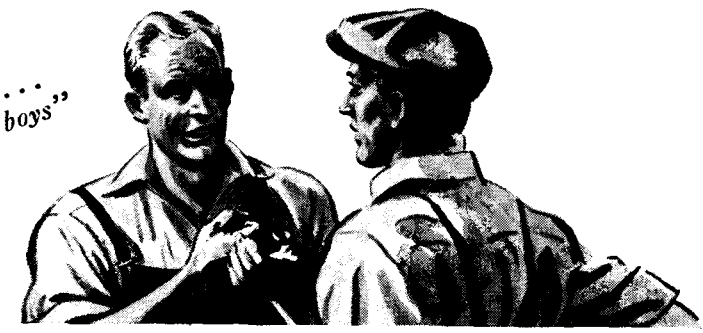

"Let's be careful . . . it will help the boys"

In a year, through work-accidents, enough man-hours were lost to build 45 battleships or 375 destroyers or 450 submarines or 195,000 light tanks or 75,000 fighter planes or 30,000 medium bombers or 15,000 heavy bombers.

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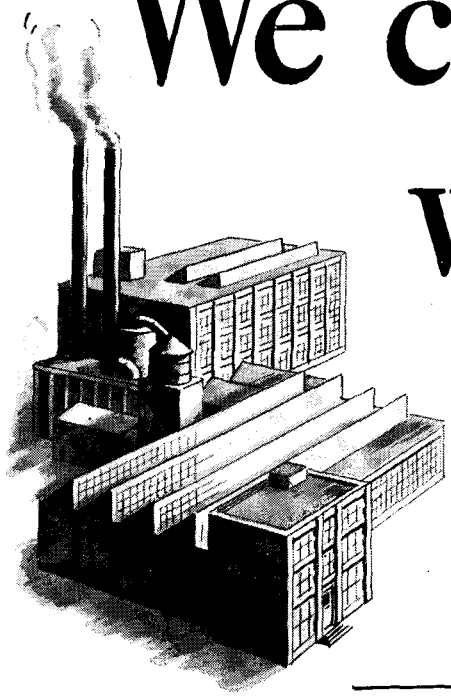

We mean the battle against accidents—accidents at home, at work, at play, on the road. The statement at the top of this page gives some idea of the magnitude of industrial accidents alone. Today when our nation's life depends upon an all-out effort, the prevention of accidents will be a major victory.

Thanks to safety goggles the flying bit of metal didn't touch his eye—so he's still on the job. To provide every possible safety device is management's responsibility. To take every care is the individual worker's.

Use extraordinary care in a blackout. Here's a new driving hazard, a new walking hazard, a new hazard affecting every one of us. It calls for more vigilance, more care for our own safety and the safety of others. Even in our homes, this *new* hazard is present.

Carelessness with fire costs the nation a calamitous total. Now more than ever it is vital to check this. Your Hartford Agent or insurance broker can give you many tested ideas for reducing fire risk in your home and place of business.

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Second Choice

Continued from page 11

run of feeling brought on by her voice, by her smile, by her restless spirit. He could not forget he was second best with her, yet everything came back and he remembered clearly the first kiss she had let him have, and all the wonderful length of the one summer, following high school, when they had built their own particular world, thinking it would never change.

"You're late," she murmured again, "and slow as always. Nothing ever hurried you."

Going into the house he saw at once that, with the exception of Dan's wife, she had brought the old high-school group together—Dan and Claire and Bibb Grange and his wife Harriet, and Dunk Eichelman and Nan and himself. She had summoned them for this party as though nothing had happened in the four years between. Maybe it was a mistake. Claire and Dan and Bibb had gone on to college—the others had stayed home, and that always made a difference.

Steve said hello all around and took a highball, and he looked at Nan for a moment. She had on a tan-and-silver dinner dress and there was a glow to it and the glow livened her face and eyes. He said, "I never saw that dress before."

"Two years old, Steve, but it was a nice try."

THEN Claire came up, swift and certain and laughing, and took his arm. She stood with him before Nan, and the awareness of Claire was like heat from a stove. When he looked at her he saw the brown flakes of her eyes shining in the light, and the length and the curve of her lips reminded him of too much. She wore a pair of gold grape-clustered earrings and there was something in the evening that keyed her and kept her smile alive. She was restless and could not stand still; she had always been that way, never satisfied with what the day had, never content. He knew her faults as well as any of them—and yet her presence made him miserable and he felt his face grow wooden to conceal his thoughts.

Claire said, "Dinner's ready," and took his arm into the dining room; and as she stood at the table's end, her eyes half closed in thought, he noticed something that sent its shock through him. On her left hand's small finger she wore an opal ring he had given her the summer of her senior high-school year. She saw that he observed it and she lifted her hand slightly and said in a half voice, "Remember?" Then her tone came up into the group, "I need a man for the head of the table. Steve, you sit there."

He waited behind her chair until she was seated, at last knowing why he had been invited. Claire was taking him back; she had lost Dan and turned now to her second-best man. He walked around to his own seat and picked up the carving knife and started on the roast. Nothing showed on his face. It stayed easy and steady, even with this knowledge working through him and breaking up a lot of things inside.

"When you get to me, Mr. Mayor," said Dan Helser, "put on a chunk of that fat meat."

"Vote for Russell," said Bibb Grange.

They were kidding him, and Dunk Eichelman stepped up to bat for him.

"One of these days," Dunk said, "maybe he'll do that very thing."

"Sure he will," said Dan Helser, "and I'll put on the torchlight parade."

It was like playing a game of checkers, with all these people looking on. For even as they smiled and kept the talk running lightly, they knew why Claire had invited him. It was nobody's secret. The old second best was going back to first place; just wiping out the four years of difference and making everything the same as it had been. He caught Nan's eyes and he thought she was silently saying, "Hello, sucker." He held her glance for a moment, and then Claire's attention moved toward him and broke it up. That was Claire's way.

Claire said, "Remember, Dan, when all of us paired off and went out to the Springs and Archie Smith's flivver broke down and we had to put up at Conrad's farm?"

Dan said, "Yeah," and grinned at the thought; but it was plain he wished it hadn't been mentioned. It was like Claire to sneak in a punch, even with her farewell party. Maybe, Steve Russell thought, she wasn't quite through with Dan yet. Maybe she thought she could knock out the California girl, marriage or no marriage. Claire never stopped when she was after something.

"I remember," said Steve, "I stoked the sitting-room fireplace most of the night to keep you from catching cold."

Dan Helser's wife lifted her glance to him and he thought he saw approval. At any rate, he took Dan out of the hole.

It went like this throughout the meal. Everything was nice and everybody got along, but there was a strain and the strain grew. Afterward they played a rubber of bridge and by then it was ten o'clock. Steve said, "Time to close the store."

"Can't anybody else close it?" said Bibb Grange.

"Just like to see that everything's in order," said Steve and went to the porch. Claire followed him. Claire touched his arm and her fragrance jolted him hard and he knew that none of the bitter things had been settled or put away. She brought them all out again.

"He's not your man now, Claire," he said. "Keep your tongue off him and quit trying to get his wife's goat."

She was frank about it: "Dan and I never were meant to get along. That was a mistake it took four years to discover. You know me well enough to understand I'd try to make him squirm a little for that."

"Yes," he said, "I know you pretty well. You're never satisfied with anything."

"I am wearing your ring and you came to my party, and I'm really happy." She was smiling, very close to him.

WATCHING her, he realized she was waiting for him to kiss her; he wanted to pull her in and hurt her and wipe out the sting of the waiting. Instead he said, "Good night," and walked down Grover Street to the store. He was sweating and the warm night wind seemed cool on him.

Lake Murphy had closed shop. Steve let himself in with his key and walked through the half shine of the night light; he checked the meat trays to see if they were clean, he looked into the icebox and through the storeroom.

Afterward he locked up and walked homeward through the soft, bland darkness. Turning in at his house, he sat on the porch—made restless by the wanting of a woman he had given up four years before.

His mother's voice came through the darkened house: "Steve, go to bed. You're just like your father—never

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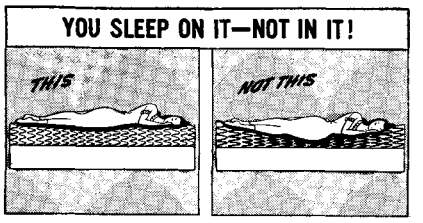

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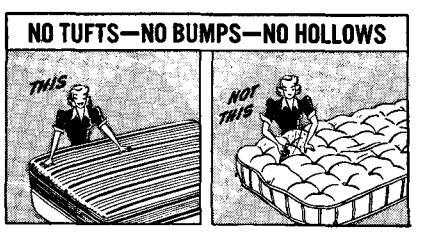

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wanting to go to bed and never wanting to get up."

He thought: "I'm going fishing tomorrow."

IT WAS ten o'clock when he drove along the Mill Dam Road and passed the farm of Nan Burris' people. He saw her in the chicken yard and waved as he went by, turning thereafter into the dirt road which followed Lucky Creek, twisting with it and rising into the bench of the Cascades. At the end of the road he crossed an abandoned apple orchard, gray and silver with neglect, and skirted a sagged house and its sightless windows. Beyond that he came to the creek and began to fish.

He had known he would catch nothing at this time of day or year, at this stage of water. What he wanted was to stand alone with the sound of the creek and the smell of the trees around him. Not that he wished to think, for there was not much point in thinking of things that could not be changed. His father had first brought him here and it was here, too, that his father had persuaded him to abandon the idea of college, to go directly into the store; his father had known that death was not far away.

His father had said, "If it was to be medicine or law, or something like that, school would be a good thing. But here is the store. Your life's cut out for you. You don't have to spend four years hunting for it."

Steve remembered he had said maybe he would be missing something. His father had quit fishing then and had sat down, tired earlier than he used to be; and his father had smoked a full pipe over it. "At first," his father had said, "there will be a difference between those who go and those who do not; then all of you will settle down for the long pull and the difference will die. There's always some that leave and run all over the world, and some that stay in one place to wear the harness. You're the kind to stay."

Steve had stayed, thinking that his father had not really known all that was in him. Still, he recalled that his father once had said: "You will have your rebellion and your woman troubles and you may even marry wrong. You may think many times you have made the wrong choice. When you do, come up here and ask yourself, 'What have I lost and what have I got?' "

He fished up to the falls and set aside his rod and lay out on a rock in a patch of sun; and the warmth of the sun got into him and he felt ease loosen him and he fell asleep; when he woke, the patch of sun had moved on and Nan sat on the ground near by, waiting with a basket of lunch.

He said, "How long you been here?"

"Half an hour."

"You could have shouted."

"I wanted to find out if you snored."

THEY had always been like that, measuring out nonsense or indifference, making practical those things which should not have been practical. She spread the lunch on the rock. She said, "I figured you were too lazy to bring anything to eat."

"Look who I win at the basket social."

"Just spelling off your regular girl."

"Is she?"

"The deal was made over the table while you carved the roast. That roast was tough, too. I wouldn't let you sell me meat like that."

"Maybe she is," he said. "I wish I knew."

"If the old magic is still there, then she's your girl."

"What magic?"

"That's something for you to figure out."

She sat on the flat rock, her legs tucked sidewise, her skirt snugged about her knees. Her arms were shaded amber by the sun, her breasts had depth; her lips remained steady and her eyes were reserved. He remembered the evening, back in their second year at high school, when he had tried to kiss her and she had fought him. They had always had fun, but nothing had been very deep. Afterward Claire had come along, and that was the end of the fun with Nan.

"There's no fish here, Steve. You know that."

"Wasn't actually trying. That mayor crack—last night—flustered me."

"You will be, one day. Your father was. You're much the same kind of man. They knew that. Even as they kidded you they envied you. Neither Bibb nor Dan could ever get that much respect from our town. Is it so small a thing to have your neighbors say, 'There's Steve Russell—I like him and I trust him'?"

"That's what Dunk said last night."

"Dunk is real. Dunk is our town."

"What's our town, Nan?"

She sat still, watching him and thinking some strange thing that made its light in her eyes. He turned himself, he lay back and dropped his head in her lap, a thing he had done many times in the past, before Claire's time. He sank into the softness of this girl, he was cushioned there. He said, aloud but really to himself: "That's our town. A place into which we sink and stay and would not want to leave."

SHE didn't stir. She held her arms on the rock, supporting herself and she looked down and he noticed the length of her lips and the warmth they had and he felt the warmth of her body, its depth and its solidness. But the expression on her face darkened and her head bent slightly and she murmured, "This is something she should be doing for you—and I should not."

"It wouldn't mean the same," he said.

"Then make it mean the same. Whatever you see in a woman is what you place there. You make her entirely out of your wants. Did you know that?"

"No."

"Before you marry her, Steve, bring her here and put your head in her lap."

He said, "What a funny idea!"

"Lie still on her lap, as you are doing now. Say to yourself, 'This is my beloved whose body and everything in it is forever mine—who will feed my hungers and whose hungers I will feed, whose stillness covers many things that are too strong for words, and many deep places I may never see, but all those places are filled with me as I am filled with her.' "

He sat up. She was cool and far away; she was beautiful in a way he had not noticed. He said, "Where did you get that?"

"Say it to yourself. Say it to her, it belongs to her if you love her."

He moved his shoulder against her. He said, "Don't hold your mouth so straight." He put an arm around her and pulled her forward and he watched her face lift, heavy and motionless and suggesting nothing. Her eyes were a dense black, or seemed so when he dropped his head and kissed her. He held his lips against her mouth and he felt the thaw of her feelings, the sudden rush and jolt that came from her to him. Her arms lifted and held him and the world turned around. He pulled away and stood up. He took her hand and lifted her.

"I guess," he said, "I didn't want to catch any fish." He helped her pack the basket and he picked up his rod; they walked toward the old orchard and through it to the road. He gave her a lift to her house and when she got out she stood a moment by the car, much calmer than he was. When she smiled it was as though nothing had happened.

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"Thank you," she said, "I enjoyed the party very much."

"I know her better than I know anybody, even better than I know Claire," he thought. "But I have not known her at all." He said, "Hey," and watched her turn. "Going to the dance Saturday?"

"Yes."

HE CAME up to Claire's house at eight Saturday night and waited for her in the living room. She appeared at the head of the stairs and stopped so that he might look at her. She raised her arms a little, making an expressive gesture. Her dress was white and gold and she had pinned one small white flower on the left side of her up-piled hair; her lips were red and her cheeks were colored with excitement. He saw that excitement in her eyes. She descended to him, seizing a short coat from the hall closet. She held it out to him and when he laid it over her shoulders she turned her head and gave him a slanted, waiting look; he was within the circle of her presence again and he knew she wanted to be kissed. He didn't kiss her.

He thought: "She stopped on the stairs so that I might look up to her." He knew her that well, he saw her stratagems and her subterfuges; and yet it seemed not to matter. She was the rebellion he had never dared, she was the discontented search that lived within him. He took her to the car. They went down through town and up Monitor Grade, riding in silence through the pale light of a half-moon; stubbled fields glowed and the smell of cut hay was very strong and the silhouettes of great barns and angular, ancient houses stood by the wayside. He turned into the country club and dropped her at the door and parked the car and came back to wait in the lobby.

The music had started and most of the crowd had already arrived. He saw Nan—paired with her cousin who had come out from Portland—and he watched her glance turn to him; she made a face at him. He lighted a cigarette and smoked half of it, and nodded to Dan and Dan's wife as they passed. He dropped his cigarette when Claire came from the powder room; he noticed that her eyes searched the crowd and found Dan and stayed there a moment and her mouth changed and showed small, half-harsh lines at the edges.

They started dancing. She said, "You don't have much to say, Steve."

"I remember you told me that a long time ago."

"Never look back, Steve. Everything behind is dead."

They were together the first two dances. Then Bibb Grange cut in and after that Dunk claimed her. Between dances they stood in groups and presently he noticed that Dan Helser and Dan's wife were never in the same group with them and he also noticed the thinness return to Claire's mouth as she looked over the room at Dan. Restlessness was with her again; he felt it in her body. She was straining for something, as she always had. When he was with her, irritation got into him and he had to hold back the blunt things he wanted to tell her; but when she circled the hall with another partner the irritation left him and he saw her as he wished—light and beautiful and beyond him.

Half through the evening he cut in to claim Nan; he went away with her, liking the feeling of her in his arms. He said, "I never saw that dress before."

"New."

He had thought this would be as always, easy and nothing serious between them. But the easy things were gone and he could not talk to her as once he had. Just before the music stopped she looked very carefully and seriously at him. She started to speak but changed her mind and then the music quit and she left him at once and immediately the evening turned stale and he went outside and smoked a cigarette, knowing Claire would hate him for the desertion. He stayed out until the music began; when he re-entered the clubhouse he saw Dan's wife sitting alone on a divan and he knew Claire had managed to get her dance with Dan. Her quick mind had been on that project all evening. They weren't on the floor, so they were outside somewhere in the shadows. He went over and sat beside Dan's wife, admiring her composure.

"She'll be getting in her licks under the old apple tree," he said. "She never quits until the last round's over."

Dan's wife said, "When will the last round be over?"

"The bell rang when Dan married you, but she won't admit it. You want me to go out and break it up?"

"Let her try," said Dan's wife. "You're all right, Steve. Only I wish—"

"That's all right. Second best is better than nothing, and I can't take an ax and chop her out of me."

"You don't need to be second best." She bent nearer him, interested in him. "Dan talked a lot about you, before he brought me to live here. I'm as fond of you as Dan is. I hope you'll always like us."

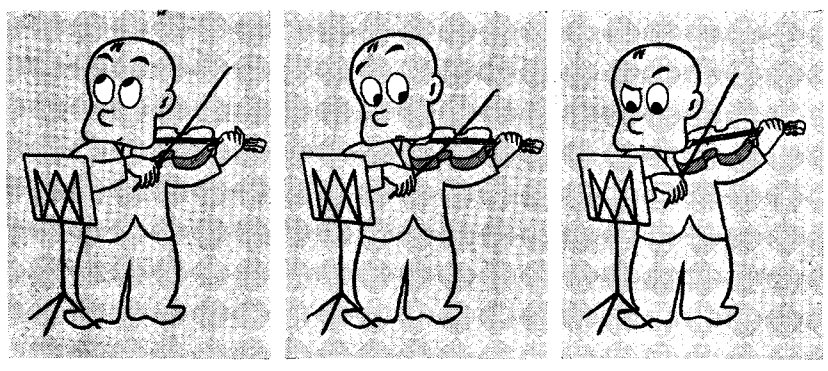
"We've got a long time to find out," he said.

"That's the thing about a small town. A long time to live together. I can't dodge Claire and neither can Dan. So it had better be threshed out now." The dance was done and she looked beyond Steve to Nan Burris in the middle of the floor and she repeated, "You'll hate second best. That isn't what you want."

DAN and Claire came through the portico door. Steve saw the face of Dan's wife take on its composure, and again he admired her. Dan came up, looking at his wife with embarrassment and wanting understanding from her. She was easy and nice to him: "Get it fixed up?"

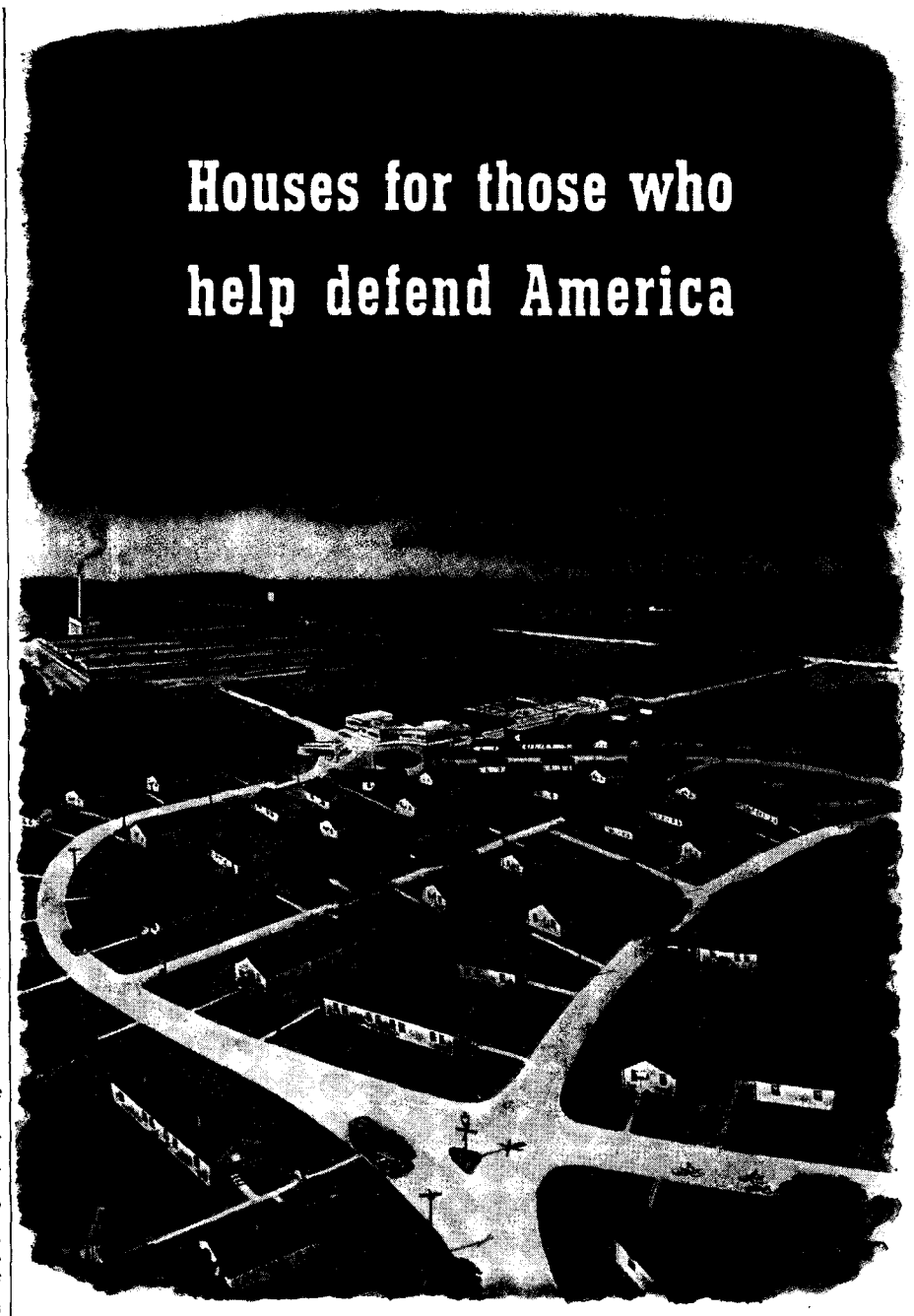
"Yes," he said, "it's fixed up."

Steve rose, hating to see what was then



Sour Note

CROCKETT JOHNSON



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on Claire's face—the strange, dead look in her eyes, the tightness that grew around her mouth. To see it was to see something die. But Claire still smiled with her lips. She said: "Why did you desert me? Let's start home. It's late and I'm tired."

He took her across the floor and waited for her in the lobby; when she came from the powder room she looked back at the dance floor and her shoulders slipped down a little as she stood there; then she turned to him, throwing a bright smile to her face, and put her hand through his arm and was his girl. She had quit trying; she was through fighting. He thought, "That's cutting the heart out of her," and took her to the car. Claire moved nearer, so that her shoulder touched him. "We used to do this," she murmured. "It is a lovely night."

"I told you to leave him alone."

"I had to know if he still cared a little for me. It would be embarrassing to have a married man look at me for the next forty years, always thinking, 'It might have been.' But that's over. Everything's straight now."

"You would have taken him if you could have wangled it."

"Steve, please leave my thoughts alone. What's past is past."

SHE had played him against Dan until the last; and he hated her for it; yet when he thought of her as he always wanted to think of her—so restlessly seeking the bright drama she needed, he could not blame her. Her spirit was swift and never content with little things; that was the thing he saw in her, and closed his eyes to the less lovely side.

"You should have finished him up before you lifted me off the street," he said. "You played it two ways at once."

"You never pull a punch, Steve. That one hurt."

"We'll hurt each other a lot."

"I can take it. I know the mistake I made, leaving you for Dan. Don't you suppose I have thought of it many times? I am content now."

"No," he said, "I don't think you'll ever be content."

She was long silent. They slid down Monitor Grade, through town, and along the shadows of Grover. They stopped before her house. He got out with her and went up the walk to the porch and he stood by as she swung suddenly to him. "Knowing what you do, how can you like me at all?"

He thought of the things Nan had said, on the rock by the fishing stream; that was what he should be saying to Claire, but he couldn't say it. It didn't belong to Claire. He stood still, trying to follow that thought to a place he had not been before. Claire murmured: "Don't answer it—I should not have asked it. We mustn't pry into each other. Steve—"

She came nearer and put her arms on him, surrounding him with her old power. She looked closely upon him, reading him and waiting for him; and then the daring in her made her close the gap between. She kissed him, and her body came hard and hungry against him; it lasted only a moment and when she stepped back a silence fell between them and he saw her face grow old and take an expression gray and desperate and unlovely and then the brightness all around her grew dim.

"What did I do wrong, Steve?"

She had been to him something distant and wonderful and rare; and then she had come too close and had offered too much and it wasn't rare any more. But he said: "Nobody knows how these things happen."

She let her voice drop down until it became husky and bitter: "I should have waited. You were always that kind—wanting to make something out of me I never was. If I played up to that, distant and hard to get, you would have come. You're funny, Steve. There's no kind of woman like the one in your head. I couldn't stay distant forever. Life is too short."

He said, "So long," and went back to his car. He drove down Grover Street and braked to a stop in front of his store. Lake Murphy had locked up; the night light was on and the big gray cat sat inside the door licking its front feet. Some of the dance crowd had come back and were in the Crystal. He went over and found Nan sitting with Dan and Dan's wife. There was an extra seat beside Nan. He took it.

"Where's Cousin Fred?"

"He had to drive back to Portland."

He said to the Crystal's girl, "A cup of coffee." He put his arms on the counter, looking at the big mirror on the wall. He saw Nan in the mirror; her eyes were on him, reminding him of a thousand things out of their youth. She had been before Claire, his memories of her went beyond Claire. Dan's wife said, "If you're ready, Nan, we'll drive you home."

She didn't answer. She watched him in the mirror, so that he remembered how deep were the things within her. He said, "I'm going over to look at the store," and left the counter, wondering if she would come. She looked at him, and the reserve on her face broke and she seemed unsure and troubled when she left her place and came to him. They crossed the street and he unlocked the door and moved inside with her. "Lake gets a little careless about putting things away," he said.

She stood by the old coffee mill, slowly turning the big wheel. She said, "I remember your father so clearly, swinging this wheel. He was good."

He put the cat into the storeroom and closed the door and came back to Nan. All the smells of the store made spice layers in the room, and the store's oldness reached out, so that this might have been 1880 as well as today. The past and present were that close, and it was a comfortable thing to feel. "This is your birthday," he said. "I wish I could give you something."

"A LITTLE slice of sharp cheese." She looked rapidly around the store, keeping her eyes away from him. But they came back and saw what was on his face. Disturbance darkened her eyes. She murmured in a quick, breathless voice: "You had her. She wanted you. What happened? What did she destroy tonight? She has always destroyed things. If she's hurt you I'd like to kill her."

"She was away up in the sky and I looked up to her and put a thousand things I wanted into her. When she came down to earth none of those things were there."

"Now you're bitter and you hate what you used to believe was so real."

"No, I see what I want. Why didn't I see it a long time ago?"

"We were both too young and too close," she murmured. "It has been very hard for me, for while you have been wanting her I have been wanting you."

"You were before her, and maybe this is how I ought to say it."

"We make a very unusual window display, Steve."

He reached to the string on the night light and switched it off. When he took her into his long arms he had one keen stab of regret for the four years lost, but it was a fine thing to know that all this had been in them both for a long while. It was something old and lasting; something like the feeling in this town, the past and the present and the future running together, binding people together.

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The Skipper Couldn't Take It

Continued from page 17

"We are—as well as can be expected," Fitzmaurice said.

"Lieutenant Tigert—is he in shape?"

"He's in his cabin—sleeping."

That was a relief, the commander considered. A destroyer can't very well put to sea without its torpedo officer. Even when your torpedo officer has reported, taken one look at the ship, and then gone on a binge it's good to have him aboard when you sail. "I understand," the commander suggested hopefully, "that this Tex Tigert is a good man."

"He says he is—if you can take a Yankee ex-enlisted man's word for anything. He says he is the best torpedo officer in the Royal Navy, because fifteen or twenty years ago he was a torpedoman chief petty officer in the American Navy."

THAT was the longest speech his executive officer had made, the commander reflected as he made his way to his cabin, since they took over from the Yanks three days before. The thing that stood between them was nothing that had happened in those three days. It was something that happened on a spring day in 1916, when Fitzmaurice was still in grammar school, and Commander Cramp was master of a destroyer in a stretch of sea known thereafter as Jutland.

Cramp unlocked his desk, took out his orders, and read them again. He had never seen orders quite like these, but there they were, explicit enough. "It must be kept in mind at all times that the Lutania's cargo is your only vital responsibility . . . the enemy seems to have been receiving information on the sailing of our most valuable convoys, and you are to take it for granted that you will be attacked . . . if intercepted by a superior force Lutania is to retire at speed, and you will use every device to shield Lutania's flight."

What force, the commander brooded, would not be superior to an over-age destroyer?

The second page was the interesting one. The admiralty absolved him of blame, in advance, if he lost his ship while diverting the enemy from his convoy. "Since it seems inevitable that your command will be sacrificed if you sight heavy enemy surface raiders, you will take extraordinary precautions to save the lives of your crew and yourself if such action impends. Extra life rafts have been provided."

Commander Cramp shook his head. It wasn't going to happen that way. Not quite. Not twice in a lifetime.

He spread a sheet of paper on his desk, pressed his pen on the blotter until the ink flowed, and began to write. He thought, "Mustn't let this look like a last will and testament."

"Dear Martha," he wrote. "I expect to sail some time in the near future"—he could not, of course, tell her the exact date because of the censors—"but this letter will probably reach Upper Saxby before me." He wanted to say that things looked pretty dismal, and she should remember that Jensen owed eighty pounds, and that there was always the offer for the shop. And desperately he wanted to thank her for faith, and courage, and loyalty; and say that he loved her, and tell her goodby.

None of these things could he say. People would call it suicide.

"The crew is raw," he wrote. "My torpedo officer—an American who owned a grain business in Winnipeg—is a bit the worse for wear, and my executive insists on remembering that I had the poor form to be saved at Jutland, but somehow I like my ship. My quarters, which are forward instead of aft as on our destroyers, are also more commodious. The Americans stored these destroyers well, and the food is excellent."

Through a thin steel partition the commander heard the rumblings of a bass voice, intoning a chantey new to any ocean. It ran:

"Fifty old destroyers,
Delivered all on time.
One met a submarine,
Then there were forty-nine."

The commander rattled the steel with his knuckles. "Mr. Tigert," he cried, "I'll thank you to stow that racket!"

The song ended, abruptly. The commander wrote on. She wasn't to try to do anything with the garden this year. She'd have enough to do handling the children alone. "But you might try a plot of lettuce," he added. "From what I hear, greens are fairly scarce, and it will help their diet. You mustn't tell them, but I sent a box of sweets. I didn't bring them on my own ship, because"—and here he hesitated—"I'm not sure I'll have leave when we make a home port."

The commander signed his letter and slipped it into the pouch awaiting the harbor launch. He undressed, pulled his cotton night shirt over his head, decided that since he must be up long before dawn it was too late for a last pipe, and got into his bunk. The snores rattling from the other side of the partition were reassuring. It was important that your torpedoes run true.

England's oldest ally, the sea, sent in a fog to hide their departure, but before they were clear of the roadstead a spring sun burned the fog away, so that all with eyes could see that the Lutania at last was heading across, with a lone flush-decker making her path.

WHEN the land dropped away Commander Cramp went to the wardroom to get his breakfast. Sublieutenant Tigert was there already, pouring scalding black coffee into his broad mouth. Cramp was relieved to find Tigert alone. There were things to be threshed out. "Mr. Tigert," he said, hoping that his voice was cold and properly expressed disapproval.

The torpedo officer thrust out a chin that resembled the prow of the battleship Pennsylvania, and said, "All right, I got plastered!"

"That, Mr. Tigert, was apparent!"

"Maybe I've got reasons."

"What reason," the commander asked, "can you give for coming aboard ship in such a condition?"

Tigert attempted to button his coat. "This ship," he grunted, "is hexed!"

"Mr. Tigert!"

"She may be the Daphne to you, but to me she's the Isaac Smith, and I want no part of her!"

This was, the commander knew, no language to address to the captain of a British man-o'-war, but Sublieutenant Tigert was the only torpedo officer aboard.

"What's wrong with my ship?" Cramp demanded.

"What's wrong with her?" Tigert said, his coat flying open. "What's wrong with her? You never heard of the Isaac Smith?"

"No, Mr. Tigert."

"You never heard of the Isaac Smith which cut the S-87 in half off Providence? You never heard of the Isaac Smith which ran aground off Guantanamo, so that the cruiser Newark piled up clearing her? Do you remember hearing of a destroyer flipping a depth

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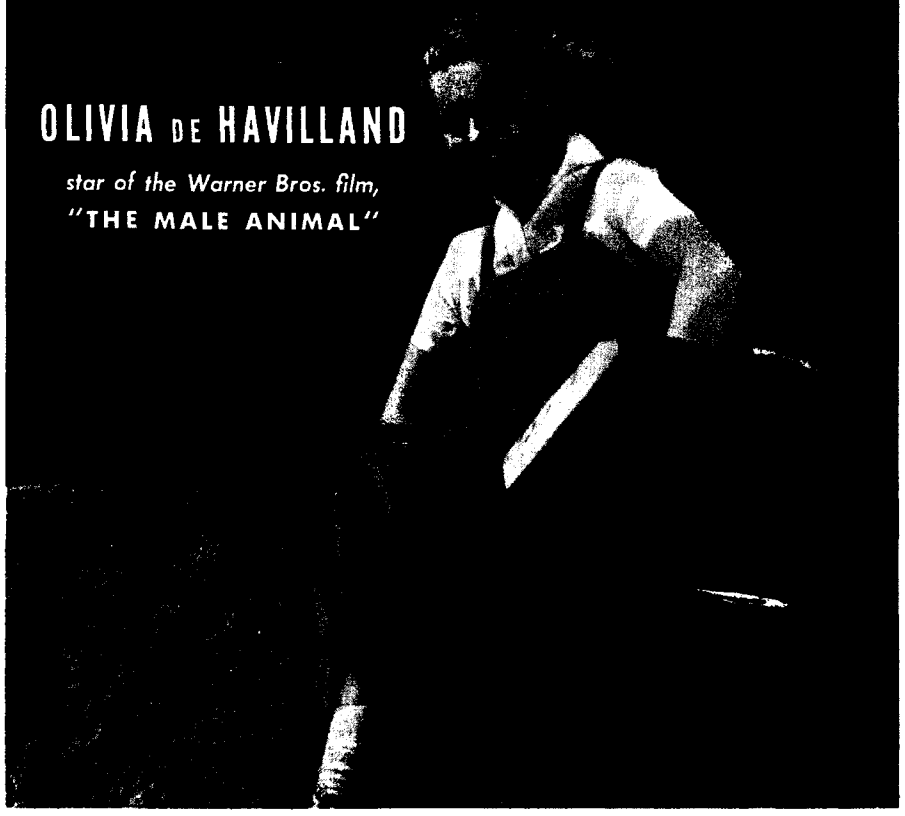

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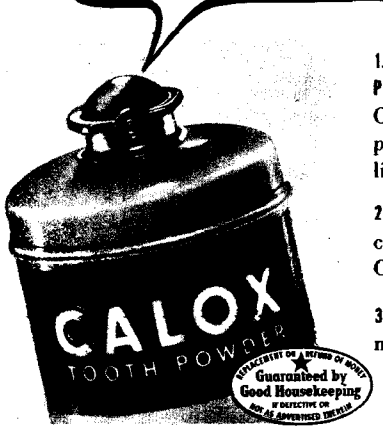

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bomb on top of a barge in San Francisco Bay?"

"Yes," the commander admitted, "I heard of that."

"Well," said Tigert, "that was the Isaac Smith. Isn't all, either. I was on the Isaac Smith, myself, when she drifted into the bridge at Charleston, and brought it down on top of us. She was the nastiest, most evil-tempered, orneriest, most cantankerous destroyer in the United States Navy. She was torpedoed on her maiden voyage back in '18, and she hasn't been right since, and the worst thing ever happened to the fleet was that she didn't sink, then and there."

Commander Cramp finished his coffee, applied a match to his pipe, and then inquired, all bitterness gone from his voice, "Are you a superstitious man, Mr. Tigert?"

"Certainly I'm superstitious. Who isn't?"

"You will recall that in the attack on Hipper's battle cruisers, at Jutland, a destroyer was sunk, and all aboard were lost—except the captain?"

"Well?"

"I was that captain," Cramp said.

"Huh!"

"You might as well hear the rest of it. You'll get it from someone else anyway, a man's private life being what it is on a destroyer. The court-martial acquitted me. They held that a man whose spine has been fractured by shrapnel couldn't be held entirely responsible. But I elected to—ah—go ashore, and they placed me on the reserve list. My career wasn't exactly what you might call fortunate. Yet here I am back at sea."

Tigert rapped his massive knuckles on the wooden fiddle board. "No wonder," he growled, "we're carrying extra rafts!"

The commander chuckled. "If you're a superstitious man, Mr. Tigert," he said, "I wouldn't worry about the Daphne failing to sink—not this time!"

Sublieutenant Tigert gulped his coffee, peered over the edge of the cup, and winked. "I don't scare," he said. Then he asked, quietly, "So it's going to be that bad?"

"Yes. I'm afraid it'll be that bad."

Tigert lumbered out on deck to handle his crews at his four triple tubes. Soon his voice drifted into the wardroom. "You'll learn to mule-haul these fish," he was roaring, "if we stay here forever!" The commander felt better. He didn't have to worry about his torpedoes, at least.

ON THE second day they ran into weather, and the Daphne developed a disturbing motion—not a pitch, nor yet a roll, but a tricky, bobbing weave that put half her crew below decks, sick. The commander found he was unaffected so long as he stayed on the windward side of the bridge, with the salt spume whipping cold on his face. He hoped his crew, if they noticed his unbroken watch, would lay it to hardiness and fortitude.

On the morning of the third day, with the seas abating, Lieutenant Fitzmaurice came up to the bridge. "I've ordered drill for all hands at action stations at four bells, sir," he reported. The commander shook his head. "No, Mr. Fitzmaurice, we'll have boat drill instead—I want to see if the men are ready to abandon ship. Everybody in it except the lookouts, and the men at the detectors, and the bridge and engine-room watch."

"But—before we abandon haven't we got to fight?"

"I believe you heard my wishes, Mr. Fitzmaurice."

The commander clicked his stop watch with the first siren blast, and then watched, with apprehension and distaste, the resulting confusion.

"Mr. Fitzmaurice," Cramp said, when the last oil-begrimed head had popped out of a hatch, "that took exactly fourteen minutes. You'll keep the men at boat drill until we can get all the rafts overside in five minutes. In fourteen minutes we would be on the bottom!"

"Largely the fault of the men in the glory hole and the torpedo storage room," Fitzmaurice said.

Sublieutenant Tigert stopped leaning on the bridge rail and, like a bulldog that has been annoyed, growled: "If you'd go below for a look around, you'd learn something. When they patched this tub after she was holed in 1918, they were in such a hurry that they put in solid bulkheads—she's got less watertight doors and hatches than any other can afloat."

"Bilge!" said Fitzmaurice.

"Okay—bilge! But that's one reason why the men are slow getting on deck."

"I don't care why they're slow!" said the commander. "I want them fast! I want them able to abandon ship in five minutes!" He limped down the ladder and went to his cabin, aware that his executive officer was angry.

IN THE middle of the afternoon Fitzmaurice came to the cabin, knocked, entered, and stood stiffly before him, his face pale and forbidding. "I wish to report," he said, "that we can now abandon ship in five minutes."

"Yes?" Cramp said, waiting for the other words that were close to Fitzmaurice's lips.

"And I would like to know how I can get this crew in shape to fight the ship if we spend all our time drilling to jump her?"

The way Fitzmaurice said "jump her," you couldn't help knowing what he meant. But the commander said nothing, because he wanted no open breach with so good a sailor—not now, not when submarines, and four-motored bombers, and big-gunned raiders, and Stukas, and heaven alone knew what sort of devilish mines and traps lay to the east of them. All he said was: "We'll get it done somehow."

By dawn of the next day they were in the U-boat zone. When three hundred miles due south of Iceland's tip, Commander Cramp had his men at the guns. He didn't let them breakfast until the mist lifted and the horizon widened to maximum visibility. Many a small warship, or a valuable convoy, has been caught cold in morning's first light by an enemy unexpectedly close. It was strange, the commander considered, how the nearness of danger jogged footnotes from the back shelves of his memory.

They zigzagged that day, and stepped up the speed to twenty-five knots, the destroyer keeping station on the Lutania's bow. Before noon the wireless room picked up an SSS—submarine attack—from a tanker eighty miles to the southward. They ignored it, and kept on course. Cramp hoped other ships would be nearer, but in any case his convoy was too valuable to risk in rescue.

When the sun was sinking over the starboard quarter the crow's nest lookout shouted, "Periscope dead ahead!"

It wasn't a periscope, but the body of a sailor floating face down. You couldn't tell whether he was young or old, British, German, or Norwegian. Just a sailor in a pea jacket, floating face down with his arms stiff ahead of him.

And that was the fourth day.

And on the fifth day, as they curved their course to make their southing for Glasgow, it came upon them.

At first it was only a speck on the distant northeastern horizon, a speck you could not possibly call a warship. Nobody spoke, on the bridge, for they knew that if it was a warship—and an enemy—it was bad, for she was coming up fast.

The commander thought, "Sir Herbert will raise blue blazes but I'm not taking any chances," and he ordered his signal

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officer to run up a hoist telling the Lutania to change course to due south, and run for it. The pennons fluttered up the mast, and stood out in the wind, and then he said, "Clear for action, Mr. Fitzmaurice!"

The alarm bells clanged, and the off watch poured on deck.

Then the speck was larger, and as the Daphne's sharp prow lifted to a swell, the sun glinted on the distant superstructure and Tigert whistled under his breath. "Same old jinxed Isaac Smith!" he muttered, and strode to the other side of the bridge and fussed at his torpedo control station.

The commander closed his eyes, to rid them of the glare, and then he opened them and focused his glasses again, and the superstructure leaped in front of him for a long second. There were only two ships in the world, he knew, with that sleek, powerful, panther look topside. There had been three, but the Graf Spee was self-destroyed in the River Plate, so the thing that stood toward them was either the Lutzow or the Scheer.

Cramp glanced at the Lutania, a mile distant, belching smoke as she worked up to full speed. The commander said: "Let's keep between the Lutania and the enemy, Mr. Fitzmaurice."

"Aye, aye, sir," Fitzmaurice said, and added, impersonally as a surgeon selecting a scalpel, "Do you think we'd better start making smoke, sir?"

"Right. Call the engine room. And stand by with smoke pots as well."

"That might be," the quartermaster admitted unhappily, "a pocket battleship."

THEN there wasn't any more doubt, for before her hull lifted out of the sea they saw tiny bright orange flashes, and yellow smoke billowed and fogged her superstructure.

"She's throwing them," estimated Tigert, "from nineteen—maybe twenty thousand. Pocket ship, all right."

They waited, not breathing. Then three geysers rose alongside the fleeing Lutania.

"They're after the big 'un," said the quartermaster.

The commander felt nervous, and ineffective, and afraid—not afraid for himself, or his ship—but afraid for his convoy. He gauged his course, and looked back at the thick column of greasy smoke his four funnels were laying on the ocean, and then he said, "You'll drop the pots, Mr. Fitzmaurice."

The pots went over, and the smoke columns towered like grotesque, flabby, monsters, high enough, he hoped, to hide the Lutania from the enemy.

"Here they come again," said Tigert. "Three bow guns."

THEY heard, unexpectedly, the scream of rushing, twisting metal, and knew the salvo was coming their way. Then geysers soared two hundred yards off the starboard bow.

"Looks as if they'd like to polish us off first," Fitzmaurice said.

"If they wait for that, they'll lose the Lutania," gloated Tigert. "Look at old Lutania go—she's making a good thirty now."

"The enemy's within sixteen thousand yards," said Fitzmaurice glumly.

"Wish it was ten thousand less," Tigert prayed. "I'd like a chance to slip a fish into her—bet I could blow her clean back to Helgoland."

"If she got that close we wouldn't be here," Fitzmaurice said. "She's got a five-point-nine secondary battery that can handle six like us."

The commander ordered: "Alter course a point to the east, Mr. Fitzmaurice. We'll see if we can't lure him away from the Lutania. And on the next flash drop three depth charges. May confuse him."

The Lutania's radio must be screaming for help—but who knew whether there was any help in this part of the ocean? On the other hand, there might be more of those vultures, the enemy—

The pocket battleship was hull up now. Her lines looked like the Lutzow. The orange stabs came again, and simultaneously the depth charges rolled out of the racks in the stern. The depth charges and the salvo burst, the three big shells in a neat line ahead, and the depth charges astern.

"Now," said the commander, "if they'll only believe they're short—"

He peered back at his pursuer. There were six flashes, this time.

"They're shooting the works," said Tigert.

The commander braced himself and waited, and there was a roar overhead, but the six shells were far long.

The pocket battleship's secondary battery winked angrily. Cramp thought, we'll get it this time. A sheet of flame

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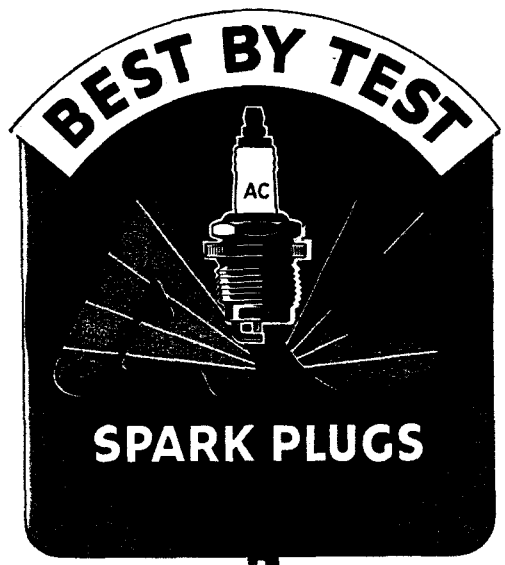

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rose in his face, and in the air there was the whine of loose iron, and amidships there was a twisting crash and a great hand shook the Daphne until her insides rattled apart. The commander found he was picking himself up from the mat on the bridge.

Tigert lifted him to his feet, but he could hear nothing, because his ears were ringing so. He knew his engines were stopped, and he could see his bow gun was gone and the foredeck was a mess, and the enemy was bow-on again, her smoke lying flat against the horizon.

Fitzmaurice shouted, "We took a five-point-nine in the reduction gears, engine room reports. We're making water in the bow where the other one got us. Two badly wounded forward. The rest of the bow gun crew, well—"

The commander didn't have to be told about the bow gun. He could see. Why were destroyers too small to carry a surgeon? What could a pharmacist's mate do for a man with steel in his stomach? All he said aloud was, "Where's a radio man?" Then he dictated a message for help.

THE guns on the pocket ship were speaking again. She lobbed three shells at the Lutania at extreme range, and the commander saw, with some satisfaction, that they were short. Then two smaller guns flared in her bow. In the Daphne's stern a group of torpedomen and the two aft funnels dissolved. The stern lifted, and fell, and the commander groped along the rail to the speaking tubes. When he reached the tubes he found he was shouting for speed. He felt ashamed, for of course his engines were dead, and he hoped Fitzmaurice hadn't noticed.

The Daphne lurched and was slow in rolling back. Cramp recognized the loggy feel of her. He had felt it before, a long time ago.

"Don't you think," Fitzmaurice said, "that we should abandon?"

The commander took in Fitzmaurice's strained face, and the way his eyes were, with the whites showing all around. ("You will take," the orders had read, "extraordinary precautions to save the lives of your crew.") "Yes, you may abandon now, Mr. Fitzmaurice," he said. "See that the wounded are off first."

Then, because he didn't know quite what else to do, he took his watch out of his pocket, and said, "Let's see if you can beat your best record, Mr. Fitzmaurice. I think she'll go fast."

The enemy, he could see, would pass across their bow, at three miles, perhaps. He was hopeful they wouldn't fire again, because it was obvious that the Daphne was a wreck, when a shellburst brought him to his knees. He remained on his knees a long time. When he pulled himself up, the bridge was empty, and the rafts were floating away, loaded. It was comforting to be alone. He counted the rafts, bobbing away, and estimated that all who lived of his crew were safe. The Daphne was settling very slowly. He hoped, illogically, that she'd go under before the enemy let loose again. He didn't want to be dissolved like the men near the aft funnels. He wanted to go down with his ship. It was for this that he was prepared, and of which he was not afraid. He wondered whether the Lutania would get clear.

Then, from below the bridge, he heard the shuffle of feet and some perfunctory mild curses. He saw Sublieutenant Tigert, big and oil-smudged and disheveled, wrestling with the jammed swivel of a set of triple torpedo tubes. "Mr. Tigert," he said, "I ordered this ship abandoned. Get off my ship!"

"I can't," Tigert said.

"You can't? Why not? There are extra rafts. You haven't much time. Get going!"

"Well, sir," Sublieutenant Tigert explained, "it's like this. You've got your traditions, and we've got ours. Now you think it's okay to go down with your ship, but in my navy you can't abandon ship while you're still able to do damage to the enemy, and I've still got a set of tubes working, if I could only swing 'em."

"This isn't," said the commander, "your navy!"

"Well, that's a point for argument," said Tigert, "at least so far as the Isaac Smith is concerned."

Far off, the commander heard the dull hum of a plane drawing close. "That'll be enough of this insubordination!" he said. "Abandon ship, Mr. Tigert."

"Can't," Tigert growled.

"Tommyrot," said the commander, but then the tubes swung, and Tigert's lips began to move without sound, and the commander kept silent because he knew his torpedo officer was doing an intricate problem concerning speed of target, course, range, and drift. Then compressed air banged and hissed and the torpedoes leaped from the careening deck for the sea in their clean, racing dives, and their wakes rushed away, thin and straight.

"Beautiful!" the commander said. They waited, not speaking. They waited until it seemed certain all had missed, and then two columns of water mushroomed lazily amidships of the pocket battleship. The columns soared and spread, and black smoke followed them.

"I guess that'll slow her up," Tigert said.

"It may," the commander estimated, "sink her. Look! She's turning away! And look at that list!"

He found he was pounding the rail of the bridge, and then he stopped, for the enemy's guns were hammering again. There was no rush and whistle of shells, and he straightened and saw, far to port, three thin smudges against the horizon. He knew they would be British cruisers, and all the strength went out of him, and he wept.

First the planes came to patrol the skies above them, and at dusk a trim new cruiser came alongside and sent its launch to pick them off. Then the cruiser sent a six-inch shell into the Daphne at the waterline, for anyone could see she was a hopeless hulk and a menace to navigation, and she groaned and slid under.

THE rear admiral commanding the second division of the cruiser squadron was more than polite, but he was puzzled. He brought them into his wardroom, and fed them Scotch and sodas, and told them the Lutania had escaped, clean, and that three of his ships were pursuing the pocket battleship, and he hoped they'd catch her while there was still some light. Then he spoke of the things that troubled him. "You say," he told Tigert, "the only reason you remained aboard the destroyer was because you knew the Daphne couldn't sink with all those solid bulkheads put in back in '18?"

"That's right," Tigert said. "She was built to keep afloat—I'd sooner be aboard her any day than on one of those rafts like an oversize tire."

"And you say," the admiral said, turning to Cramp, "that the only reason you stayed was because you were knocked out by the blast?"

The admiral shook his head and smiled. "Come now, gentlemen," he said. "Regardless of your modest stories, an old sea dog like myself is perfectly aware of heroism when he sees it."

The commander thought of Martha and his shop in Upper Saxby, and wondered how he was ever going to live up to his new reputation.

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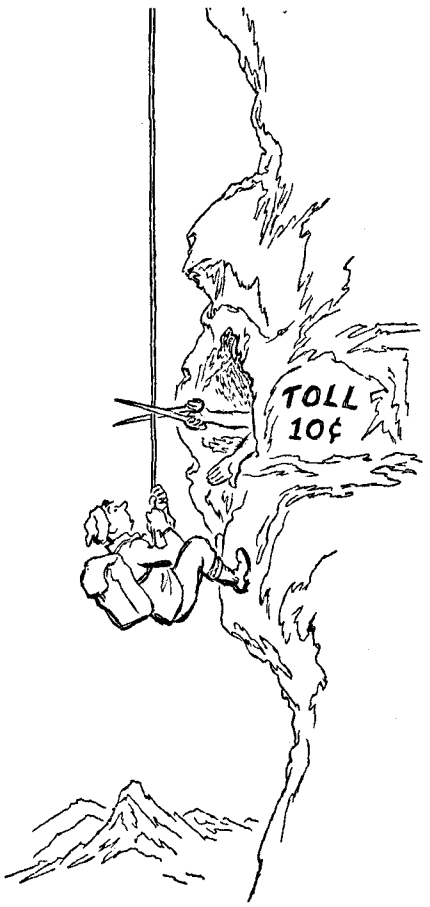
Unify Our Fighting Forces

Continued from page 18

to find out what they mean. Almost every important order issued by the War Department is subsequently followed by an interpretation. In one case within the last two years, a War Department order contained its own interpretation, one paragraph stating that the preceding paragraph was interpreted to mean so and so.

The Army has adopted a stilted form of expression that no ordinary civilian stenographer could take down in shorthand, or could transcribe into an acceptable order or letter. A stop watch is known as a time-interval recorder. A gray woolen undershirt is called a shirt under wool gray or some such combination as that, and if you ask for it by the wrong name you won't get it. If a young and inexperienced medical officer, at an isolated camp, puts in a Sick and Wounded Report indicating that Bill Jones was born in Philadelphia, Pa., it will go back to him inviting his



attention to a regulation that says it must be Penn., or vice versa.

When I was a general at Camp Eustis, Virginia, I asked one of the Assistant Chiefs of Staff in Washington to tell me what was meant by a certain order that I knew he had written. His answer was that it was his job to write orders and my job to interpret them. I was perfectly certain then, as I am now, that he had not visualized the situation out in the field and could not have executed his own order in my place.

The War Department is filled to overflowing with good men—as good as any that could be found in the world, but these men are shoved into jobs they know nothing about—civilians with civilian assistants commanding the Army, line men doing staff work, and staff men doing line work. General Harbord, second to Pershing in France, said in his book that during the World War there was a certain General Staff officer running the transportation business who did not know any more about transportation than the casual passenger on a Pullman car. No Secretary of War has ever served long enough to understand the War Department, or to say yes or no to any question without advice.

In the case of the seacoast defenses, or what is known now under the resounding title of the Coastal Frontier, a president of the Army War College (an infantry officer) said to me, "The permanent fortifications are finished—you must depend upon the mobile artillery." Another infantry officer, president of the Army War College and afterward Chief of Staff, said that the coast artillery got too much of the Army's money, got all the best stations in time of peace, and too many of the best commissions in time of war. He prepared a bill to make it unlawful for a coast artillery officer or soldier to serve with mobile troops in time of war, but it did not prevent mobile Army generals from commanding great Coastal Frontiers.

Our present system of seacoast defense was laid out by the Endicott Board in 1886. Great progress was made for twenty-five years but after that the whole schedule was stalled, largely because of the jealousies of the mobile arms—the infantry, the cavalry and the field artillery, all of which I have commanded for years, and which I love.

Men, women and children of the coast artillery for years have been chided with not belonging to the Army. The plan I advocate here will be to turn the coast artillery over to the Navy. A hundred thousand men, or two hundred thousand, at most, could do the job. The Marines know the taste and feel of salt water. They are self-contained and can provide themselves with food, shelter or clothing. The Navy cannot defend itself in port any more than a horse could run a race in a stable. But the Navy can control the Marines, and the Marines can defend the Navy.

The Army, relieved of all responsibility for the static defense of the ports, as Pershing's army was in France, could then be organized into proper, tactical units, and the War Department, now a fifty-year patchwork of error, mutual mistrust and jealousy, could be reorganized along functional lines, with competent men in every branch, to wit: Tactics, Supply, and Administration, with the Air Corps and the National Guard standing by as special services, each requiring special organization.

This was the plan that met the unanimous approval of Pershing's "War Department in France," organized at Tours with General J. G. Harbord (afterward president, Radio Corporation of America) in command, and with this writer as his Chief of Staff. That is the way it was visualized and urged for adoption in October of 1918, by the men then bearing upon their shoulders the heavy responsibility for victory or defeat. It was a plan equally acceptable to Harbord's General Staff, to big businessmen like Atterbury, of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Dawes, our General Purchasing Agent (afterward Vice-President); Lord, afterward Director of the Budget; Wood, afterward president of Sears, Roebuck; and to the best that the Army could provide as the Chiefs of Services in Washington after the war—Rogers, the Quartermaster General; Williams, the Chief of Ordnance; Jadwin, the Chief of Engineers; Ireland, the Surgeon General; Hull, the Judge Advocate; and Bash, our Adjutant General who was afterward the Quartermaster General.

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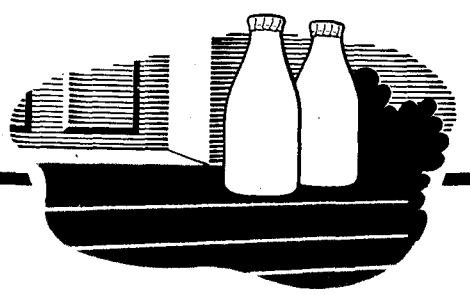

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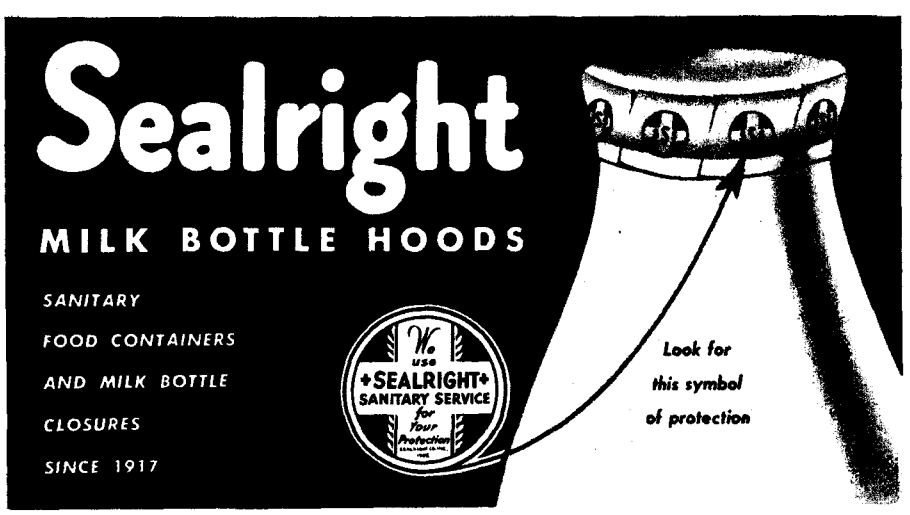

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Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 15

to obey orders, grabbed his rifle and went to work on the glass and sash. Before the astonished old-timers halted the well-intentioned sabotage, cold air was coming in freely through six former windows.

GEORGIA

CAMP WHEELER, Macon. Maybe the lieutenant was a music lover—even a jitterbug—in private life. Anyway, it got him down when a bored sentry challenged him with a flat "Who's there?" Yelled the shavetail: "Is that any way to challenge an officer? Put some snap into your work. Get some rhythm into your voice." Few hours later the shavetail passed the sentry box again. Challenged the sentry: "Bump-tiddy, ump-bump—who's there?"

FORT McPHERSON, Atlanta. After a long and tedious quest the quartermaster detachment here has found an insignia for its stationery. "Swat the Swastika" is the slogan. The picture shows Hitler bending over, grasping his ankles, while a Q.M.C. private with a huge paddle prepares to swat the—ah—swastika clearly visible on Mr. H.

TEXAS

CAMP BARKELEY, Abilene. Maybe, with the nation in peril and with all this talk about unity of command, we shouldn't reveal this little incident. Maybe, on the other hand, its recitation will make for bigger and better unity. Not many days ago, a Navy plane came a cropper in an Abilene reservoir. Since it was Army territory the Army made all preparations for salvaging the dunked aircraft. On hand, at dawn, were pontoons, winches, cables, planks, poles, life preservers, spectators from Abilene and soldiers from Barkeley. A Navy salvage crew, flown from the Naval Air Station at Corpus Christi, was on hand, too, and teamed up with Barkeley's Co. E of the Engineers. The groups worked together all morning, stopped for a chicken dinner supplied on the spot by Co. E mess sergeants, then worked all afternoon.

The prime difficulty was that of recovering the engine, which had torn loose from the fuselage and sunk in twenty feet of water. Army engineers and Navy divers finally located and towed it ashore between Army pontoons, but lack of a crane presented a problem in getting the one-ton motor aboard a truck already loaded with plane parts and pieces of salvaged aluminum. By this time it was getting dark, and the major in charge of Co. E suggested that a winch truck could snake the engine aboard by means of skids, using cables that would run lengthwise through the truck between the fuselage and wing of the damaged ship. This idea horrified a sailor in charge of the salvage crew. "Why, it would cut the wings and fuselage to pieces," he yelled. "We might as well have left the engine in the lake." The pall of silence which settled over the weary men at this outburst was broken by an explosion from the major. "All right, Company E," he said, quite audibly indeed. "Collect your equipment and we'll go home. The damned engine is out of the lake; the rest is up to Navy!" A soldier, wearily gathering equipment, was heard to remark: "This goes further to prove that when the Army and the Navy are put together, they just can't seem to get along with each other." Last we heard of the matter, the Navy was dickering with an oil company for the use of a crane. End of incident.

SAN ANTONIO. The district recruiting office has an agreement with a local hotel whereby volunteers checking in too late for induction the same day are bunked in one of the minimum-price rooms. But when Recruits C. D. McKay and Herman Oppelt turned up one recent P. M., the hotel was out of cheap rooms and so slapped the boys into a snazzy $15 suite. Dazed but receptive, prospective Air Corps Mechanic McKay and former Beer Salesman Oppelt, future flying cadet, spent the night lolling around on Grade-1 sleeping apparatus and writing enthusiastic letters to the folks back home. At this moment the boys have long since been reduced to G-I bunks and are undoubtedly having difficulty matching the fervid contents of those initial reports home.

GENERAL

NOTHING official has been announced yet about standardizing the names of Army vehicles but the War Department has at least and at last put the finger on such words as inductee, recruit, draftee, three-year enlisted man, etc. Officially, there is now none such. The only time the word selectee should be used is when referring to a man accepted for duty but not yet inducted. According to orders, the only McCoy term for an Army enlisted man—is enlisted man.

INSTEAD of two months, it now takes a week for a private or noncom to find out whether or not he has officer material in his make-up. All applications for officer training schools are being considered and acted upon by examining boards at their camps' points of origination, instead of being sent to corps area centers and left untouched for large spells of time. The plan will help to speed up procurement of the hundred thousand officers needed for this year's expansion.

AN ELEVATOR operator in one of the Navy Department buildings writes that he has derived no little ironic amusement from the Navy's current drive for national reticence on matters naval. What amuses our short-haul chauffeur is not the daily, carefree discussion of naval business by naval personnel in the presence of civilian-stranger passengers, but the fact that the officer who issued the buttoned-lips order forgets his order frequently, just like everyone else. The basic cause, our architectural dive bomber adds, is not carelessness but seems due to the peculiar inability of some Navy men to recognize civilian dress. While they can distinguish the rank of a fellow officer farther than the Japs have extended their supply lines, Navy men seem myopic in the presence of civilian bystanders. Incidentally, our elevator operator concludes, it would help him serve the Navy more efficiently if the Navy wouldn't stand on rank quite so strictly while guests in his yo-yo box. The "After you, my dear Alphonse" variety of deference to superior ratings, when six or eight distinctly graded ratings attempt to enter or exit from an elevator in strict accordance with their respective degrees of eminence, wastes more time than a pinball-machine player.

GANGWAY, Gaston!

G. W.

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Unorthodox Prima Donna

Continued from page 20

friends used to exclaim, "that Bud certainly has a lovely voice! And little Risë sings pretty, too, doesn't she?"

Bud's voice being what it was, Mrs. Steenberg thought of a brother and sister act. The sister part was so Risë's feelings wouldn't be hurt. Bud started on the violin, Risë on the piano, and both had a few singing lessons. Come afternoon, though, and practice time, brother Bud had difficulty tearing himself away from the fellas down the block. Mrs. Steenberg finally gave up the daily battle of hauling him in. He's a soap salesman now.

Risë went on placidly practicing, and Queens fairly burst its buttons when she was chosen, aged ten, to sing on the radio program called The Children's Hour. Mrs. Steenberg started Risë on regular voice lessons, and from then on, she made the daily rounds from one agency to another, getting singing engagements for the girl at weddings, funerals, band concerts and summer picnics at $3, $5, or $7 a solo.

Risë's singing career got three years head start, right off, when she started at Newtown High School, Flushing. A pair of intelligent educators there—the principal and the music-department head—listened to her voice roll out in their auditorium one assembly period, and did something about it. They took her study program apart and put it together again: Risë found herself taking four music courses, taking German and French, scheduled for Italian the following year, while algebra, physics, chemistry and Latin were discreetly written off.

She paid back, unpredictably, the following year. The State Board of Education talked of reducing music-department appropriations. The musical director at Newtown High took Risë to a meeting at Rochester as Exhibit A. She sang for the board in French, German, Italian; discussed musical theory, musical history. The appropriation was not cut.

Two years later, at seventeen, she was singing an Opera Comique series at the Heckscher Theater in New York. It happened as simply as that—singing in a Saturday tryout, and engaged as leading lady on Monday.

A Lady with an Idea

About the third week she swung her voice up to the melodious climax of The Chocolate Soldier. "Come, Hero Mine," she pleaded and ran off into the wings to bump into an elderly lady with an operatic figure.

"You have *the* voice, my dear," the white-haired stranger said fervently. "I'll train you for grand opera!" Risë didn't know this was Madame Anna Schoën-René, the famous voice teacher. Risë knew her present job paid $75 a week, and that was pretty good. She knew when it was finished she'd probably get a radio job at $100 a week. She felt—she couldn't afford high-priced voice lessons for an imponderable such as grand opera.

"Thank you, no!" she said.

This is where Risë's mother laid down the baton, and Madame Schoën-René picked it up. Upon her return from Europe three months later, she hunted Risë up. She taught the girl for nothing. She interested a wealthy musical patroness in furthering Risë's studies. She persuaded the Juilliard School of Music, a year later, into granting Risë a scholarship.

Four years later, when Risë turned down the Met contract, it was due to Madame's advice. "You don't know enough," the elderly teacher told her. "You'll be a flash for one year. Then you're finished, forgotten! Why? Because you have no repertoire. Where are you going to learn more roles in America? The Met won't teach you. You need opera stock company experience. Go to Europe and get it!"

So Risë went, not once but three times in the next three years. There was no question about the money for the trips—Madame supplied it. And Risë learned, by singing them night after night and three matinees a week, the scores of thirty operas.

The last time she went over, in the winter of '36, it didn't look as though she were going to get a job. She dragged all over the continent—to Munich, Leipzig, Berlin, Warsaw, Paris, Vienna, asking for work. "Not a bad voice," directors said when she sang for them, "but we're filled up this season."

Conquest in Prague

The last place she went was Prague—before she used her steamship ticket back to the U. S. A. to get a radio job at $125 a week.

She met Walter Szurovy while she was working in Prague. He was the leading juvenile at the theater next door to the opera house. He told the director that she was too pretty for a singer and that if she flopped, to send her next door and he'd make an actress out of her.

Risë didn't flop, but went on to sing at the State Opera House in Vienna, and then in Cairo. When she returned to the United States, Szurovy followed. Two days before he was to return to Prague, Risë suddenly, unexpectedly, said yes.

There were no canopies, no crush, no news cameras at the wedding. They simply traveled down to City Hall by subway. Szurovy bought some violets from a man on the corner, and, upstairs in the justice's office, Risë's brother told Szurovy when to say "I do" because he wasn't very sure of his English yet. Risë had to get right back to a rehearsal, so Risë's folks and Szurovy went to the corner drugstore and had a cup of coffee.

Walter Szurovy is not *Mister* Risë Stevens. When he isn't rehearsing his wife, he's doing things about her contracts, designing her hats, selecting her clothes, and he manages, generally, to make any average husband look like an expensive luxury.

"Poor, very poor!" he's apt to say, shaking his head disgustedly, as his wife comes off stage after a first act. Risë sulks, gets depressed, cries. Stage managers plead with Szurovy to keep his comments until next day. "Tomorrow's too late. She's singing tonight!" Szurovy answers. "She can hear the truth at her age. Fifteen years from now, maybe, I'll be saying, 'Risë, you're magnificent!' because she'll be needing that then."

Before a recent radio broadcast he told her: "If you sing your very best today, I'll take you to see that new Alfred Hitchcock mystery film."

Five rehearsals are average for an opera. Szurovy called thirty-two for her Delilah debut. He said he wanted to be sure Risë could play Delilah as well as sing her. He must have succeeded, for critics fairly swooned.

Ask Risë what kind of picture she'd like to make when she goes back to the Coast this spring and she'll think hard, and say, "Well, I'd like to play a girl in ordinary everyday clothes, who opens her mouth now and then and—sings."

Do This at Bedtime Tonight

IF YOU awaken feeling *and looking* tired and listless—if you seem to be "aging" too rapidly, losing freshness and sparkle in the stress of these strenuous days—here is important news.

Today, modern science is reporting startling discoveries *about food*. About new-found, almost-magic food elements—with power to *revitalize* millions of the tired, the nervous or under par, and build them up for clear-eyed morning freshness and vigorous, buoyant days.

As you may have read in recent magazines, these new-found food elements are so important that governments throughout the world are changing national diets to include *more* of them. Warring nations feed them to their armies, to build up physical stamina and sound nerves. Deny them to their captive peoples, to sap physical resistance and undermine morale.

Already here in America our own government is seeking ways to supply more of these elements. For government studies show that 2 out of every 3 Americans aren't sure of getting enough of these vital food-factors to be at their best.

What To Do

In light of these new discoveries, thousands are taking a cup of *new, improved* Ovaltine each night and morning. For Ovaltine is a scientific food-concentrate designed to do two important things.

First: Taken warm at bedtime, Ovaltine fosters sound sleep—*without drugs.* *Second:* To build vitality while you sleep, Ovaltine supplies a wider variety and wealth of valuable food elements than any single natural food. *More* than merely a "vitamin carrier," it provides not just two—or four—or six—but *eleven* important food elements, *including* vitamins and minerals frequently deficient in ordinary foods. It supplies significant amounts of Vitamins A, B_1, D and G—protecting minerals—complete proteins.

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WILDROOT with OIL

3 action

FOR GOOD LOOKING HAIR

Sky Scraper

Continued from page 12

Remeasurement at the center of the crossbar showed the vault as 15 feet three eighths of an inch. That Warmerdam failed in three efforts to clear fifteen-five came as an anticlimax. It was enough that he had made good his guarantee of a fifteen-footer. What the spectators didn't know was that Corny's poles had become lost in transit and that he had made his record with a borrowed bamboo, owned by Milton Padway, that was two feet shorter than his own!

Buttressed by his favorite stick, an ancient weapon that is cracked and shattered and taped and mended to a length of four feet from the bottom, the stoical Dutch boy acquired a national reputation a week later in Boston with his astounding performance. Competing in the Boston A.A. games, he wiped away his own indoor and outdoor records with a sky-scraping vault of 15 feet 7¼ inches.

You have heard of shows being stopped, but this is the first time a track meet ever was broken up by a single performance, and a "field" performance at that. The rafters of the Boston Garden rang with unprecedented cheering. Spectators left their seats and made a dash for the unobtrusive Dutch boy. Officials managed to clear the long runway for Corny to try a greater height, and when he failed, the crowd took him over in earnest. More than 200 youngsters dogged his heels, fighting to touch him or get his autograph. They trailed him out of the Garden and almost made him miss the train that was to take him on the first lap of his flying trip to the Coast.

The remainder of the Boston A.A. games became so much twaddle. Even the historic Hunter Mile failed to halt the talk of Warmerdam, which continued throughout the night. And when Corny reached his California home by plane, he found a raft of telegraphic pleas to return East at once to satisfy the wholesale clamor for another sight of him.

Already the track coaches of the nation are seeking a way to alter their concept of pole-vaulting form, because Warmerdam is one of those superathletes who come along every so often and embarrass the complacent dictators of athletic techniques. Bill Tilden did it to the tennis world in early 1920 when, as a wild-swinger, he became "scientific" after three months of hard work on his backhand. Ruth and Hornsby outmoded the Keeler-Cobb batting technique.

Here's How It is Done

Warmerdam is shy of "correct" pole-vaulting form. His body lacks graceful arching as it skims over the bar. Instead, he fairly flys from the ground and resembles a flail, as his six feet of human length is tossed from the end of the pole and over the crossbar. It is not pretty, but Warmerdam's explanation indicates that the track coaches are a bit shy in their understanding of necessary momentum, body shock and maximum grip-length.

"It's practically all speed," he will reveal to anyone, and he has a constant audience of rival vaulters who come to him seeking advice for a worried "friend" who is doing something wrong. "If you can't get up speed on the runway you can't get your weight up the full eighty degrees. And if that pole isn't nearly at right angles with the ground, all the world can't get you over the crossbar. You'll jackknife or fall back every time. And don't forget: When you fall back, there's no sand or sawdust. You fall on hard ground or board floor. That's a mental hazard.

"A lot of people talk about ceilings. One fellow mentioned twenty-three feet. That's silly. I may be able to do sixteen feet this year, but here's what it means:

"With a pole fifteen feet eleven inches long, I can hold my right or top hand thirteen feet five inches up and jump clear fifteen feet. So, with a 140-foot sprint at top speed, you have a mathematical relationship. I figure that by raising the top grip three inches, I can get six on the crossbar. So I plan to try a thirteen-eleven grip for a sixteen-foot jump this spring.

"But other factors enter. To do this, I've got to start 150 feet back, or fifty yards. No athlete has much left after sprinting fifty yards at top speed, yet I still have to figure on the body shock that comes when the pole strikes the ground. The pole vibrates, jars your whole system. It can tear loose the grip of your right hand. It can do something to destroy the physical co-ordination so necessary to finish the job after momentum ends at the crossbar.

"So, if a vaulter is to jump better than sixteen feet, he must be an unusual sprinter for fifty-five yards. He must have a fourteen-foot grip on a pole fifteen and a half feet long. And he must have a body as hard as a prize fighter's to absorb the shock. I can almost promise I'll never be that good!"

The truth is that Warmerdam is more interested in earning a living and safeguarding the future of his bride, who was Juanita Anderson, a childhood sweetheart, when he married her last summer. Strange as it seems, pole vaulting has always been secondary to him.

Born of immigrant Dutch parents, he saw his father perform the miracle of democracy—freedom and independence from hard work and careful saving of wages earned in the Coalinga oil fields. He bought forty acres of nothing near Hanford, Kings County, California, and planted the whole piece to corn for a one-year killing. He poured the money into peach and apricot trees and the moving of a house from Hanford to the ranch. Then he settled down to hard scratching while waiting for the young fruit trees to yield.

Corny was three years old when this long-vision planning began in the summer of 1918. Later he saw his older brothers, John and William, struggle to help their father keep the orchards healthy and safe; saw them prune, cull, pack against winter, set out the smudge pots during frost threats, gully against the heavy rains, spray for pests and irrigate against droughts.

He took on the phlegmatic patience of a good farmer and it became a part of his personality. He worked every summer for nothing, and pole vaulting was the activity that afforded most fun for the least expenditure of time. He was ten years old when he borrowed a crotched pine prop from a peach-tree limb and sailed over the extending branch. Then he fashioned a crude set of uprights and crossbar, and the panic was on.

He could clear eight feet before he graduated from grammar school. He cleared nine feet as a freshman, ten feet as a sophomore, eleven-six as a junior, and twelve feet when he graduated in May, a month before his seventeenth birthday.

With the characteristic seriousness of the Dutch, he settled down to work on the fruit ranch. That came first, Juanita Anderson came second; pole vaulting third. He had been out of school almost a year and a half when Bud Blosser discovered him in the spinach patch, and yet he had found a way to vault 13 feet 2 inches with almost no trouble at all.

Warmerdam's altitudinous march will continue through this year to a probable 16-foot vault, but hardly much beyond. The sport offers little for his economic future unless some college comes up with a coaching job. At present he is on the teaching staff of Piedmont High School, just outside Oakland.

A Matter of Pride

His plan for an ideal future is to buy acreage and farm it, no mean feat on his current teaching salary. Being an athletic purist, he derives no revenue whatever from competition—not even a padded expense account. He actually hired and paid a substitute teacher in Piedmont so that he could cross the continent and compete in the Millrose and Boston A.A. games. The Amateur Athletic Union allows hotel and traveling expenses, but permits no reimbursement for time lost from work.

Five years ago, he laid off competition to safeguard his new job at Tuolumne High School where he taught English, history and geometry. It was his career, and pole vaulting was less than secondary. Then pride demanded that he end this thing with a fourteen-foot jump. He resumed his training, which consists largely of sprinting exercises, followed by handstands and work on the horizontal bars. Competing in a meet at Long Beach, California, he cleared 12 feet, but failed three times at 12 feet 6 inches.

Shame and chagrin bathed his whole being, and he really went to work at measuring, pacing, testing. In the next meet at Stanford, he won with a jump of 14 feet 4 inches. In the National A.A.U. championships at Milwaukee a few weeks later, he tied with Earle Meadows, Bill Sefton and George Varoff for the world's record of 14 feet 7⅝ inches, the greatest demonstration of mass vaulting ever known. He went on with greater confidence, vaulting in London in 1938, after Meadows and Sefton had reached 14 feet 11 inches in California.

It was not until April of 1940 that Warmerdam made the first of his 15-foot jumps, and he bettered it by 1⅛ inches two months later. Last year he cleared 15 feet ten times, three of which were made last June, in the Compton meet that produced his outdoor mark of 15 feet 5¾ inches. In all of these jumps, he held his upper hand 13 feet 8 inches from the bottom of the pole.

When it was suggested that his stoical imperturbability and lack of fear would be welcomed by protégés when and if he took on a coaching job, Corny made a confession.

"I may not show it, but I get plenty frightened," he confided. "That Earle Meadows scared the daylights out of me a couple of years ago. We started jumping at twelve-six. I cleared and, when his name was called, he passed—waived his jump. The bar went up and up. I jumped, Meadows passed each time, and his indifference worried me to death. When he waived thirteen feet, I began to sweat, and almost died when he passed thirteen-three.

"Then, at thirteen-six, he picked up his pole, went down the runway, and cleared it without even taking off his sweat suit. That licked me!"

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A Lifeline to the Orient

Continued from page 16

in the proximity of Vichy territory, and were skeptical of the Free French mission's reports on German agents in Dakar and elsewhere.

When I asked how it happened that in Lagos, one of the key points of the coast, a Swiss German woman apparently living with her "cousin," an Italian hairdresser, was allowed to own and run the hotel where all the officers were quartered, the intelligence men smiled indulgently and replied that she was under close surveillance. My next question, "Just how close can surveillance be?" was brushed aside.

Seeing such conditions—the short working hours, inefficiency, refusal to increase and improve shipping facilities, the insistence upon underestimating the enemy—it is not necessary to be a political prophet to foretell the future. Events in West Africa are likely to follow the pattern to which we have become so tragically accustomed in the last two years.

The Bottleneck Coast

During my stay in Africa, I traveled about talking to officers, civilians, diplomats, construction men, managers of shipping companies, mechanics, Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen, South Africans and I was able to read a great many secret reports. Everything I heard and read added up to the same thing: West Africa is not a lifeline, it's a bottleneck.

Lagos, Takoradi and Freetown are the three most important ports. Lagos handles about 5,000 tons of cargo a day and could handle between seven and eight thousand. Takoradi, where there is an R.A.F. assembly base, handles between 2,500 and 3,000 tons a day and could, with no extra equipment, take care of 4,000. Freetown averages less than 100 tons a day. While I was out there, a vessel was in Freetown which had unloaded 700 tons in fourteen days. The Santa Paula was held up for one month in Lagos at the cost of $6,000 a day.

It isn't only a question of unloading ships, they also have to be loaded. Africa, after all, is a rich continent, with many products that are vital in wartime. Manganese, chrome, tin, bauxite, gold, columbite ore, industrial diamonds, some rubber, cocoa, peanut oil, palm kernels for oil, hides and cotton are some of its exports. They are all needed either by America or England or both. The ships also are needed and every day wasted means just that much more shipping put out of the running.

There are several reasons for the delays. First and foremost, comes the lack of all-out effort already mentioned. There is a great deal of talk about bettering and increasing equipment but talk is as far as it goes. What, I was asked, is the point of spending money on lighters, on enlarging wharves, on building storage sheds, on expanding railways when, after the war, the amount of shipping will decrease to its former tonnage and won't justify the expense? In many cases, it would be possible to speed things up with even the present physical equipment. It would merely be a question of having the will to do so. As a case in point, there is the story of the American officer who was talking to a man in charge of building a new airfield. Things were going slowly because there were only five steam rollers. "I can tell you how to get five more rollers immediately," the American said. That was impossible, he was told, because there simply were no other rollers available on the entire coast. The American persisted. "You tell me that you work eight hours a day," he said, "Put on a second shift, work sixteen hours a day and there are your five extra rollers." The suggestion was not adopted.

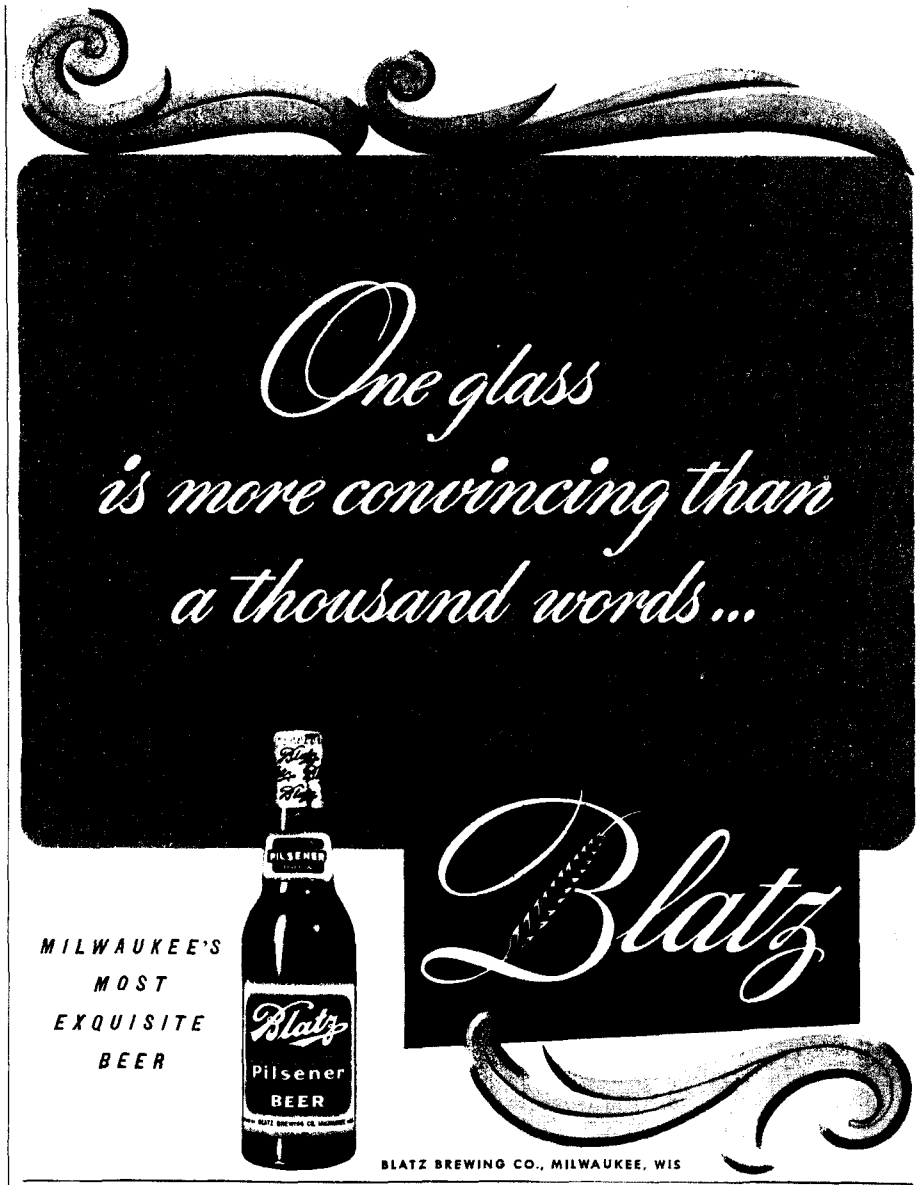
At Takoradi, activity on the wharves starts at seven in the morning. It stops at sundown and no overtime is allowed since everybody must be off the docks by that time. The excuse for that is the partial blackout permitting no lights which might be seen from the sea. However, specially hooded lights could be put up which would allow night work. The small artificial harbor can accommodate only four vessels at a time and there are berths for only two to go alongside. While waiting, the ships have to anchor outside in the open roadstead, which is dangerous, both from the standpoint of possible submarine attack and enemy mining operations. Several ships have been sunk or disabled there by torpedoes and mines.

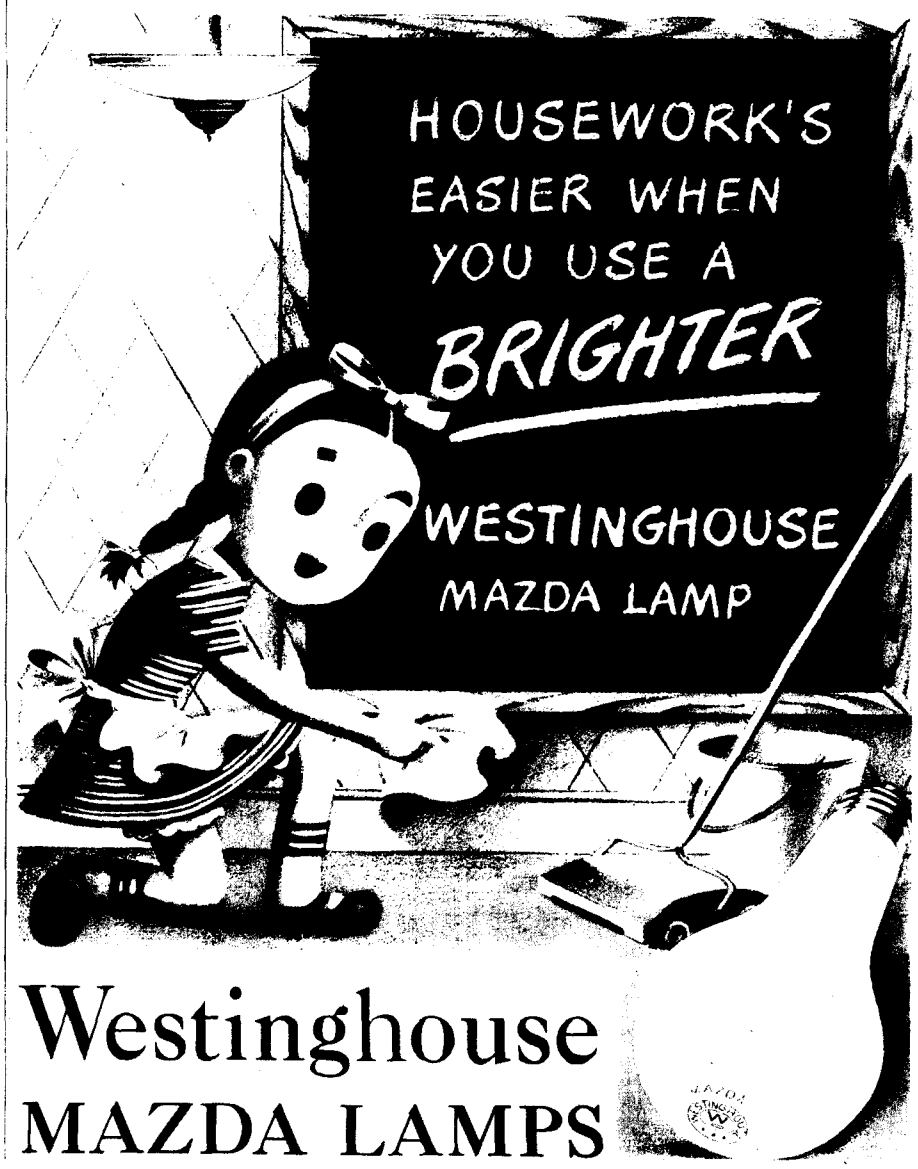
It is a busy port. Besides the unloading of aircraft and aircraft parts for the assembly base, there is the loading of manganese which is shipped from there in large quantities. The present machinery can handle up to 8000 tons an hour and it is possible for ships to take on 2,000 or 3,000 tons of cargo in one day. That often requires as many as ten days because of the impossibility of getting up to a berth. A larger freight yard would help relieve the congestion caused by the arrival of aircraft; opening up the neighboring harbor of Seccondee would do even more to relieve it.

Another solution which has been considered is the establishment of a second R.A.F. assembly base at Lagos. That would distribute operations and avert the dangers of having all the eggs in one basket. The way things are now, an effective air raid at Takoradi would delay aircraft assembly on the coast for some time. There would be another advantage: new landplanes often flown by inexperienced pilots would not have to take the overwater flight from Takoradi to Lagos. The main objection to the idea seems to be the harbor's twenty-four to twenty-six foot draught. On the other hand, as marine officials have pointed out, on ships carrying aircraft cargo, the ratio of volume to weight is very high and the ships actually don't draw more than sixteen or seventeen feet.

Business Doesn't Warrant Expansion

In Freetown, there aren't enough lighters but the work could be done with the present number if it weren't for the impossibility of securing a turnaround on them once they have been loaded from the vessel. There is insufficient storage space on the docks and a lack of railway facilities to take cargo away rapidly. Chrome from the mines in the interior is sent by railway to Freetown and shipped from there. The mines could produce 30,000 tons a year. They produce only 5,000 because of the lack of the necessary mining equipment. It would cost $300,000 in new equipment to get the mines running full blast. The railroad moves 450 tons a month. It, too, needs modernizing—new locomotives, mineral cars and experienced train crews from outside the colony. That would cost about $500,000, and is some of the money which it is considered pointless to spend since postwar exports would not warrant so much expansion. Of course, even if the railways





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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

could get 30,000 tons of chrome to Freetown in a year, there are at present no facilities for shipping it from there in such quantities.

In Lagos, the shortage of lighters also causes some delay but inefficient stevedoring and short working hours account for most of it. There aren't enough trucks to move the cargo, which is also true in all the other ports. At the beginning of the war, the British didn't want to use foreign exchange for buying trucks from the United States and now it's too late to order them as they couldn't be delivered. There are setbacks, too, due to faulty organization. A ship came into Lagos once carrying tanks, but because there were no facilities for unloading them, had to go on to another port.

Once, all West African harbors were closed for nearly two weeks because of enemy mine-laying operations. Lagos had to wait until a mine sweeper could be sent from Takoradi to clear the harbor. No one on the west coast really doubts for a moment that German ships are operating from Vichy territory. According to the Free French, the S. S. Jules Verne goes out almost nightly from Dakar to refuel submarines at sea. An American pilot on the ferry command told me that he had flown over a submarine which was being refueled off the coast. Still, the authorities persist in regarding the Free French warnings as slightly hysterical and greatly exaggerated. There has been an intimation that the Germans were constructing a submarine base at the Los Islands off the shore from Conaky (thirty-two miles from Freetown). The British, in that case, sent a reconnaissance plane to have a look at the islands and the plane was fired upon.

Signs That Can't Be Ignored

The Free French also say that they have received information that feverish preparations are being made within a radius of a hundred miles of Dakar to build and enlarge a number of airfields which don't correspond with the needs of Senegal. There are indications that airfields are also being built in other parts of French West Africa. The attitude of the British Military Intelligence toward all this activity is that it is purely defensive on the part of the French who, it seems, have long been awaiting an attack from the British. The American consul at Dakar, when asked to confirm these rumors, replied that those were not airdromes, they were athletic fields.

Admittedly, some of the Free French reports may be exaggerated and inaccurate but, added to the known facts, they sound an ominous note. It is a matter of record that an average of fifty French merchant vessels clear from Vichy Africa territory every month with cargoes for France. They are allowed to proceed through Gibraltar unmolested, since they are under convoy of the French navy and any attempt to intercept them would incur the risk of open hostility with Petain's government. The British authorities themselves are the ones who say that they have reason to believe that some of these ships have German officers aboard whose job it is to make arrangements for supplying and refueling submarines.

The four desert roads built by the French before the war and now under continual improvement constitute a possible threat to the British. They run from Marrakesh to Dakar, from Oran to Gao in the Sudan, from Algiers to Zinder, just a few miles north of Nigeria, and from Dakar to Agadir in Morocco. If they were to be used by German mechanized units, the British colonies would be in a bad spot.

According to the Free French, the headquarters of the German organization in Africa is at Dakar. Their secret reports on enemy activities read like a Sax Rohmer thriller. They state that a fifth column existed in French West Africa before the war. It was made up of Germans and Italians who were supposed to be Jews, anti-Nazis and anti-Fascists. During the war, the majority of these agents were interned but after the departure of the German Armistice Commission, the "refugees" were released and returned to their former jobs.

The Armistice Commission departed but one Dr. Klaube, former director of the Lufthansa in Bathurst, remained with one subordinate. He set about busily reorganizing certain defective German contacts, co-ordinating Italian and German agents and getting close to the anti-British elements in the French navy, notably the captain commanding the arsenal. In his spare moments, the good doctor made frequent trips by plane to Morocco.

It was from Morocco that French steamers brought German officers and noncommissioned officers to Dakar. Wearing civilian clothes and carrying foreign passports (principally Swiss, Belgian and Swedish) they disembarked at night, aided by the members of the local administration and police, who explain their great helpfulness by what they call the "necessities of armistice and defeat." Once ashore, the men were placed in the houses of certain reliable people. One naval lieutenant with a Swiss passport went to live with an Italian called Discacciati, a businessman. This Discacciati was the brother of one of the former Fascist chiefs in Dakar, who, when Italy entered the war, went to the Cape Verde Islands. He is still there, engaged in supplying Nazi submarines and he goes to Dakar once in a while by motor schooner.

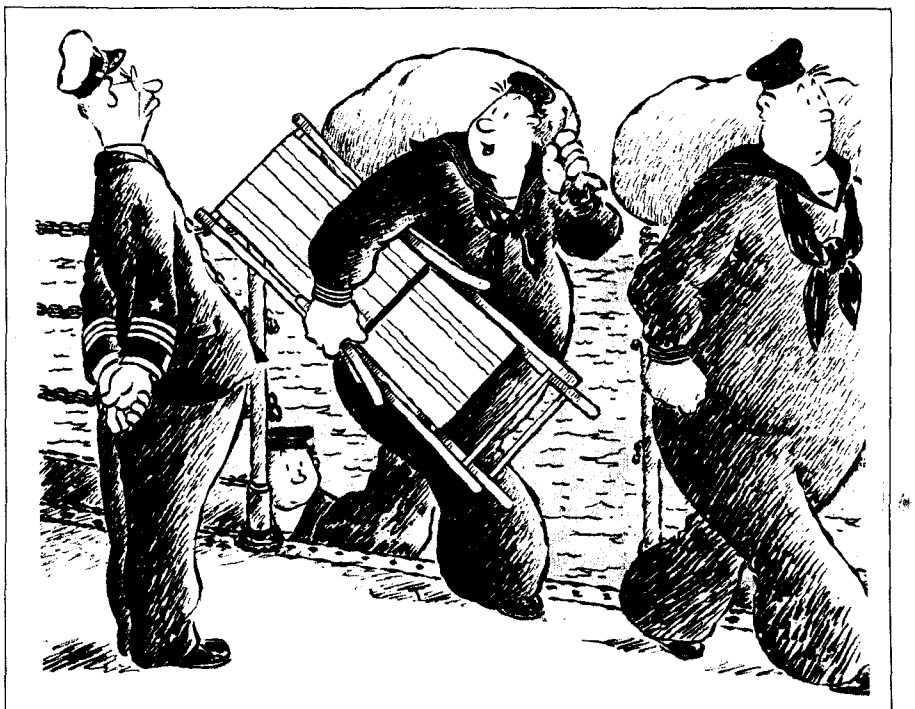
The agents, in the approved spy-story manner, meet in the evenings at a café called the Brasserie des Palmiers, owned by a Swiss. There, they pick up their instructions from Dr. Klaube. The rest of the time they keep very much under cover. Enough so, at any rate, to make the American consul doubt their existence, for he states categorically that there are no German agents in Dakar, that no German officers have come there since the armistice and that the fifteen recent arrivals from Alsace-Lorraine were nothing more than poor refugees.

The Italians living throughout Senegal and the Sudan fill the subordinate roles of information agents. The Germans, who are in much closer contact with the Vichy naval and military brass hats, centralize and exploit the information received by the Italians. The Free French list of the leading agents includes the technical director of a coal mining firm, traders, businessmen, women running small restaurants and peddling dope on the side, dancing girls and the daughters of some of the agents who have their ways of getting close to the Vichy French officers, an Alsatian police commissioner who is in frequent correspondence with his storm-trooper cousin, a professor of German at the Lycee who distinguished himself by obtaining a complete set of aerial photographs of the Dakar establishment; photographers, mechanics, the director of a bus service, the director of a big shoe company, a draftsman in the artillery direction, public works men, garage owners, contractors, locksmiths and oil works men.

Things the Axis Won't Forget

The American consul and his friends are closely watched and houseboys are bribed to report on the activities of their masters. A number of natives throughout French West Africa are paid a salary of three dollars a month to keep an eye out for new faces, black or white. The French will allow officers on border patrol duty only when it has been thoroughly established that they are anti-British. However, a mistake is made once in a while and, in Lagos, I met one of them, a young lieutenant who had just escaped. Working as he did right on the border, he inevitably had some contact with the British on the other side of the frontier. One day, he walked in to see the British patrol officer who invited him to sit down and have a beer. "I am not going back," the Frenchman said. "I have come to stay." "In that case," the Englishman cried, "don't drink the beer." And he called to his boy to bring out the last bottle of champagne.

It is from such men as that lieutenant, as well as from agents in Dakar and other places, that the Free French obtain their information. Whether or not all of it is completely accurate is not important. The Germans are surely not going to slip up by forgetting all about West Africa. The fact that the British colonies are separated from one another by Vichy territory constitutes an ever-present threat to them. It also constitutes a menace to us.



"... a deck chair. It's a going-away gift from my aunt, sir"

JAY IRVING

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In Action against the Enemy

Finishing School for Fighters—A class of U. S. Naval Ensigns studies Torpedo Boat engines at Packard. This picture was taken last June. In the front row, center, is Ensign G. E. Cox, who, six months later, was to pilot his Packard-powered Mosquito Boat into Subic Bay to sink a 5,000-ton Jap ship.

THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES of this war have given us evidence that America's new weapon —the U. S. Navy's potent "Mosquito Fleet"— has proved its worth in action against the enemy.

Designed for speed and striking power, the torpedo boat has already demonstrated its ability to tackle and destroy ships of many times its own tonnage.

And thanks to the lightning speed of its attacks, the torpedo boat has penetrated enemy defenses successfully against seemingly impossible odds.

Almost all the boats in the Navy's hard-hitting Patrol Torpedo Squadrons are powered by a bank of three Packard super-charged marine engines—a trio that churns up 4050 horsepower.

So effective are the PT boats, that the Navy has placed an order with Packard for still more engines—as quickly as they can be built. This doubles, for the third time in two years, this company's production schedule on PT boat engines.

In addition, Packard is turning out Rolls-Royce aircraft engines—the famous power plants which won their wings in the R.A.F.'s Hurricanes and Spitfires.

This is Packard's twofold, huge wartime job —a job we're proud to do.

Inspired by one of Packard's Great Aircraft Engines, today's PT boat power plant is a combination of precision engineering and brute power. Packard's production of wartime horsepower is historic—beginning with the Liberty motor of First World War fame.

A Squadron of snarling PT boats race down the seaboard in echelon formation. Each of these Patrol Torpedo boats houses three 1350 h.p. Packard marine engines. Evidence of their tremendous power is clearly written in those white wakes and plumes of spray.

Packard Wartime Service Plan—Today Packard production is 100 per cent on *war* assignments. We are no longer building cars, but we have not forgotten our Packard owners! Our Wartime Service Plan is designed for these times—to help you conserve your car and save money, too! See your nearest Packard dealer for a free check-up and further details—today!

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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Hampton Fights the Battle of Jericho

Continued from page 23

creator's number. The jury would not know the name of the winner until, having made their selection, they should open the envelope bearing a corresponding number. This turned out to be somewhat heedless of the Art Institute and even embarrassing. First prize—$350—was won with some ease by William Henry Moses, Jr., architect and instructor in building construction at Hampton Institute. Mr. Moses is also a Negro.

The Virginia World's Fair Commission, upon discovering that the Old Dominion was in dire danger of being represented at the World's Fair, where all the world might witness her shame, by the work of a Negro, recovered from its first consternation rather faster than several Virginia newspapers. The Commission promptly sent Mr. Moses $350 but announced that the award carried no obligation to use the winner's plan. Therefore, it closed the incident by commissioning Mr. Leslie Cheek, Jr., a capable white artist, to take over the job of presenting Virginia to the Fair multitude. And that was that, Mr. Moses demonstrating in a silence which must have caused the Art Institute and the commission some pain that he could take it as well as they could dish it out.

Discriminate Against Negroes

Although nobody seems to doubt the ability of Hampton's faculty, the adequacy of her equipment and the skill of her graduates, a number of the defense industries in the Norfolk-Newport News-Portsmouth area refuse to pay the Hampton man white man's wages or to give him the white worker's status, even though he may be doing the same work of equal quality. Within the Naval Base at Norfolk he has equal rights, gets dollar for dollar with the white men; and, contrary to some of the loudest employer opinion, neither race rioting nor even unhappy mutterings have ensued. But in the privately owned yards, although they are working on government contracts, the skilled Negro worker is discriminated against. Occasionally the black man's undeniable skill plus his ability to force acceptance of himself win him jobs commensurate with his talents and training. Too often, however, the skilled Negro must go to work at the common-labor or helper level. And frequently he stays just there until there is no available white hand to employ, and the pressure of business makes it imperative that upper-level jobs be filled—even by Negroes.

These corporations and companies are not wholly to blame. Labor unions, created and raised in the old tradition, whose fear of black membership and possible eventual control by the Negro, have consistently refused to admit the colored man. Social and economic reasons and the labor leaders' keen sense of self-preservation have contributed to this exclusion policy. War psychology, the New Deal, the government's daily demands for more and more ships, the intelligent efforts of such Negro educational centers as Hampton, the Negro's growing dissatisfaction with the white man's leavings and his increasing mechanical skill are driving wide wedges into the old labor formation.

Today there is one all-Negro local of the carpenters' and joiners' union in the Hampton Roads area. Other trades propose to seek similar charters. The possibilities in old-established, all-white union politics are better than merely interesting. And there's not much you can do about it, no matter what your opinion of the Negro as an industrial equal of the white man may be.

However, even those management die-hards who shudder down to their arches whenever the subject is mentioned seem about to concede that industry's Ol' Massa attitude toward the capable black artisan may have to suffer amendment. After all, there are thirteen million Negroes in the United States. They are contributing nearly seven billion dollars (prewar figures) to the national wealth, and that's pleasant money in any economist's book . . . we can't continue along these lines. If you want to learn something of first importance about the state of the nation, you'd serve yourself well by asking Dr. Malcolm Shaw MacLean, president of Hampton Institute, to send you the booklet Findings, A Report of the Institute's Conference on the Participation of the Negro in National Defense. Don't be afraid. Dr. MacLean is a white man, a very important American educator who before accepting the presidency of Hampton was head of the General College, University of Minnesota. But more about him at Hampton in a moment.

As you may have gathered, Hampton Institute, founded in 1868 and soon thereafter to become one of America's first land-grant colleges, is located two miles east of Old Point Comfort, Virginia. Its founder, a soldier with imagination, General Samuel Chapman Armstrong, U. S. A., began with a two-teacher staff, with himself as the principal.

Today its one hundred and thirty-nine buildings—most of which have been built by the students—occupy the campus of seventy-four acres. Adjoining, it owns and operates two farms, one of eighty acres, the other of seventy-three acres. We sound a trifle catalogish but we'll get over that in a moment.

Instead of training its students—about eleven hundred in normal days—for the professions, thus throwing its graduates directly into competition with whites in painfully overcrowded fields, Hampton's curriculum is divided into the Divisions of Agriculture, Business, Education, Home Economics, Trades and Industries, and General Studies, the latter including the fine arts, architecture, art, the dance, design, drama, music, photography, languages, natural sciences, biology, chemistry, mathematics, physics, sociology, economics, government, history, psychology and religion. A student's total college expenses for the academic year are approximately $390.

Fewer than a majority of the students pay this much, scholarships and work-study privileges reducing expenses considerably. Further, Doctor MacLean assures you that good student material is never denied education at Hampton because he's broke or his family can't scrape up the money. At the moment, Hampton's income from tuition charges and incidental student fees is on the upswing, employment being plentiful. Also, the Negro student and his family take an increasing pride in their ability to pay for education.

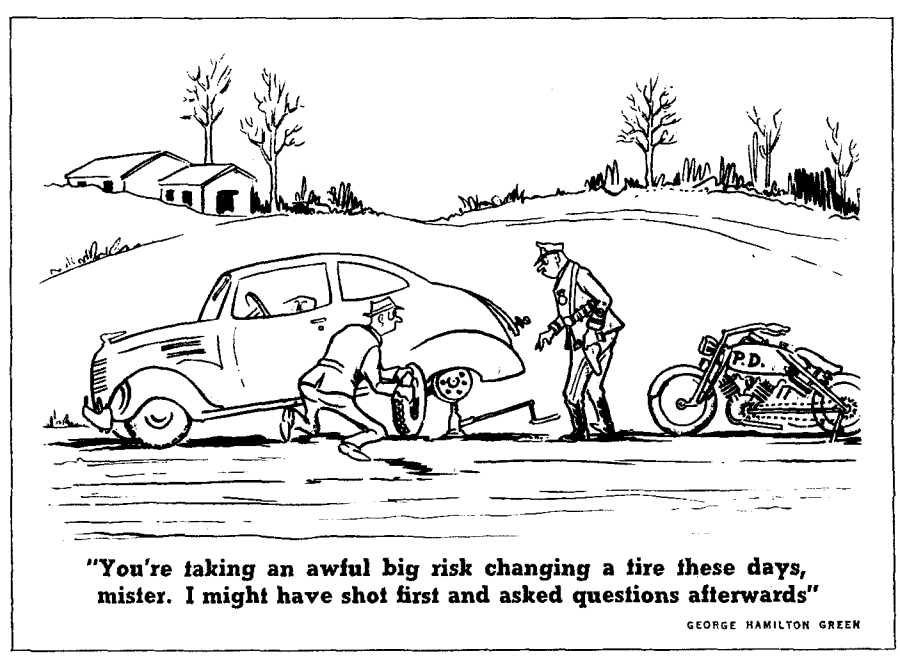
The Light That Almost Failed

During and since the toughest phases of the late depression, Hampton's course was downward—a not uncommon school malady for those days. Possibly it was unavoidable, but the faculty morale sank even lower than that of the student body. From a progressive regime, the school program was slipping back into ancient ruts. The sciences, the industrial arts and other accented branches were in danger of becoming incidental to the job of making the Negro a more self-reliant citizen.

Gradually the Rufus-Rastus school of Negro education began to drift back into Hampton's halls. At best, it threatened to become the completely conventional system which pays no particular heed to the peculiar requirements of the Negro as a member of a race and as an individual. The enrollment contracted anemia, the Negro protesting with considerable logic that it was hardly worth while to pay tuition fees to learn to become a tenant farmer, a field hand, a labor roustabout or a domestic servant—all at wages which encouraged rickets in the children and crime amongst their elders.

Doctor MacLean, who looks and talks much more like the cowhand and country editor that he used to be than the pedagogue, stopped all that. At considerable financial sacrifice he left his deanship at Minnesota in 1940 to become head of Hampton. We haven't time to tell you in detail what he did to poke up the fires of Hampton; you'd probably be bored stiff if we did. But we'll give you a sample:

At Hampton there was an English department. In it, students fresh from farms and factories and, almost without exception, from exceedingly poor homes, were introduced to Shakespeare, Mil-



"You're taking an awful big risk changing a tire these days, mister. I might have shot first and asked questions afterwards"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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Smoking, eating or drinking to excess may bring on headaches, heartburn, and the heavy, stuffy feeling of acid indigestion. When that happens, just remember—a dash of sparkling, tangy-tasting Eno in a glass of water helps alkalize by relieving excess stomach acid. A larger quantity taken before breakfast acts as a refreshing laxative. Buy world-known Eno . . . and use anytime you feel out-of-sorts.

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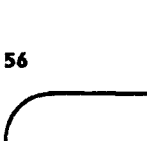

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ton, Samuel Butler, Robert Burns, Carlyle, Tennyson and Longfellow. All this was concededly educational. It was also somewhat short of useful to boys and girls who were all but dumb in the presence of white prospective employers to whom presently they would have to address themselves if they hoped for anything better than common-labor jobs. The old English Department taught them all about the parts of speech too—even if it was as useful to them as a pocketful of clamshells.

Under MacLean, the English Department became the Department of Communications. He brought from the University of Minnesota a young enthusiast named Robert J. Sailstad and gave him the job of making the tongue-tied freshman and sophomore easily and clearly communicative, to teach him to stand up straight, look at his interviewer squarely and state his case in ordinary, unstilted language.

By the time the Hampton student reaches his third year he may be something less than a Frederick Douglass but his Stepin Fetchit days are all over. Principally it's done with microphones and recording disks. A boy or girl may be in any classroom in the school—biology for example, or mathematics. He is asked to recite, demonstrate at the blackboard. A student scout from Communications drops in, hears the student make an inarticulate mess of a subject that his brain has mastered, and whisks him off to the Sailstad laboratory

There he is asked to talk about anything he has on his mind—his other classes, his mamma (home or campus), the war, anything. He will do it with and without an audience. Or he will be recorded in informal debate with students who have already had Sailstad training—without his knowledge. Then he will listen to his recording, hear what he actually sounds like. When he recovers from the shock, he is recorded again. This is repeated until he gets used to hearing himself talk with assurance and takes pride in it.

It sounds almost rudimentary, as if Sailstad were dealing with a newly discovered people. However, the results are frequently remarkable, contributing largely to the student's pride of race and accomplishment. The self-conscious mumbler with the Yassuh, Cap'n attitude toward the white man is a vanishing race at Hampton.

Hampton Has the Answers

The place is full of useful innovations like that. MacLean, an incorrigible realist, is teaching Hampton that little but friction is won by the professional Negro sociologist's bumptious noise. He hasn't much faith in the publicity-seeking type of Negro uplifter, black or white. Nor has he much more trust in grudging law, enacted for political expediency in the name of equal opportunity for the black man. Rather he takes it as his job to convince the Negro that the latter must write his own ticket, depending more on his actual value in the community than on statutes which concede him rights which they do not deliver. The MacLean system is enormously popular at Hampton.

"With our own trained hands and brains," said one of the students, "we must convince industrial management that we are capable Americans—certainly quite as capable and equally eligible to places of responsibility as Europeans and Asiatics who, in times like these, are found to be working in the interests of enemy nations; at least that capable and valuable. You will not find a Negro on the subversive-activity lists. And yet the white and the yellow alien-born scientist, engineer, industrial worker and businessman are readily granted place and privilege denied us because we are Negroes. That's our problem. The solution, too, is ours. We're writing it here at Hampton."

Incidentally, the student quoted is a Sailstad product. When he arrived in Hampton two or three years ago, from a Mississippi River town, his vocabulary was limited apparently to Yassuh (to the white man) and Yea, Man (to his fellow freshmen). Today, majoring in physics, his immediate ambition is to fly an Army fighter plane across the English Channel, across the China Sea. down the Indian Ocean. He isn't particular. He is much more interested in whether a few dollars of the billions we are spending to fill the skies with American battle planes will be devoted to making operative the law passed by Congress on April 3, 1939. This law provides for the training of Negroes as military pilots. Thus far there is only one such school—that at Tuskegee in Alabama.

Good Work and Good Singing

In the meantime Hampton's shops and laboratories are ablaze day and night with men and women, soldiers, industrial workers and students being crammed with defense education. They're learning or improving in every mechanical and scientific contribution, from what to do when a jeep gets the bellyache to how to attune the ears of a plane detector. A little apart from the rest stand the foreign students—Mr. Ebenezer Ako Adjei, for example, an extremely incandescent young man from Accra, Gold Coast, French West Africa; Miss Johanna Mobola Ayorinde from Nigeria, and Miss Sarah Monsio Buffer of Monrovia, Liberia. They're all eager to go back to Africa to teach.

Miss Irene Simms, head of the Music Department, and Noah Ryder, director of the Hampton Choir, like Mr. Flax, are carrying to Negroes at home and in Army camps that infallible tonic for morale troubles—song. Their job is quite as important in the scheme of defense as the work the rest of the faculty is doing in teaching air-raid wardens, ambulance crews, bomb squads, demolition and clearance gangs, decontamination units, canteen corps, Red Cross workers, water-supply wardens and technicians, first-aid groups. From Hampton, students of these indispensable corollaries to war are going out to Negro populations, just as Hampton agriculture students are working for no more than bed and board on farms, carrying thereto the gospel and practice of crop rotation and diversification and the science of more and better per acre.

We are not taking any person's word for it that the current program at Hampton is being accepted with enthusiasm. How Charlie Flax organized his shipyard workers' chorus—The Crusaders—is a fair illustration of the co-operation Hampton is getting from Negroes beyond its campus. Two black welders from Norfolk came to him one night complaining that they were having trouble with an octoroon. Mr. Flax quite naturally inquired what they expected him to do about it and what sort of an octoroon it might be who could drive two tough lads to seek the help of a singing teacher.

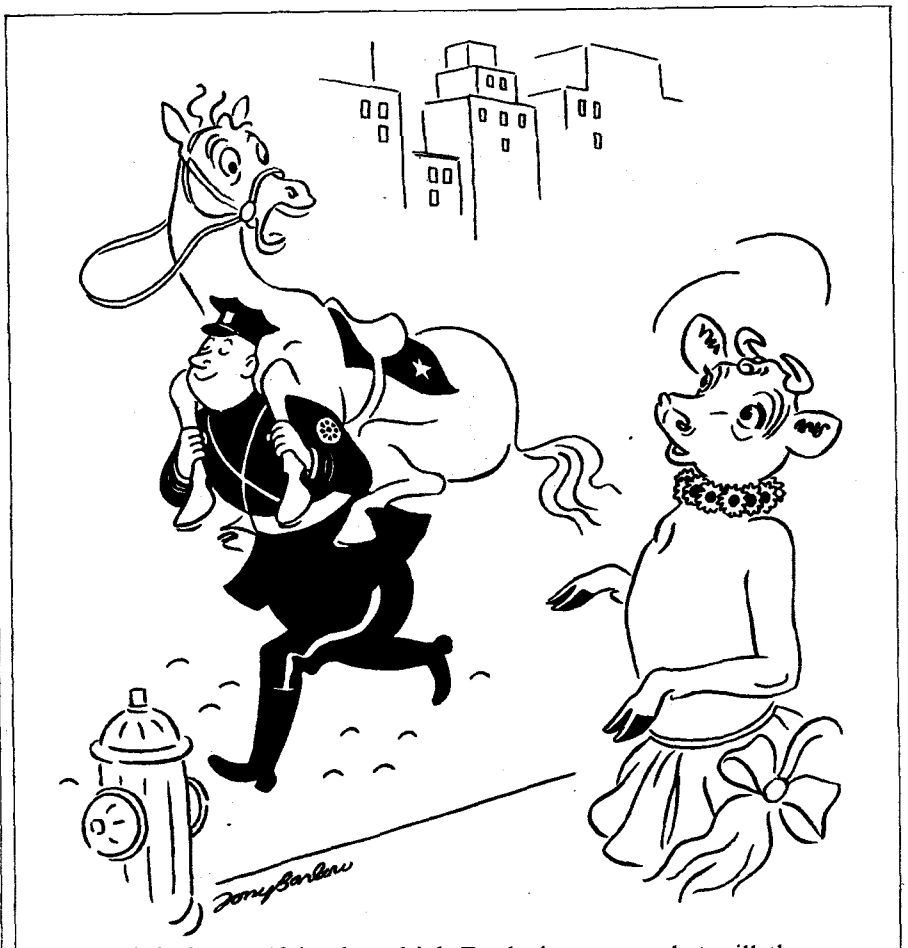
They explained that this was a singing octoroon that needed a lot of working over, and that Charlie Flax was the man to do the job. After some argument, light broke.

"Oh," said Flax, "you boys mean an octet."

With that, one of the welders turned on his pal.

"Lissen, boy," he said, "I told you that wasn't no octoroon."

Which is how it happened.



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Bromo-Seltzer is so effective because it acts 3 *ways* at the same time; not only helps *stop pain,* but also helps *calm nerves, settle stomach.* Next time, try Bromo-Seltzer.*

**Use only as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.*

BROMO-SELTZER

Masquerade in Miami

Continued from page 24

stiff and swollen, his head hurt, and he was dizzy.

Hamilton said, "Let's go to your room. Get those things off and slip under a cold shower . . ." He opened the doors of a cellarette and poured a stiff drink of Scotch. "Take it," he ordered, and Alan obeyed. "Now—off with those things and get yourself scrubbed up."

Alan said, "You'll phone for the doctor?"

"Sure. Sure, I will. Now hop to it. You've got to clear your head before anyone gets here."

That seemed reasonable enough, and Alan Douglas went to his own room and started fumbling with his clothes. He was still in a fog of bewilderment and pain.

THE needle spray was icy. It jabbed at his flesh and snapped him back to a semblance of normalcy. He lifted his face to the overhead shower and turned it on full. His body commenced to feel alive again. He stepped out of the shower and rubbed himself briskly with a Turkish towel. He slipped into a red-and-gray lounging robe and slippers.

Things were better now. He was thinking more clearly and that was good, although his thoughts were frightening. He hesitated briefly on the threshold of Sunny's room, nerving himself to face again the lifeless figure of Chuck Williams. Entering that room required physical courage . . . but he went in.

Hamilton said, "You look almost like a human being again."

"I feel better." Alan moistened his lips. "The doctor . . . ?"

"I haven't telephoned yet. We've got to talk." Hamilton's voice was sharp. "You see, Alan . . . the man who just killed Chuck is not you, but Lew Hartley. Think that over."

Alan nodded, but he looked at Sunny and at what had been Chuck Williams. Hamilton intercepted the glance and said, "Suppose you let me take over. Throw the responsibility on my shoulders."

That seemed plausible enough and Alan nodded. Hamilton made him sit down, and Alan managed to turn his chair so that he couldn't see what was on the floor. It seemed inhuman to leave Chuck there but he remembered hearing that a body mustn't be touched before the arrival of the police. . . .

No matter what was happening inside Wayne Hamilton, he was outwardly calm, suave and reassuring. He said, "What happened, Alan?"

"I'll try to piece it together for you. After you left the Cristobal tonight, we stuck around a while and then came home. Sunny and Chuck went inside and I walked down to the beach."

"Why?"

"No special reason."

"How long did you stay there?"

"I don't know. Things like that aren't important at the time, and you don't remember."

"That's reasonable. Go ahead."

"I decided to turn in. I walked up to my room. I heard voices in here."

"Sunny and Chuck?"

"Yes. They seemed to be quarreling. I only caught a few words. It was something about a telephone. Sunny wanted to telephone somebody."

"I see. . . ." The pieces of jigsaw puzzle were beginning to fit into place. "And then . . . ?"

"I heard Chuck say something, and then a blow . . . at any rate, I thought it was a blow."

"You were obviously right."

"I opened the door. Chuck was holding Sunny in his arms. Her eyes were closed. I saw a gun on the bed."

"What did you do?"

Alan shook his head. "That's where it begins to sound unreal. I remember what I did, without remembering why I did it. I saw Chuck look at me and then at the gun. I had a queer feeling . . ." His voice trailed off, and then he started again: "I suppose I've let myself get jittery, Mr. Hamilton—but here's how it was: I got a crazy hunch that Chuck meant to use that gun on me."

"That's possible. He was in love with Sunny. He knew she was very fond of you."

"Maybe that fits. Anyway, Chuck dropped Sunny on the bed and grabbed for the gun. I got there at the same time. We started to fight." Alan's eyes closed briefly. "I never had a fight like that. . . ."

"And the gun?"

"We both had hold of it. We kicked and butted and used our shoulders. He almost got loose. It was right after that that the gun went off. You came in a few seconds later." Alan lighted a cigarette with unsteady fingers. "It sounds wild, Mr. Hamilton—but that's how it was."

The lawyer said, "I believe you. And now we've got to decide what to do. If you were in the slightest degree to blame, I wouldn't be talking this way. But since this was a justifiable homicide—and since the circumstances are so unusual . . . we're right to protect ourselves all we can."

The younger man shook his head. "I won't be stubborn about it. But I don't see what you're driving at."

"We've taken elaborate pains to get somewhere, Alan. Through no fault of ours, things have gone haywire. If there's any way we can keep the public from getting hold of it . . ."

"That wouldn't seem to be possible," Alan said.

"It probably isn't. But there's a chance. I have a friend in Miami—a really influential man. He holds a lot of important political reins. It's possible that if we could make him understand the truth, he might arrange things so that the world would merely believe that Chuck Williams had committed suicide."

Alan Douglas was human. What was more, he trusted Wayne Hamilton. He said, "If something like that could be arranged decently and honestly . . ."

"There's a chance." Hamilton was speaking more swiftly now that his idea was taking shape. "I'm going to see this man. I'll be gone an hour or more—depending. I'll bring him back with me, provided he's willing to take any part in it. And so that you will know everything is on the level, I'll leave the two of you alone. You can tell your story just as you told it to me. By seeing this man alone you won't have the feeling that I talked either of you into anything. Does that sound reasonable?"

"Yes. But . . ." He looked back over his shoulder toward the bed. "Suppose you're wrong about Sunny? Suppose she's seriously hurt?"

"She's not, Alan. Figure it out for yourself. I'm in on this part of it. Do you suppose I'd stick my own neck out unnecessarily?"

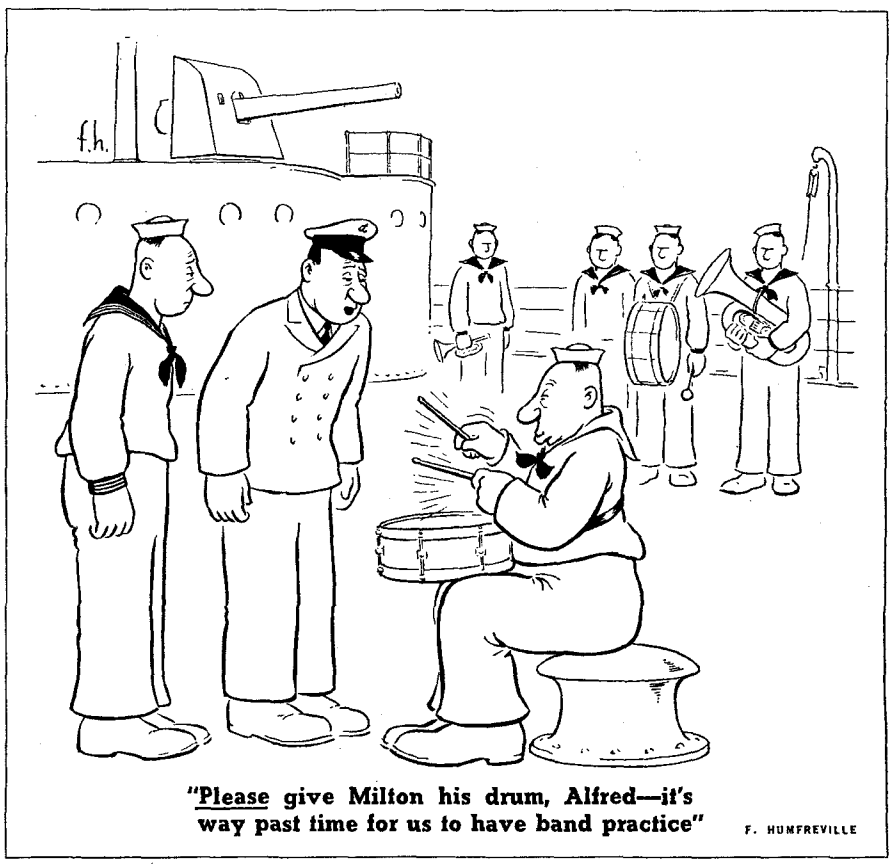
Alan was young. He wanted to believe what Wayne Hamilton said . . . and so he did believe. It seemed plausible and reasonable and it offered hope. He said, "I'll do it your way. But make it as fast as you can."

Wayne Hamilton promised. He went downstairs and to the garage. He whirled out of the driveway and into Collins Avenue and started for the Beachfair.

LEW HARTLEY listened patiently to Wayne Hamilton's story.

Hartley's new face—skillfully provided by the deft surgery of Dr. Greer—remained impassive throughout the crisp, nervous recital. When he spoke, his voice was quiet. He was talking in the manner of the Joel Kent personality he had cultivated. But inwardly the man had not changed: he was still the Lew Hartley who had neither conscience nor scruples.

He said, without looking up, "What's the gag about knowing a fixer in Miami?



"Please give Milton his drum, Alfred—it's way past time for us to have band practice" F. HUMFREVILLE

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Were you simply stalling for time?"

Hamilton shook his head. "It was more than that."

"How much more? Who's the man?"

"You!"

Hartley was not surprised, or, if he was—he gave no indication. He raised his eyes and said, "Tell me more, Wayne."

"I will." Hamilton lighted a fresh cigarette, never noticing that the one he had been smoking was smoldering on the edge of an ornate ash tray. "The water's too deep for me. You've got to do the swimming from now on."

"I'm listening."

"Douglas never saw you, and even if he had, he wouldn't recognize you with your new face. I take you back to the house with me and introduce you under a false name—as an influential Miamian. You size things up for yourself."

"Where does it get me?"

"That's for you to decide. Me, I'm keeping my skirts clean."

"You have an idea?"

"Yes. But you won't like it."

"Maybe I will."

HAMILTON rubbed his chin with a nervous gesture. "I'm trying to think straight, Lew—but my nerves are shot. I have a hunch, though, that we couldn't have asked for a better break."

"Go ahead."

"We were playing with dynamite. Sunny had fallen for Alan, and there's never any forecasting what a woman in love might do. Douglas evidently told this Foster girl some of the truth about himself. If she believed what he believes, we were safe . . . but only so long as nothing unusual happened. The minute anything happened to him . . ." Hamilton shrugged. "Curtains."

"We agreed," murmured Hartley, "that Gail Foster was to be taken care of."

"Sure. By Chuck. Chuck's dead."

"It can still be done. There are some New York men down here . . ."

"I'm not concerned about Foster now, Lew. She's a cinch. A couple of thousand dollars, and she can be put neatly out of the way. We're not worried about turning that job over to someone else, because so far as anyone knows, she isn't mixed up with you or me and we'd never be connected with her death. Our problem is more immediate and serious than that. It's Alan Douglas and Sunny."

"And Chuck," suggested Lew Hartley. "We mustn't forget him."

"I'm not forgetting anything." Wayne Hamilton's voice was edgy. "And I know that we haven't any time to waste. Suppose Sunny recovered consciousness and started talking?"

"That wouldn't be so good. But you said . . ."

"I think she's on the way out, Lew. I'd swear it's more than a simple concussion . . . but I'm not a doctor. If she came to and commenced explaining things to Alan . . ."

"She couldn't prove anything."

"So what? That isn't the way we want it. We want this thing to go through as planned. Suppose it slips, what happens? For one thing, your elaborate disguise and this whole Joel Kent setup makes it twice as sure that you'd spend at least twenty years in prison on the strength of what the state and federal D.A.'s already have on you. If they also want to be tough, they can connect you up as an accessory in Chuck's death, and—"

"And you, Wayne, would not become the beneficiary of a trust which only becomes effective after the world believes me dead."

Hamilton met the other man's eyes squarely. "I thought of that, too. But, believe it or not, it doesn't add up to very much against murder and conspiracy. The idea of prison may not scare you silly, Lew—but it hits me just that way."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing. I'm not in so deep that I can't get out. What happens from here on is your party."

"You'd throw me overboard?"

"If I were in danger: Yes."

"Thanks for telling me what I knew already. Now then: Let's have the rest of your plan."

"You can't let things ride as they are. You've got a perfect setup at the house: Chuck dead, Sunny out like a light, young Douglas scared green because he killed a man. I take you over there, introduce you to Douglas—and then I check out. I stay checked out."

"You don't need to repeat that part of it."

"You're a prominent Miamian. You talk things over with Douglas. Maybe you think of a smart scheme of your own; if you do—that's fine. The idea and responsibility will be yours."

"And if I don't?"

"If you don't . . ." Hamilton bent forward, and his voice was harsh: "If you can't think of anything better, Lew—what's to prevent your killing Alan Douglas and then finishing Sunny off?"

Lew Hartley blinked. He said. "That's a little tough to digest, Wayne—even for me."

"Naturally . . ." Hamilton became the advocate now, making his plea, hammering home his logic. "If you've got the guts to go through with it, Lew—the setup couldn't be more perfect. You take a gun . . . you've got one, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"You take it with you. If you can't figure any other way out, you let Douglas and Sunny both have it. It'll be a cinch because Douglas won't be on guard against you. You wipe the fingerprints off the gun. You put it in Chuck's hand. You put Chuck's gun within reach of Douglas' hand. And what have you got?"

"All right . . . what *have* I got?"

"A perfect situation. More perfect than anything we could dream up in ten years of planning. We leave things that way. I stay away all night . . . I pick up friends somewhere and fix myself a hundred-per-cent alibi. In the morning one of the servants finds the mess and telephones the police. . . ."

HAMILTON had risen and was talking now with desperate earnestness: "The cops can't miss. There's the whole story for them. Chuck Williams in the room of Lew Hartley's girl friend. Hartley comes in. There's a battle. The man who looks like Hartley is holding the gun with which Chuck Williams has been killed. The reverse is also true. That's all proven neatly by simple ballistics tests. They've battled over a woman, and all three have been killed in the mixup.

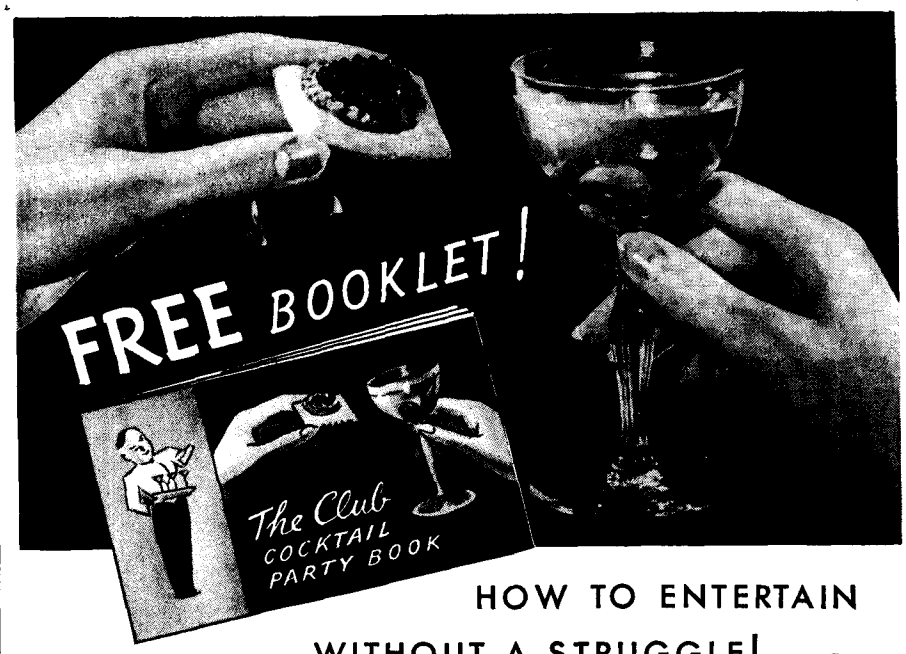
"It's perfect, Lew; perfect. Then you're dead. There's nobody to question it. They even know *how* you died—what the reason was. Nobody else is dragged in, because the guy who killed you is also dead. Sunny—the only other person who knew anything—is dead, too. Joel Kent is the safest man in America."

Lew Hartley said, "We mustn't forget Gail Foster. If she knows that Douglas has been wearing my face . . ."

"I know where to get the man we want," stated Hamilton. "I'll contact him the minute I hear from you that things are that way. We'll pay him any price. The Foster girl won't see ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

Hartley was thoughtful. He said slowly, "I've never killed a man."

Hamilton shrugged. "You've never



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actually pulled the trigger—that's the only difference."

"Suppose when I got there, Sunny had already recovered consciousness?"

"I'll be with you. You'll stay out of the picture until I look things over. You don't meet Douglas at all until I'm sure that Sunny is just as I left her."

"You think of everything, don't you, Wayne?"

"I'm thinking of my own skin," snapped Hamilton, "and the money that's in it for me. Next, I'm thinking of you."

"Thanks. Now one other question: Why not hire someone to do this job for us? If you're willing to arrange about Gail Foster, why not this?"

Hamilton said impatiently, "Don't be a fool, Lew. Gail Foster means nothing. But where am I putting myself if I go to one of those torpedoes and pay him to kill *you?* Get it? The man to be killed is the man everybody thinks is Lew Hartley. Or else I have to give this new guy the complete picture, and I don't believe you'd like that."

"I wouldn't."

"Then what's the answer?"

Lew Hartley walked into the bedroom and unlocked one of his suitcases. He took out an automatic, examined it and put it in his pocket.

"I might as well get it over with as soon as possible," he said. "Let's go."

ALAN DOUGLAS was having a pretty bad time of it. His nerves had been shocked and his body subjected to a beating. And now, to top a ghastly experience, he had been left in the room with the body of the man whose death—however justifiably—he had caused, and the unconscious figure of a half-clad girl.

For a long time after Wayne Hamilton left, Alan had tried to keep his eyes away from the gray figure sprawled on the floor. He knew police rules—that a body mustn't be touched when the death has been the result of violence, but there seemed something grotesquely inhuman in just letting Chuck lie there. Finally, when his nerves could stand it no longer, he went to the linen closet in the hall and returned with a sheet which he placed gently over the body.

Then he tried working over Sunny, hoping to restore her to consciousness. He bent over the bed and put his ear to Sunny's lips. The breathing was regular and even. He felt her pulse and found it strong, and therefore, reassuring. That made it easier to mark time.

Wayne Hamilton probably knew what he was talking about: the attorney seemed to have a great deal of knowledge about many things, and so Alan accepted his medical verdict on Sunny . . . chiefly because there was nothing else he could do.

Except to worry. Sunny looked as though she were sleeping, but he knew better. She had been struck down with the butt of a gun, and whatever injury she had suffered was causing this period of unconsciousness. He moved back and forth from bathroom to bedside, soaking towels in cold water and pressing them against Sunny's forehead and wrists, but nothing seemed to have any effect.

Time dragged. It was almost three in the morning now, and Alan's ears were strained for some break in the quiet of the night. The sound of each passing automobile brought him to his feet in the hope that this might be Wayne Hamilton.

He found it impossible to relax. The atmosphere within the room was depressing and sinister. His nerves were twitching. He made a futile attempt to keep from thinking.

Once or twice he left the room and tried walking up and down the hallway, but that was no good. He was afraid that Sunny might recover consciousness, and he knew that if she did he must be there to help, to explain, to shield her from a too great shock. He glanced at his wrist watch for the hundredth time, wondering where Wayne Hamilton might be. . . .

And at that minute Hamilton was driving back toward the Hartley home. Beside him was a tall, rather pleasant-looking man, whose hard eyes stared straight ahead.

Lew Hartley was headed toward his own winter home. His nerves were amazingly steady considering that he was a man with a purpose, and that purpose was double murder.

Oddly enough, it was Wayne Hamilton who was the more jittery. He said, "You may as well be introduced as Charles B. Harrison."

Hartley nodded. "It doesn't make much difference. Douglas won't remember the name long."

Hamilton's lips were dry. He said, "I wish I'd never gotten into this mess."

"You're in it, Wayne."

"But I'm not getting in any deeper." The lawyer took his eyes off the road to emphasize his point. "I'm telling you, Lew—you've got to give me at least three quarters of an hour after I leave you alone with Douglas. I've got to have time to set up an alibi. If you double-cross me on that, I'm telling you I'll protect my own neck, no matter what it costs you. Is that clear?"

"It's clear."

"Furthermore, I'm not making another move until I hear from you that this job is finished."

"What does that mean?"

"I'm not talking to anyone about taking care of Gail Foster. When you've cleaned up your end of things, then I'll take the chance."

Lew Hartley asked, "How will you know?"

"I'll telephone you at the Beachfair. You can tip me off."

The taller man shrugged. "All set then. I'll give you plenty of time to get away from the house. The interview with Douglas should be rather amusing."

"Yes . . . if you've got that kind of a sense of humor."

THEY reached the house, and Wayne Hamilton led Lew Hartley upstairs. Alan greeted them at the head of the stairway. Wayne Hamilton said, "This is Mr. Harrison, Lew. Mr. Harrison, Mr. Hartley."

Lew Hartley and the man who had been made over to look like Lew Hartley clasped hands, and, despite the tension, Hamilton was impressed all over again with the fantastic situation.

There they were—of approximately the same height and weight and coloring. The face that looked at Hartley was Hartley's face; black mustache, jagged scar over the left eye, hawklike nose, bone structure of the skull, color of eyes and hair, evenness of firm, white teeth. Hartley felt a sense of relief: "It's amazing. They find this guy's body and nobody would ever suspect it wasn't me," he told himself.

There was a grim irony about it. Because Hartley did not look at all like Hartley. He looked like Charles B. Harrison or Joel Kent or Joe Doakes or anybody in the world except who he was. At the moment he looked to Alan like a pleasant, shrewd and competent person who had been cast momentarily in the role of Good Samaritan. There was nothing forbidding about him, or dangerous or unfriendly.

Wayne Hamilton was saying, "I've explained everything to Mr. Harrison, Lew. You can trust him implicitly. Tell him anything he wants to know. I'm leaving you two alone. I'll be back in an hour."

He said good night to Lew Hartley and started down the steps. Alan followed. He whispered, "I want to get this

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straight, Mr. Hamilton. You say you've explained everything. Does that mean that he knows I'm not Lew Hartley?"

"No. Certainly not. He thinks you *are* Lew. I simply meant that I told him about what happened here—just as you gave it to me."

The front door closed behind Wayne Hamilton and a few seconds later Alan heard his car leaving the grounds. He turned and walked slowly upstairs. Lew Hartley was waiting for him at the top of the steps and Alan had the absurd impression that there was a light of amusement in the stranger's eyes. But he forgot that thought almost before it had time to register, and when he reached the hallway and stood facing the real Lew Hartley he was reassured by the quiet, steady voice.

Hartley said, "Where shall we talk?"

Alan jerked his head toward the door of Sunny's bedroom. "In there, I presume. I've been working over Miss Ralston. . . ."

"Any luck?"

"No. I'm worried. We ought to get a doctor right away."

"That'll have to wait."

Lew Hartley led the way into the room. He looked down at the white mound on the floor. "Williams?" he asked.

"Yes. I know I wasn't supposed to touch him, but I couldn't stand seeing him . . ."

"Natural enough." Lew himself was just as pleased. He walked over to the bed and regarded Sunny critically. It was all very familiar: the room, the girl, even the pungent odor of the perfume which had spilled on the floor.

Lew Hartley dropped into a chair near the decorative fireplace. His back was to the bed, so that he could focus all his attention on Alan Douglas who drew up a chair and sat facing Hartley. Alan could see the bed from where he was sitting, and that was what he wanted. He couldn't shake off his concern about Sunny. He drew up his chair to within a few feet of Hartley's and offered his visitor a cigarette from Lew Hartley's jewel-studded cigarette case.

He said, "I hope you can help us, Mr. Harrison . . ."

"I don't see why I shouldn't. If Hamilton gave me the straight dope, you acted strictly in self-defense. Any jury in the world would acquit you. I can understand, therefore, that you'd logically wish to keep it quiet."

"Yes . . . naturally . . ."

"I have a good many influential friends here, Mr. Hartley," said Hartley. "Whatever I do will be done legally. The authorities will have to know the truth . . . but I believe they may find a way to keep it covered up. That's how you would wish it, isn't it?"

"That would be perfect. There are reasons . . ."

"I understand. And now there are a few questions I want to ask you. . . ." Lew Hartley was killing time. He was giving Wayne Hamilton opportunity to get to wherever he was going and to build up an alibi. "Of course, Hamilton gave me his version, but that was secondhand. I want to be sure everything checks."

"I'll tell you anything you want to know."

(To be concluded next week)

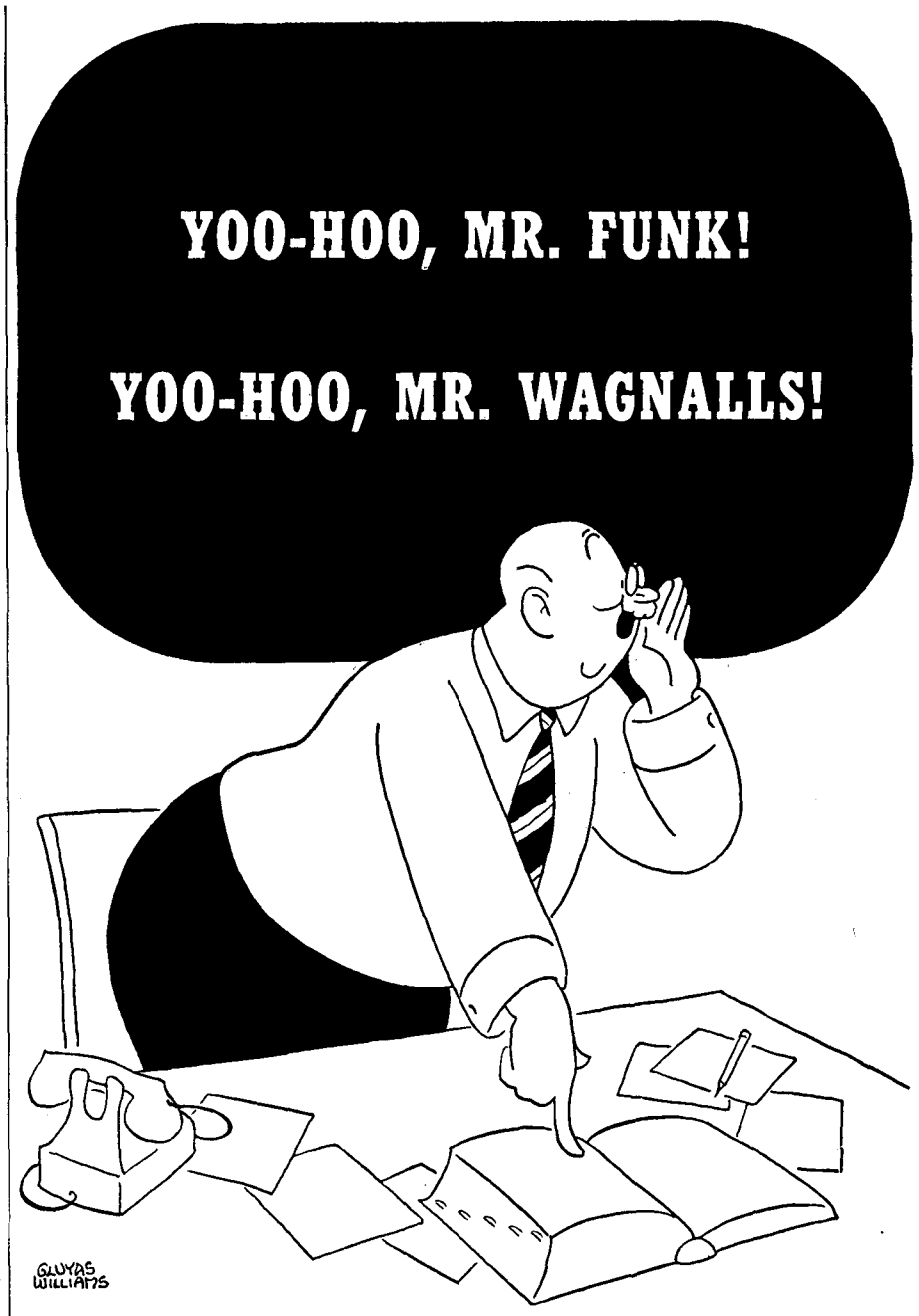
Any Week

Continued from page 4

and notified his draft board. One week later he was carrying a rifle for twenty-one dollars a month. For a few hours the soldier was a popular hero. But an energetic officer placed him under arrest and haled him before the court for having laid down his rifle while on duty. The court became involved in a nice question of what the soldier should have done. Should he have used his bayonet instead of his fists? But that was settled by a superior officer who said: "It is not the policy of the United States Army to bayonet, shoot or otherwise weaken the defenses of the country by destroying defense workers. What the man should have done was to have held his rifle at port arms while kicking the defense worker's teeth out."

WE MAY not tell you who wrote this one. It wasn't written to us, anyway, but to President Roosevelt. It's a patriotically newsy affair giving Mr. Roosevelt the facts on draft dodging as it is happening in the author's small home town. Here it is in part: "Maybe when you were out this way, Sheriff Blink McCann didn't tell you much about Jim Unger and his half brother, Sam Lissenbee. Well, I'm telling you that up to the day we got into the war they were going around the hills here saying they could lick any four of us, and maybe they could. But now they are going around saying they got flat feet and asking the draft board to pass them up. I guess you know what kind of heels they are, you being in Washington and meeting all sorts of people. Listen, grab these two guys and put them in the front line and you will be more popular out here than ever. . . . Did you and Mrs. Roosevelt get my Xmas card and how did you like it? Give the wife my regards if you get a chance. I don't happen to know her personally but have several very nice letters from her from here and there. Take care of yourself and don't be surprised if you don't hear much from me because I'm getting in the Army next week and I understand they don't let a guy write much after that. Now don't forget about Jim Unger and his half brother, Sam Lissenbee. They are as healthy as a couple of cows. P. S. The reason my wife Emma ain't sending her regards too is that she died a couple of months ago. I didn't write you then knowing you were busy. Yours truly . . ."

SO WHILE Mr. Roosevelt is deciding what to do about Jim Unger and his half brother, Sam Lissenbee, we shall apply ourself to a nasty problem contained in a letter just received from Mr. Paul John Brinkerhoff of Los Angeles, California. "The state and local police," says Mr. Brinkerhoff, "and our numerous vigilante committees have discovered that there are worse people than the Okies and Arkies who, as you know, used to roam our roads looking for crop-picking jobs. You know, we used to beat these Okies and Arkies up with pickhandles for refusing to pick for three cents a basket. But now the junior Schicklgrubers have seeped in, spreading the word that the Japs are going to bomb our farms, even before our shipyards and airplane factories, and the Okies and Arkies are leaving the state in large numbers. We used to stand at our state borders shooing off raggies from Oklahoma and Arkansas. Now we're standing at the borders again trying to keep them in because there's a shortage of farm labor and we're telling them what swell citizens they are and how much do they want for picking fruit. But wait till this war is over and we begin giving the Arkies and Okies the bum's rush again." W. D.



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We don't mean to get huffy about it, of course. We think your dictionary's dandy. It just happens we're sensitive on the subject of figures—because our business is the manufacture of Comptometer adding-calculating machines. And granting that oceans and skies are outside our province, we have yet to hear of a business or industrial figure-work problem that Comptometer *machines* and Comptometer *methods* couldn't solve—with *speed*, *accuracy* and amazing *economy*.

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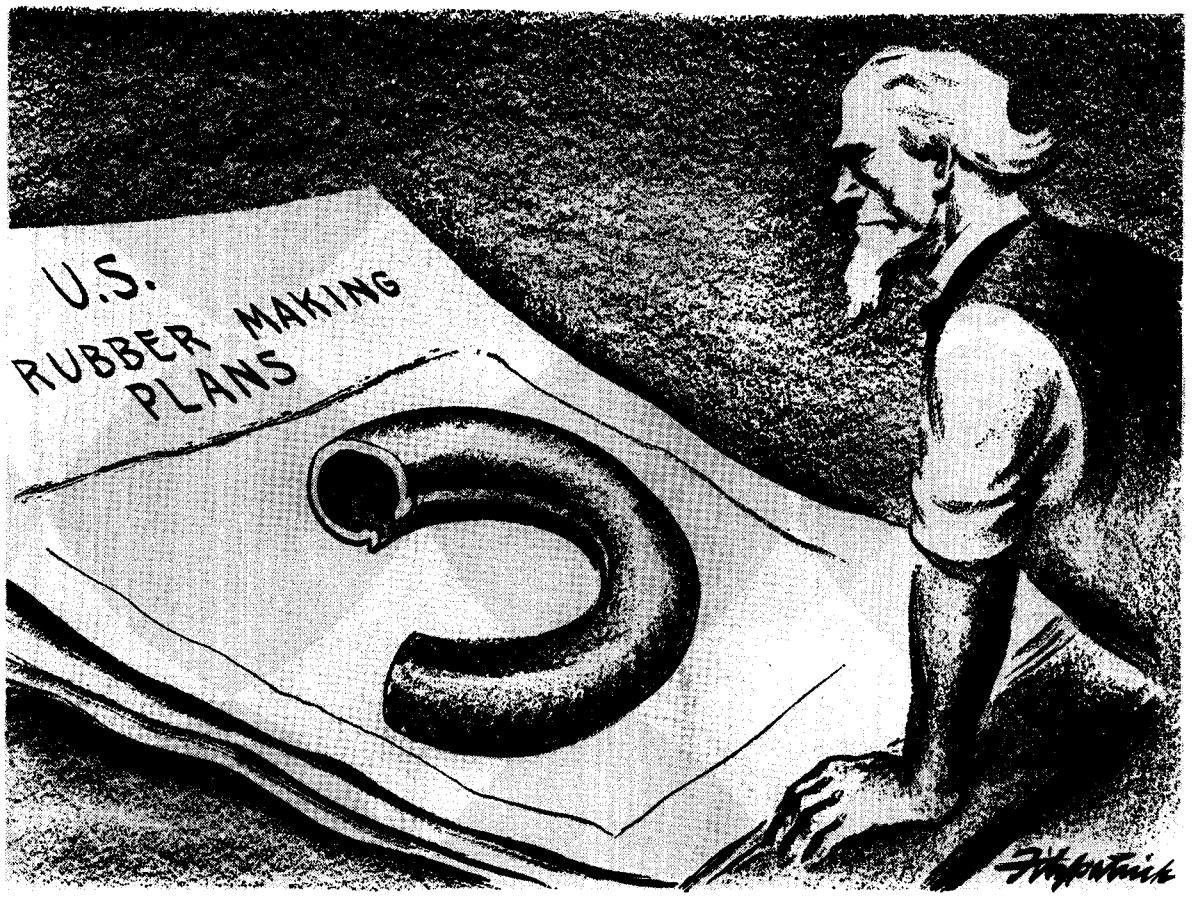

Let's Make All Our Own Rubber

WE'RE growing a bit weary of the tendency in some quarters to blame Jesse H. Jones, head of the Reconstruction Finance Corp., for the fact that the American people have suddenly had to begin treating rubber as if it were as scarce as platinum.

True, plans for increased synthetic rubber production were presented to Mr. Jones a year or so ago. But, as we understand it, they were vague and impractical plans of the kind a certain type of New Dealer is given to hatching in his sleep, and Jones held them in abeyance pending their reduction to common-sense terms.

As we further understand it, the cabbages now being tossed at Jones are coming chiefly from politicians who fear he may run for President some day.

The correct explanation of the rubber crisis appears to be this: That when Japan struck without warning at Hawaii, the Philippines, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, our national rubber stockpile became, at least for the time being, the United Nations' stockpile. We had enough rubber on hand for our military and civilian needs for a year or more, but we didn't have enough for ourselves and our allies.

So we don't see how you can justly blame anybody in this country for the rubber shortage. Japan is the party that did this to us. It behooves us to lick Japan, for this and other reasons, and meanwhile to set about repairing the damage to our rubber supply as fast as may be.

What worries us chiefly about the rubber situation is that, up to this writing at any rate, we are not planning radical enough steps to repair that damage.

The present scheme is to erect enough synthetic rubber factories to step up U. S. home rubber production to about 400,000 tons a year by mid-1943. Yet our rubber consumption in normal years ran around 600,000 long tons of the raw article per year. Can we take a chance on having to get along on less than that indefinitely—especially when we have a first-class war on our hands?

Our whole economy is geared to our 33,000,000 cars, and any talk about any appreciable percentage of these cars being luxuries is dangerous nonsense. If many of these cars should be forced for long out of circulation, our whole economy would suffer a body blow.

For one illustration, the multitude of workers in war industries, and the bigger multitude to be drawn into them, live miles, as a rule, from where they work. Deprive them of their cars, and we'll have to house them near the factories, or rig up makeshift transportation for them, or let the factories quit producing war goods or any goods.

Several million commuters, for another illustration, live around our large cities. Throw them onto their feet, and we shall blast whole suburban areas economically off the map. Business, tax collections, banks and real estate in these districts will be ripped up the back. The consequences will be felt on the remotest farms.

In the world as it has come to be since Hitler began trying to tear it apart, no government can safely bet on anything but the raw materials within its own borders and the energies of its own people. We cannot afford to gamble on ever getting back our Far East rubber sources.

Hadn't we better, then, lift our sights on synthetic rubber to at least 750,000 tons a year, from the present planned 400,000? And hadn't we better do this regardless of the initial cost, and regardless of the possibility that it may play hob with postwar trade agreements with whatever powers finally get the Far East rubber lands? In this emergency, what else is there for us to do?

Sacrifice? Sure. Like it? No.

ALL these sacrifices for the war, we're hearing from a lot of people, are really going to be fine for a lot of Americans. Cutting down on sugar is to make better men and women of us. Reused wool and ersatz shoe soles are to do something wonderful for our characters. We're to derive spiritual benefits from colder houses, rationed power, dimmer street lamps, tougher meat, etc., while as for taxes—well, there'll come a time when we'll beg for bigger and better ones.

This schmoos gives us a profound pain in the brisket.

Of course we'll sacrifice practically anything to pin back the ears of Hitler, Hirohito and Mussolini. But we shan't enjoy those sacrifices, any more than the British, Germans, Japanese and Italians enjoy them; and they won't do us any spiritual good. Poverty, as H. G. Wells has frequently remarked, is about 99% overrated as a builder of character or a refiner of the instincts. These sacrifices are a part of the essential barbarity that is war. This war was forced upon us. We didn't want it, and we want to get it over with as soon as possible.

After it is over, we estimate that fully 98% of us will want to go right back to our high living standards and begin pushing them higher and spreading them wider. And, provided only that we keep up our defenses against a repetition of this surprise war, we'll be right in wanting to do that.

That's how we got to be a great nation—by letting the divine discontent have full play in this country. If we give up that divine discontent and buy the beauties-of-suffering line of goods, we'll paralyze initiative and independence in this country in short order; and that will be the end of American progress.

Don't Lynch Them

IT MAY come to pass, as has been predicted, that enemy airmen will fly over here occasionally during this war, drop bombs on important industrial spots, then bail out, let their planes crash, and give themselves up.

In case such things do happen, we'd like to put in an earnest plea now, to any civilians who may reach these airmen ahead of police or soldiers, not to obey the human impulse to lynch them, shoot them, or kick them to death.

Such acts will draw reprisals in enemy countries against American prisoners held there. Further, to kill one of these visitors will deprive our military intelligence service of a source of information ranging anywhere from valuable to priceless. Just don't let him get away; see that he is taken into official custody. What if Rudolf Hess had been lynched in Scotland before his identity was learned?

Leave the plane alone, too, if it lands intact or partially so. Let the military come for it, and take it away for close study of all its materials, parts and gadgets.

Mob action in cases of this kind can only injure our cause.

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My First Diplomatic Dinner

Nervously, I climbed the steps beneath
the porte-cochere,
The mansion was ablaze with lights—I
wondered who'd be there,
I bit my lip, and squared my chin, and
straightened up my tie—
Then bravely pressed the doorbell (I'll
confess that I felt shy).

"Charmed, I'm sure!" and "Yes, indeed!"
and "Really? Is that so?"
With anxious heart I groped for words, I
hoped were apropos—
'Til suddenly I thought I spied an old
familiar friend,
Yes, sure enough, 'twas Seagram's Seven—
for years, my favorite blend.

The sparkling glasses came my way—
"I'll have a highball, please!"
Before it even touched my lips, I somehow
felt at ease,
And as I joined the repartee, the pleasant,
quiet laughter—
I vowed that I'd "Say Seagram's Seven"
from henceforth ever after.

This story-telling poem, one of a series presented by The House of Seagram, will recall memorable events in your own life when fine whiskey, moderately used, mellowed the occasion—and thus played a pleasing role in the art of gracious living.

Seagram's 7 Crown *Rich, yet pleasantly devoid of heaviness. Blended of "heirloom" whiskies*—the rarest of Seagram's treasure, and choice, mellow neutral spirits. Enjoy Seagram's American Masterpiece.* **LEAST TAXING** *to the Taste*—**MOST PLEASING** *to the Palate.*

***BLENDED WHISKEY.** 86.8 PROOF. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 35% straight whiskies, 65% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

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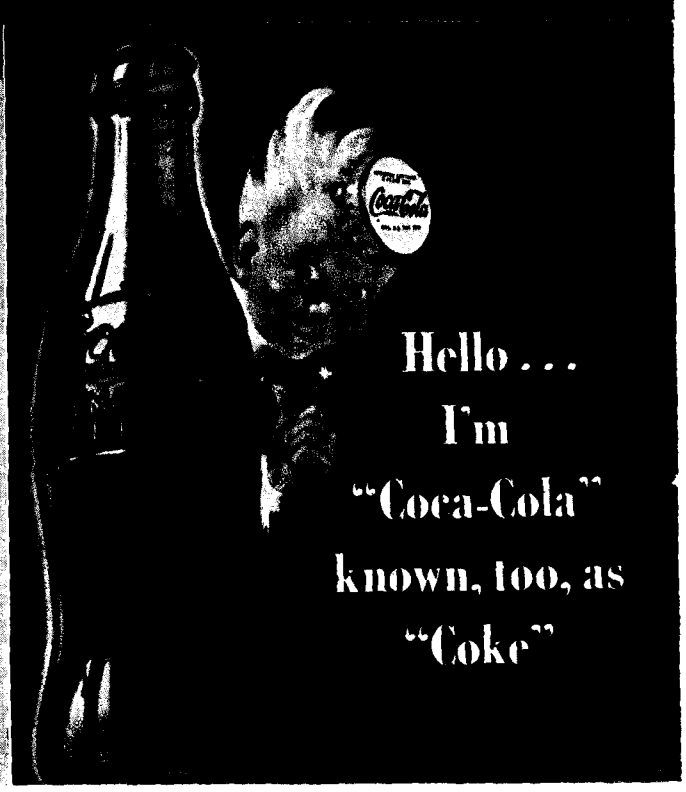
Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

The drink they all expect

Ice-cold "Coca-Cola", known, too, by the friendly abbreviation, "Coke", holds a unique place among refreshing things. Its pleasantly exciting qualities entertain thirst. You respond to its taste, its sparkle and its refreshment. People enjoy ice-cold "Coca-Cola", expecting complete refreshment ... and they get it in "Coca-Cola". It's *the real thing*.

5¢



Hello ... I'm "Coca-Cola" known, too, as "Coke"

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